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Threnody in Major and Minor

BY STRUTHERS BURT

AND yet . . . and yet,
This is a place of too much recollection and regret;
And yet,
The Yellow-Throat, the amber flageolet,
Pipes in the willows where the leaves are wet;
The sun, the dapple-breasted tawny fawn,
Treads with bright steps across the knee-deep lawn;
And in the green recesses of the bushes
The waterfall is echoed by the thrushes.

From off the bare white splendour of the peaks
A robe of lapis-lazuli is thrown,
And down the narrow valleys of the creeks
The trailing hem of deeper hue is blown:
The hidden river leaps from shade to light
Breaking the crystal secrets of the night.

Along the stream, beside the trail, and deep
Into the silence where the firs ascend,
The fire-weed and sego-lilies keep
Their altars burning to the forest's end;
Above the misty meadows and the thorn
The iridescent spider-web is torn.

I will run out and wet my lips with dew,
And thrust aside the alders in the hollows,
And take a path that leads me up and through
The veering wayward flying of the swallows,
Until the hawk and osprey droop below,
Leaving the eagle pale above the snow;
The scent of small warm flowers, the scent of dry
Lichen and juniper will pass me by,
And in the wrinkled mosses and the rocks
My shoe will crush the salmon of the phlox.
I'll gather up the gold beneath the firs
And toss it like a bubble on my way,
Tossing it high and higher, till there stirs
The sleepy cawing syllable of day,
When I will stretch my body to the noon
Where drowsy mountain bees and grasses swoon.
I will await the dusk, the starry skies,
The evening cool and intimate and wise;

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And darkness like a high and silent tower
Whose clocks no longer mark the passing hour:
I will dream well the dream of trees that spills
Into the desolate sweet loneliness of hills!

Sweet . . . sweet, O very sweet, O sweet
The waterfall at dawn;
Delicate, murmuring:
Step . . . step, O step,
You dapple-breasted fawn,
Hesitant, browsing:
Sweet, sweet the day and afternoon,
And dusk, and darkness, coming soon;
And yet—
This is a place of too much recollection and regret.

This is a place of too much memory,
Of too much recollection and regret,
For when the wind along the grass walks wistfully,
A shadow passes and a ghost is met;
The wind—a shining ghost with tilted head;
The leaves—the silvery laughter of the dead.
And in the leaves, upon the trace of laughter,
Stumble the feet of weeping following after. . . .
This is a place of too much memory,
Along each beautiful journey of the day
Memory walks side by side accompanying me
And will not let my heart be wholly gay;
And will not let my path be wholly free,
And will not for a moment let me be;
Nor let me dream, nor sing for very long,
Nor very loud, nor any careless song.

I am confused with rapture that is never
Close to the touch that reaches up forever;
I am confused with rapture that is near
Cousin to Sorrow and the hunchback, Fear;
I am confused with eagerness whose tread
Is hushed because it walks beside the dead;
Confused because beyond this world there lies
Such rich implicit calmness of the skies;
Such wonder and beatitude and ease,
That we who have no thing can still have these.
I am confused that we should ever go
Light-hearted when our hearts are crippled so;
I cannot understand a radiance there,
And all around the feel of beauty's breath
When even the hills are beautiful and bare
Because the winds bring solitude and death;
I cannot understand how we can be
So filled with sadness and with ecstasy.

And yet . . . and yet.
O shining little ghost forever met,
The Yellow-Throat, the amber flageolet,
Pipes in the willows where the leaves are wet.

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The White Monkey

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

X

PASSING OF A SPORTSMAN

SOAMES, disappointed of his daughter, said: "I'll wait," and took his seat in the centre of the jade-green settee, oblivious of Confucius sleeping off the attentions of Amabel Nazing, who had found him "just too cunning." Gray and composed, with one knee over the other, and a line between his eyes, he thought of Elderson and the condition of the world, and of how there was always something. And the more he thought, the more he wondered why he had ever been such a flat as to go on to a board which had anything to do with foreign contracts. All the old wisdom that in the nineteenth century had consolidated British wealth, all the Forsyte philosophy of attending to one's own business, and taking no risks, the close-fibred national individualism which refused to commit the country to chasing this wild goose or that, held within him silent demonstration. Britain was on the wrong tack politically to try and influence the Continent, and the P. P. R. S. on the wrong tack monetarily to insure business outside Britain. The special instinct of his breed yearned for resumption of the straight and private path. Never meddle with what you couldn't control! "Old Mont" had said: "Keep the ring!" Nothing of the sort: Mind one's own business! That was the real "formula." He became conscious of his calf—Confucius was sniffing at his trouser.

"Oh!" said Soames. "It's you!"

Placing his fore paws against the settee, Confucius licked the air.

"How do I pick you up?" said Soames. "You're very long." And again he felt that faint warmth of being liked.

"There's something about me that appeals to him," he thought, taking him by the scruff and lifting him on to a cushion. "You and I," the little dog seemed saying with his stare—Chinese little object! The Chinese knew what they were about, they had minded their own business for five thousand years!

"I shall resign," thought Soames. But what about Winifred, and Imogen, and some of the Rogers and Nicholases who had been putting money into this thing because he was a director? He wished they wouldn't follow him like a lot of sheep! He rose from the settee. It was no good waiting, he would walk on to Green Street and talk to Winifred at once. She would have to sell again, though the shares had dropped a bit. And without looking at Confucius, he went out.

All this last year he had almost enjoyed life. Having somewhere to come and sit and receive a certain sympathy once at least a week, as in old days at Timothy's, was of incalculable advantage to his spirit. In going from home Fleur had taken most of his heart with her; but Soames had found it almost an advantage to visit his heart once a week rather than to have it always about. There were other reasons conducing to lightness. That diabolical foreign chap Prosper Profond had long been gone he didn't know where, and his wife had been decidedly less restive and sarcastic ever since. She had taken up what they called "Coué"; and grown stouter. She used the car. Altogether she was more domestic. Then, too, he had become reconciled to Gauguin—a little slump in that painter had convinced him that he was still worth attention, and he had bought three more. Gauguin would rise again! Soames almost regretted his intuition of that second coming, for he had quite taken to the chap. His color, once you got used to it, was very attractive. One picture, especially, which meant nothing, so far as he could see, had quite a way of making you keep your eyes on it. He even felt uneasy when he thought of having to part with the thing at an en-

*** A summary of the preceding chapters of "The White Monkey" will be found on page 2 of the advertising section.

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hanced price. But most of all he had been feeling so well, enjoying a recrudescence of youth in regard to Annette, taking more pleasure in what he ate, while his mind dwelt almost complacently on the state of money. The pound going up in value, labor quiet! And now they had got rid of that "Jack-o'lantern" they might look for some years of solid Conservative administration. And to think, as he did, stepping across St. James' Park toward Green Street, that he had gone and put his foot into a concern which he could not control, made him feel—well, as if the devil had been in it!

In Piccadilly he moused along on the Park side, taking his customary look up at the Iseeum Club. The curtains were drawn, and chinks of light glowed, long and cosey. And that reminded him—some one had said George Forsyte was ill. Certainly he had not seen him in the bay window for months past. Well, George had always eaten and drunk too much! He crossed over and passed beneath the club; and a sudden feeling—he didn't know what—a longing for his own past, a sort of nostalgia—made him stop and mount the steps.

"Mr. George Forsyte in the club?"

The janitor stared—a gray-haired, long-faced chap!

"Mr. Forsyte, sir," he said, "is very ill, indeed. They say he won't recover, sir."

"What?" said Soames. "Nobody told me that."

"He's very bad—*very* bad, sir. It's the heart."

"The heart! Where is he?"

"At his rooms, sir; just round the corner. They say the doctors have given him up. He *will* be missed here. Forty years I've known him. One of the old school, and a wonderful judge of wine and horses. We none of us last forever, they say, but I never thought to see *him* out. Bit too full-blooded, sir, and that's a fact."

With a slight shock Soames realized that he had never known where George lived, so utterly anchored had he seemed to that bay window above.

"Just give me the number of his rooms," he said.

"Belville Row—No. 11, sir; I'm sure I hope you'll find him better. I shall miss his jokes—I shall, indeed."

Turning the corner into Belville Row, Soames made a rapid calculation. George was sixty-six, only one year younger than himself! If George was really *in extremis* it would be quite unnatural! "Comes of not leading a careful life," he thought; "always rackety—George! When was it I made his will?" So far as he remembered George had left his money to his brothers and sisters—no one else to leave it too! The feeling of kinship stirred in Soames, the instinct of family adjustment, George and he had never got on—opposite poles of temperament—still he would have to be buried, and who would see to it if not he, who had seen to so many Forsyte burials in his time? He recalled the nickname George had once given him, "the undertaker"! H'm! Here was a sort of poetical justice! Belville Row! There it was! No. 11—regular bachelor-looking place! And putting his hand up to the bell, he thought: "Women!" What had George done about women all his life?

His ring was answered by a man in a black cutaway coat, with a certain speechless reticence.

"My cousin, Mr. George Forsyte? How is he?"

The man compressed his lips.

"Not expected to last the night, sir."

Soames felt a little clutch beneath his Jaeger vest.

"Conscious?"

"Yes, sir."

"Could you show him my card? He might possibly like to see me."

"Will you wait in here, sir?" Soames passed into a low room panelled up to the level of a man's chest, and above that line decorated with prints. George—a collector! Soames had never supposed he had it in him! On those walls, wherever the eye roved, were prints colored and uncolored, old and new, depicting the sports of racing and prize-fighting! Hardly an inch of the red wall space visible! About to examine them for marks of value, Soames saw that he was not alone. A woman—age uncertain in the shaded light—was sitting in a very high-backed chair before the fire with her elbow on the arm of it, and a handkerchief held to her face. Soames looked at her, and his nostrils moved in a stealthy sniff. "Not a

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lady," he thought. "Ten to one but there'll be complications." The muffled voice of the cutaway man said:

"I'm to take you in, sir." Soames passed his hand over his face and followed.

The bedroom he now entered was in curious contrast. The whole of one wall was occupied by an immense piece of furniture all cupboards and drawers. Otherwise there was nothing in the room but a dressing-table with silver accoutrements, an electric radiator alight in the fireplace, and a bed opposite. Over the fireplace was a single picture at which Soames glanced mechanically. What! Chinese! A large whitish sidelong monkey, holding the rind of a squeezed fruit in its outstretched paw. Its whiskered face looked round at him with brown, almost human eyes. What on earth had made his inartistic cousin buy a thing like that and put it up to face his bed? He turned and gazed at the bed's occupant. "The only sportsman of the lot," as Montague Dartie in his prime had called him, lay with his swollen form outlined beneath a thin quilt. It gave Soames quite a turn to see that familiar beef-colored face pale and puffy as a moon, with dark corrugated circles round eyes which still had their japing stare. A voice, hoarse and subdued, but with the old Forsyte timbre, said:

"Hallo, Soames! Come to measure me for my coffin?"

Soames put the suggestion away with a movement of his hand; he felt quite queer looking at that travesty of George. They had never got on, but——!

And in his flat, unemotional voice he said:

"Well, George! You'll pick up yet. You're no age. Is there anything I can do for you?"

A grin twitched George's pallid lips.

"Make me a codicil. You'll find paper in the dressing-table drawer."

Soames took out a sheet of Isseum Club note-paper; standing at the table, he inscribed the opening words of a codicil with his stylographic pen, and looked round at George. The words came with a hoarse relish.

"My three screws to young Val Dartie, because he's the only Forsyte that knows a horse from a donkey." A throaty chuckle sounded ghastly in the ears of Soames. "What have you said?"

Soames read: "I hereby leave my three race-horses to my kinsman Valerius Dartie of Wansdon Sussex because he has special knowledge of horses."

Again the throaty chuckle. "You're a dry file, Soames. Go on. To Milly Moyle of 12 Claremont Grove, twelve thousand pounds free of legacy duty."

Soames paused on the verge of a whistle.

The woman in the next room!

The japing in George's eyes had turned to brooding gloom.

"It's a lot of money," Soames could not help saying.

George made a faint choleric sound.

"Write it down, or I'll leave her the whole."

Soames wrote. "Is that all?"

"Yes. Read it!"

Soames read. Again he heard that throaty chuckle.

"That's a pill. You won't let *that* into the papers. Get that chap in, and you and he can witness."

Before Soames reached the door, it was opened and the man himself came in.

"The—er—vicar, sir," he said in a deprecating voice, "has called. He wants to know if you would like to see him."

George turned his face, his fleshy gray eyes rolled.

"Give him my compliments," he said, "and say I'll see him at the funeral."

With a bow the man went out, and there was silence.

"Now," said George, "get him in again. I don't know when the flag'll fall."

Soames beckoned the man in. When the codicil was signed and the man gone, George spoke again:

"Take it, and see she gets it. I can trust you, that's one thing about you, Soames."

Soames pocketed the codicil with a very queer sensation.

"Would you like to see her again?" he said.

George stared up at him a long time before he answered.

"No. What's the good? Give me a cigar from that drawer."

Soames opened the drawer.

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"Ought you?" he said.

George grinned. "Never in my life done what I ought, not going to begin now. Cut it for me."

Soames nipped the end of the cigar. "Shan't give him a match," he thought. "Can't take the responsibility." But George did not ask for a match. He lay quite still, the unlighted cigar between his pale lips, the curved lids down over his eyes.

"Good-by," he said, "I'm going to have a snooze."

"Good-by," said Soames. "I—I hope —you—you'll soon——"

George's eyes reopened—fixed, sad, jesting, they seemed to quench the shams of hope and consolation. Soames turned hastily and went out. He felt bad, and almost unconsciously turned again into the sitting-room. The woman was still in the same attitude; the same florid scent was in the air. Soames took up the umbrella he had left there, and went out.

"This is my telephone number," he said to the servant waiting in the corridor, "let me know."

The man bowed.

Soames turned out of Belville Row. Never had he left George's presence without the sense of being laughed at. Had he been laughed at now? Was that codicil George's last joke? If he had not gone in this afternoon, would George ever have made it, leaving a third of his property away from his family to that florid woman in the high-backed chair? Soames was beset by a sense of mystery. How could a man joke at death's door? It was—in a way heroic. Where would he be buried? Somebody would know—Francie, or Eustace. And what would they think when they came to hear about that woman in the chair—twelve thousand pounds! "If I can get hold of that Chinese-monkey picture, I will," he thought suddenly. "It's a good thing." The monkey's eyes, the squeezed-out fruit—was life all a bitter jest and George deeper than himself? He rang the Green Street bell.

Mrs. Dartie was very sorry, but Mrs. Cardigan had called for her to dine and make a fourth at the play.

Soames went in to dinner alone. At the polished board below which Montague Dartie had now and again slipped, if not quite slept, he dined and brooded. "I can trust you, that's one thing about you, Soames." The words flattered and yet stung him. The depths of that sardonic joke! To give him a family shock and trust him to carry the shock out! George had never cared twelve thousand pounds for a woman who smelled of patchouli. No! It was a final gibe at his family, the Forsytes, at Soames himself! Well! one by one those who had injured or gibed at him—Irene, Bosinney, old and young Jolyon, and now George, had met their fates. Dead, dying, or in British Columbia! He saw again his cousin's eyes above that unlighted cigar, fixed, sad, jesting—poor devil! He got up from the table, and nervously drew aside the curtains. The night was fine and cold. What happened to one—after? George used to say that he had been Charles the Second's cook in a former existence. But reincarnation was all nonsense, weak-minded theorizing! Still one would be glad to hold on if one could, after one was gone. Hold on, and be near Fleur! What noise was that? Gramophone down in the kitchen! When the cat was away, the mice—! People were all alike, take what they could get, and give as little as they could for it. Well! he would smoke a cigarette. Lighting it at a candle—Winifred dined by candle-light, it was the "mode" again—he thought: "Has he still got that cigar between his teeth?" A funny fellow George—all his days a funny fellow! He watched a ring of smoke he had made without intending to —very blue, he never inhaled! Yes! George had lived too fast, or he would not have been dying twenty years before his time—too fast! Well, there it was, and he wished he had a cat to talk to! He took a little monster off the mantelboard. Picked up by his nephew Benedict in an Eastern bazaar the year after the war, it had green eyes— "Not emeralds," thought Soames, "some cheap stone!"

"The telephone for you, sir."

He went into the hall and took up the receiver.

"Yes?"

"Mr. Forsyte, sir, has passed away, sir—in his sleep, the doctor says."

"Oh!" said Soames: "Had he a cig—? Many thanks." He hung up the receiver.

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Passed away! And, with a nervous movement, he felt for the codicil in his breast pocket.

XI

VENTURE

For a week Bicket had seen "the job," slippery as an eel, evasive as a swallow, forever passing out of reach. A pound for keep and three shillings invested on a horse, and he was down to twenty-four bob. The weather had turned sou'-westerly and Victorine had gone out for the first time. That was something off his mind, but the cramp of the unemployed sensation, that fearful craving for the means of mere existence, a protesting, agonizing anxiety, was biting into the very flesh of his spirit. If he didn't get a job within a week or two, there would be nothing for it but the workhouse, or the gas. "The gas," thought Bicket, "if she will, I will. I'm fed up. After all, what is it? In her arms I wouldn't mind." Instinct, however, that it was not so easy as all that to put one's head under the gas, gave him a brain-wave that Monday night. Balloons—that chap in Oxford Street to-day! Why not? He still had the capital for a flutter in them, and no hawker's license needed. His brain, working like a squirrel in the small hours, grasped the great, the incalculable advantage of colored balloons over all other forms of commerce. You couldn't miss the man who sold them—there he was for every eye to see, with his radiant circumferences dangling in front of him! Not much profit in them, he had gathered—a penny on a sixpenny globe of colored air, a penny on every three small twopenny globes; still their salesman was alive, and probably had pitched him a poor tale for fear of making his profession too attractive. Over the Bridge, just where the traffic—no, up by St. Paul's! He knew a passage where he could stand back a yard or two, like that chap in Oxford Street! But to the girl sleeping beside him he said nothing. No word to her till he had thrown the die. It meant gambling with his last penny. For a bare living he would have to sell—why, three dozen big and four dozen small balloons a day would only be twenty-six shillings a week profit, unless that chap was kidding. Not much toward Austrylia out of that! And not a career—Victorine would have a shock! But it was neck or nothing now—he must try it, and in off hours go on looking for a job.

Our thin capitalist, then, with four dozen big and seven dozen small on a tray, two shillings in his pocket and little in his stomach, took his stand off St. Paul's at two o'clock next day. Slowly he blew up and tied the necks of two large and three small, magenta, green and blue, till they dangled before him. Then with the smell of rubber in his nostrils, and protruding eyes, he stood back on the curb and watched the stream go by. It gratified him to see that most people turned to look at him. But the first person to address him was a policeman.

"I'm not sure you can stand there," he said.

Bicket did not answer, his throat felt too dry. He had heard of the police. Had he gone the wrong way to work? Suddenly he gulped and said: "Give us a chance, constable; I'm right on my bones. If I'm in the way, I'll stand anywhere you like. This is new to me and two bob's all I've got left in the world besides a wife."

The constable, a big man, looked him up and down. "Well, we'll see. I shan't make trouble for you if no one objects."

Bicket's gaze deepened thankfully.

"I'm much obliged," he said; "take one for your little girl—to please me."

"I'll buy one," said the policeman, "and give you a start. I go off duty in an hour, you 'ave it ready—a big one, magenta."

He moved away. Bicket could see him watching. Edging into the gutter he stood quite still; his large eyes clung to every face that passed; and, now and then, his thin fingers nervously touched his wares. If Victorine could see him! All the spirit within him mounted. By Gawd! he would get out of this somehow into the sun, into a life that was a life!

He had been standing there nearly two hours shifting from foot to unaccustomed foot, and had sold four big and five small —sixpenny worth of profit—when Soames came up on his way to the P. P. R. S. Board. Startled by a timid murmur: "Balloon, sir,—best quality," he looked

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round from that contemplation of St. Paul's which had been his lifelong habit, and stopped in sheer surprise.

"Balloon!" he said. "What should I want with a balloon?"

Bicket smiled. Between those green and blue and orange globes and Soames' gray self-containment there was incongruity which even he could appreciate.

"Children like 'em—no weight, sir, waistcoat pocket."

"I dare say," said Soames, "but I've no children."

"Grandchildren, sir."

"Nor any grandchildren."

"Thank you, sir, I'm much obliged."

Soames gave him one of those rapid glances with which he was accustomed to gauge the character of the impecunious. "A poor, harmless little rat!" he thought. "Here, give me two—how much?"

"A shilling, sir, and much obliged."

"You can keep the change," said Soames hurriedly, and passed on, astonished. Why on earth he had bought the things, and for more than double their price, he could not conceive. He did not recollect such a thing having happened to him before. Extremely peculiar! And suddenly he realized why. The fellow had been humble, mild—to be encouraged, in these days of Communistic bravura. After all, the little chap was—was on the side of capital, had invested in those balloons! Trade! And, raising his eyes toward St. Paul's again, he stuffed the nasty-feeling things down into his overcoat pocket. Somebody would be taking them out, and wondering what was the matter with him! Well, he had other things to think of! . . .

Bicket, however, stared after him, elated. Nearly two hundred per cent profit on those two—that was something like. The feeling, that not enough women were passing him here, became less poignant—after all women knew the value of money, no extra shillings out of them! If only some more of these shiny-hatted old billionaires would come along.

At six o'clock, with a profit of three and fourpence to which Soames had contributed just half, he began to add the sighs of deflating balloons to his own; untying them with passionate care he watched his colored hopes one by one collapse, and stored them in the drawer of his tray. Taking it under his arm, he moved his tired legs in the direction of the Bridge. In a full day he might make four-and-six— Well, it would just keep them alive, and something might turn up! He was his own master, anyway, accountable neither to employer nor to union. That knowledge gave him a curious lightness inside together with the fact that he had eaten nothing since breakfast.

"Wonder if he was an alderman," he thought; "they say those aldermen live on turtle soup." Nearing home, he considered nervously what to do with the tray. How prevent Victorine from knowing that he had joined the ranks of capital, and spent his day in the gutter? Ill luck! She was at the window! He must put a good face on it. And he went in whistling.

"What's that, Tony?"

"Ah! ha!" he said. "Great stunt—this! Look here!"

Taking a balloon out from his tray, he blew. He blew with a desperation he had not yet put into the process. They said the things would swell to five feet of circumference. He felt somehow that if he could get it to attain those proportions it would soften everything. Under his breath the thing swelled and swelled, blotting out Victorine, and the room, till there was just the globe of colored air. Nipping its neck between thumb and finger, he held it up and said:

"There you are; not bad value for sixpence, old girl!" and he peered round it. Lord, she was crying! He let the blymed thing go; it floated down, the air slowly evaporating till a little crinkled wreck rested on the dingy carpet. Clasping her heaving shoulders, he said desperately:

"Cheerio, my dear, don't quarrel with bread and butter. I shall get a job, this is just to tide us over. I'd do a lot worse than that for you. Come on, and get my tea, I'm hungry, blowing up those things."

She stopped crying, looked up, said nothing—mysterious with those big eyes! You'd say she had thoughts! But what they were Bicket could not tell. Under the stimulus of tea, he achieved a certain bravado about his new profession. To be your own master! Go out when you

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liked, come home when you liked—lie in bed with Vic if he jolly well pleased. A lot in that! And there rose in Bicket something truly national, something free and happy-go-lucky, resenting regular work, enjoying a spurt, and a laze-off, craving independence—something that accounted for the national life, the crowds of little shops, of middlemen, casual workers, tramps, owning their own souls in their own good time and damning consequences—something inherent in the land, the race, before the Saxons and their conscience and their industry came in—something that believed in swelling and collapsing colored air, demanded pickles and high flavors without nourishment—yes, all that something exulted above Bicket's kipper and his tea, good and strong. He would rather sell balloons than be a packer any day, and don't let Vic forget it! And when she was able to take a job, they would get on fine and not be long before they'd saved enough to get out of it to where those blue butterflies came from. And he spoke of Soames. A few more aldermen without children—say two a day, fifteen bob a week outside legitimate trade. Why, in under a year they'd have the money! And once away, Vic would blow out like one of those balloons; she'd be twice the size, and a color in her cheeks to lay over that orange and magenta. Bicket became full of air. And the girl his wife watched with her large eyes and spoke little; but she did not cry again, or, indeed, throw any water, warm or cold, on him who sold balloons.

XII

FIGURES AND FACTS

With the exception of old Fontenoy—in absence as in presence ornamental—the Board was again full; Soames, conscious of special ingratiation in the manner of "that chap" Elderson, prepared himself for the worst. The figures were before them; a somewhat colorless show, appearing to disclose a state of things which would pass muster, if within the next six months there were no further violent disturbances of currency exchange. The proportion of foreign business to home business was duly expressed in terms of two to seven; German business, which constituted the bulk of the foreign, had been lumped—Soames noted—in the middle section, of countries only half bankrupt, and taken at what might be called a conservative estimate.

During the silence which reigned while each member of the Board digested, Soames perceived more clearly than ever the quandary he was in. Certainly, these figures would hardly justify the foregoing of the dividend earned on the past year's business. But suppose there were another Continental crash and they became liable on the great bulk of their foreign business, it might swamp all profit on home business next year, and more besides. And then his uneasiness about Elderson himself—founded he could not tell on what, intuitive, perhaps silly!

"Well, Mr. Forsyte," the chairman was speaking; "there are the figures. Are you satisfied?"

Soames looked up; he had taken a resolution.

"I will agree to this year's dividend on condition that we drop this foreign business in future, lock, stock, and barrel." The manager's eyes, hard and bright, met his, then turned toward the chairman.

"That appears to savor of the panicky," he said; "the foreign business is responsible for a good third of our profit this year."

The chairman seemed to garner the expressions of his fellow directors, before he said:

"There is nothing in the foreign situation at the moment, Mr. Forsyte, which gives particular cause for alarm. I admit that we should watch it closely——"

"You can't," interjected Soames: "Here we are four years from the armistice, and we know no more where we stand than we did then. If I'd realized our commitment to this policy I should never have come on the Board. We must drop it."

"Rather an extreme view. And hardly a matter we can decide in a moment."

The murmur of assent, the expression, faintly ironical, of "that chap's" lips, jolted the tenacity in Soames.

"Very well! Unless you're prepared to tell the shareholders in the report that we are dropping foreign business, you drop

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me. I must be free to raise the question myself at the general meeting." He did not miss the shift and blink in the manager's eyes. That shot had gone home!

The chairman said:

"You put a pistol to our heads."

"I am responsible to the shareholders," said Soames, "and I shall do my duty by them."

"So we all are, Mr. Forsyte; and I hope we shall all do our duty."

"Why not confine the foreign business to the small countries—their currency is safe enough?"

"Old Mont," and his precious "ring"!

"No," said Soames, "we must go back to safety."

"Splendid isolation, Forsyte?"

"Meddling was all very well in the war, but in peace—politics or business—this half-and-half interference is no good. We can't control the foreign situation."

He looked around him, and was instantly conscious that with those words he had struck a chord. "I'm going through with this!" he thought.

"I should be glad, Mr. Chairman"—the manager was speaking—"if I might say a word: The policy was of my initiation, and I think I may claim that it has been of substantial benefit to the society so far. When, however, a director takes so strong a view against its continuance, I certainly don't press the Board to continue it. The times *are* uncertain and a risk of course is involved, however conservative our estimates."

"Now why?" thought Soames: "What's he ratting for?"

"That's very handsome of you, Elderson; Mr. Chairman, I think we may say that is very handsome of our manager."

Old Dosey Cosey! Handsome! The old woman!

The chairman's rather harsh voice broke a silence.

"This is a very serious point of policy. I should have been glad to have Lord Fontenoy present."

"If I am to indorse the report," said Soames shortly, "it must be decided today. I have made up my mind. But please yourselves."

He threw in those last three words from a sort of fellow-feeling—it was unpleasant to be dragooned! A moment's silence, and then discussion assumed that random volubility which softens decision already forced on one. A quarter of an hour thus passed, and then the chairman said:

"We are agreed then, gentlemen, that the report shall contain the announcement that, in view of Continental uncertainty, we are abandoning foreign risks for the present."

Soames had won. Relieved and puzzled, he walked away alone.

He had shown character; their respect for him had gone up, he could see; their liking for him down, if they'd ever had any—he didn't know! But why had Elderson veered round? He recalled the shift and blink of the fellow's steely eyes, at the idea of the question being raised at the general meeting.

That had done it! But why? Were the figures faked? Surely not! That would be too difficult, in the face of the accountants. If Soames had faith it was in chartered accountants. Sandis and Jevon were tip-top people. It couldn't be that! He glanced up from the pavement. The dome of St. Paul's was dim already in evening sky—nothing to be had out of it! He felt badly in need of some one to talk with; but there was nobody; and he quickened his pace among the hurrying crowd. His hand driven deep into his overcoat pocket came into sudden contact with some foreign sticky substance. "Gracious!" he thought: "those things!" Should he drop them in the gutter? If only there were a child he could take them home to! He must get Annette to speak to Fleur. He knew what came of bad habits from his own experience of long ago. Why shouldn't he speak to her himself? He was staying the night there! But there came on him a helpless sense of ignorance. These young people! What did they really think and feel? Was Old Mont right? Had they given up interest in everything except the moment, abandoned all belief in continuity, and progress? True enough that Europe was in Queer Street. But look at the state of things after the Napoleonic Wars. He couldn't remember his grandfather "Superior Dosset," the old chap had died five years before he was born, but he perfectly remembered how Aunt

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Ann, born in 1799, used to talk about "that dreadful Bonaparte,—we used to call him Boney my dear"; and of how her father could get eight or ten per cent for his money; and of what an impression "those Chartists" had made on Aunts Juley and Hester, and that was long afterward. Yet, in spite of all that, look at the Victorian era—a golden age, things worth collecting, children worth having! Why not again? Consols had risen almost continuously since Timothy died. Even if heaven and hell had gone that couldn't be the reason; none of his uncles had believed in either, and they had all made fortunes, all had families, except Timothy and Swithin. No! It couldn't be the want of heaven and hell! What then was the reason of the change—if change there really were? And suddenly it was revealed to Soames. They talked too much—too much and too fast! They got to the end of interest in this and that and the other. Like that white monkey of George's, they ate life and threw away the rind, and—and . . . By the way he must buy that picture! Had they more mind? Had these young folk more mind? And if so—why? Was it diet? That lobster cocktail Fleur had given him the Sunday before last. He had eaten the thing—very nasty! But it hadn't made him want to talk. No! He didn't think it could be diet. Besides— Mind! Where were the minds now that equalled the Victorians—Darwin, Huxley, Dickens, Disraeli, even old Gladstone? Why, he remembered judges and advocates who seemed giants compared with those of the present day, just as he remembered that the judges of James his father's youth had seemed giants to James compared with those of Soames' prime. According to that, mind was steadily declining. It must be something else. There was a thing they called psychoanalysis, which, so far as he could understand, attributed people's actions not to what they ate at breakfast, or the leg they got out of bed with, as in the good old days, but to some shock they had received in the remote past and entirely forgotten. The subconscious mind! Fads! Fads and microbes! The fact was this generation had no digestion. His father and his uncles had all complained of liver, but they had never had anything the matter with them—no need of any of these vitamins, false teeth, mental healing, newspapers, psychoanalysis, spiritualism, birth control, osteopathy, broadcasting, and what-not. "Machines!" thought Soames: "That's it—I shouldn't wonder!" How could you believe in anything when everything was going round so fast? When you couldn't count your chickens—they ran about so! But Fleur had got a good little head on her! "Yes," he mused, "and French teeth, she can digest anything. Two years! I'll speak to her before she gets the habit confirmed. Her mother was quick enough about it!" And perceiving the Connoisseur's Club in front of him he went in.

The hall porter came out of his box. A gentleman was waiting.

"What gentleman?" said Soames sidelong.

"I think he's your nephew, sir, Mr. Dartie."

"Val Dartie! H'm! Where?"

"In the little room, sir."

The little room—all the accommodation considered worthy of such as were not Connoisseurs—was at the end of a passage, and in no taste at all, as if the club were saying: "See, what it is not to be one of us!" Soames entered it, and saw Val Dartie smoking a cigarette and gazing with absorption at the only object of interest, his own reflection in the glass above the fire.

He never saw his nephew without wondering when he would say: "Look here, Uncle Soames, I'm up a stump." Breeding race-horses! There could only be one end to that!

"Well?" he said: "How are you?"

The face in the glass turned round, and became the back of a clipped sandyish head.

"Oh! bobbish, thanks! *You* look all right, Uncle Soames. I just wanted to ask you . . . Must I take these screws of old George Forsyte's? They're dashed bad."

"Gift-horse in the mouth?" said Soames.

"Well," said Val, "but they're *so* dashed bad; by the time I've paid legacy duty, boxed them to a sale, and sold them, there won't be a sixpence. One of them

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falls down when you look at it. And the other two are broken-winded. The poor old chap kept them, because he couldn't get rid of them. They're about five hundred years old."

"Thought you were fond of horses," said Soames: "Can't you turn them out?"

"Yes," said Val, dryly, "but I've got my living to make. I haven't told my wife, for fear she should suggest that. I'm afraid I might see them in my dreams if I sold them. They're only fit for the kennels. Can I write to the executors and say I'm not rich enough to take them?"

"You can," said Soames, and the words: "How's your wife?" died unspoken on his lips. She was the daughter of his enemy, young Jolyon. That fellow was dead, but the fact remained.

"I will, then," said Val: "How did his funeral go off?"

"Very simple affair—I had nothing to do with it." The days of funerals were over. No flowers, no horses, no plumes—a motor-hearse, a couple of cars or so was all the attention paid nowadays to the dead. Another sign of the times!

"I'm staying the night at Green Street," said Val, "I suppose you're not there, are you?"

"No," said Soames, and did not miss the relief in his nephew's countenance.

"Oh! by the way, Uncle Soames—do you advise me to take P. P. R. S. shares?"

"On the contrary. I'm going to advise your mother to sell. Tell her I'm coming in to-morrow."

"Why? I thought——"

"Never mind my reasons!" said Soames shortly.

"So long, then!"

Exchanging a chilly hand-shake, he watched his nephew withdraw.

So long! An expression, thirty years old, that he had never got used to—meant nothing so far as he could see! He entered the reading-room. A number of Connoisseurs were sitting and standing about, and Soames, least clubbable of men, sought the solitude of an embrasured window. He sat there polishing the nail of one forefinger against the back of the other, and chewing the cud of life. After all, what was the point of anything? There was George! He had had an easy life—never done any work! And here was himself, who had done a lot of work! And sooner or later they would bury him too, with a motor hearse probably! And there was his son-in-law, young Mont, full of talk about goodness knew what—and that thin-cheeked chap who had sold him the balloons this afternoon. And old Fontenoy, and that waiter over there; and the out-of-works and the in-works; and those chaps in Parliament, and the parsons in their pulpits—what were they all for? There was the old gardener down at Mapledurham pushing his roller over and over the lawn, week after week, and if he didn't, what would the lawn be like? That was life—gardener rolling lawn! Put it that there was another life—he didn't believe it, but for the sake of argument—it must be just the same. Rolling lawn—to keep it lawn! What point in lawn? Conscious suddenly of pessimism, he rose. He had better be getting back to Fleur's—they dressed for dinner! He supposed there was something in dressing for dinner, but it was like lawn—you came unrolled—undressed again, and so it went on! Over and over and over to keep up to a pitch, that—that was—what was the pitch for?

Turning into South Square, he cannoned into a young man, whose head was craned back as if looking after some one he had parted from. Uncertain whether to apologize or to wait for an apology, Soames stood still.

The young man said abruptly: "Sorry, sir," and moved on, dark neat-looking chap with a hungry look obviously unconnected with his stomach. Murmuring: "Not at all!" Soames moved forward and rang his daughter's bell. She opened to him herself. She was in hat and furs—just in. The young man recurred to Soames. Had he left her there? What a pretty face it was! He should certainly speak to her. If she once took to gadding about!

He put it off, however, till he was about to say, "Good-night"—Michael having gone to the political meeting of a Labor candidate, as if he couldn't find something better to do!

"Now you've been married two years, my child, I suppose you'll be looking toward the future. There's a great deal of nonsense talked about children. The

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whole thing's much simpler. I hope you feel that."

Fleur was leaning back among the cushions of the settee, swinging her foot. Her eyes became a little restless, but her color did not change.

"Of course!" she said; "only there's no hurry, Dad."

"Well, I don't know," Soames murmured: "The French and the royal family have a very sound habit of getting it over early. There's many a slip, and it keeps them out of mischief. You're very attractive, my child,—I don't want to see you get too much into gad-about ways. You've got all sorts of friends."

"Yes," said Fleur.

"You get on well with Michael, don't you?"

"Oh! yes."

"Well, then, why not? You mustn't forget that your son will be a what-you-call-it."

In those words he compromised with his instinctive dislike of titles and flummery of that nature.

"It mightn't be a son," said Fleur.

"At your age that's easily remedied."

"Oh! I don't want a lot, Dad. One, perhaps, or two."

"Well," said Soames, "I should almost prefer a daughter, something like—well, something like you."

Her softened eyes flew, restive, from his face to her foot, to the dog, all over the room.

"I don't know, it's a tie—like digging your own grave in a way."

"I shouldn't put it as high as that," murmured Soames, persuasively.

"No man would, darling."

"Your mother wouldn't have got on at all without you," and recollection of how nearly her mother had been to not getting on at all with her—of how, but for him, she would have made a mess of it, reduced him to silent contemplation of the restive foot.

"Well," he said, at last, "I thought I'd mention it. I—I've got your happiness at heart."

Fleur rose and kissed his forehead.

"I know, ducky," she said: "I'm a selfish pig. I'll think about it. In fact I—I have thought about it."

"That's right," said Soames; "that's right! You've got a good head on you—it's a great consolation to me. Good night, my dear!"

And he went up to his bed. If there was point in anything, it was in perpetuation of oneself, though, of course, that begged the question. "Wonder," he thought, "if I ought to have asked her whether that young man—!" But young people were best left alone. The fact was he didn't understand them. His eye lighted on the paper bag containing those—those things he had bought. He had brought them up from his overcoat to get rid of them—but how? Put into the fire they would make a smell. He stood at his dressing-table, took one up and gazed at it. Good Lord! And suddenly rubbing the mouthpiece with his handkerchief, he began to blow the thing up. He blew until his cheeks were tired and then, nipping the aperture, took a bit of the dental cotton he used on his teeth every night and tied it up. There the thing was! With a pettish gesture he batted the balloon. Off it flew—purple and extravagant, alighting on his bed. H'm! One by one he took the other two and did the same to them. Purple, blue and green! The deuce! If any one came in and saw! He threw up the window, batted them, balloon after balloon, into the night, and shut the window down. There'd they'd be in the dark, floating about. His lips contracted in a nervous grin. People would see them in the morning. Well! What else could you do with things like that?

XIII

TENTER-HOOKS

MICHAEL had gone to the Labor candidate's meeting partly because he wanted to, and partly out of fellow-feeling for "Old Forsyte," whom he was always conscious of having robbed. His father-in-law had been very decent about Fleur and he liked the old chap to have her to himself when he could.

In a constituency which had much casual and no trades-union labor to speak of, the meeting would be one of those which enabled the intellectuals of the party to get it off their chests. Sentiment being "slop," and championship mere condescension, one might look for sound eco-

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nomic speeches which left out discredited factors, such as human nature. Michael was accustomed to hearing people disparaged for deprecating change because human nature was constant; he was accustomed to hearing people despised for feeling compassion; he knew that one ought to be purely economic. And anyway that kind of speech was preferable to the tub-thumpings of the north or of the Park which provoked a nasty underlying class spirit in himself.

The meeting was in full swing when he arrived, the candidate pitilessly exposing the fallacies of a capitalism, which in his view had brought on the war. For fear that it should bring on another, it must be changed for a system which would insure that nations should not want anything too much. The individual—said the candidate—was in every respect superior to the nation of which he formed a part; and the problem before them was to secure an economic condition which would enable the individual to function freely in his native superiority. In that way alone—he said—would they lose those mass movements and emotions which imperilled the sanity of the world. He spoke well; Michael listened, purring almost audibly, till he found that he was thinking of himself, Wilfrid, and Fleur. Would he ever function so freely in a native superiority that he did not want Fleur too much? And did he wish to? He did not. That seemed to introduce human nature into the speaker's argument. Didn't everybody want something too much? Wasn't it natural? And if so, wouldn't there always be a collective wanting too much—poolings of primary desire, such as the desire of keeping your own head above water. The candidate's argument seemed to him suddenly to leave out heat, to omit friction, to be that of a man in an armchair after a poor lunch. He looked attentively at the speaker's shrewd dry doubting face. "No juice!" he thought. And when the chap sat down, he got up and left the hall.

This Wilfrid business had upset him horribly. Try as he had to put it out of mind, try as he would to laugh it off, it continued to eat into his sense of security and happiness. Wife and best friend! A hundred times a day he assured himself that he trusted Fleur. Only, Wilfrid was so much more attractive than himself, and Fleur deserved the best of everything. Besides Wilfrid was going through torture—it was not a pleasant thought! How end the thing, restore peace of mind to himself, to him, to her? He had heard no more; and it simply was impossible to ask. No way even of showing his anxiety! The whole thing was just "dark," and so far as he could see would have to stay so, nothing to be done, but screw the lid on tighter, be as nice as he could to her, try not to feel bitter about him. Hell!

He turned down Chelsea Embankment. Here the sky was dark and wide and streaming with stars. The river wide, dark, and gleaming with oily rays from the Embankment lamps. The width of it all gave him relief. Dash the dumps! A jolly, queer, muddled, sweet-and-bitter world; an immensely intriguing game of chance, no matter how the cards were falling at the moment! In the trenches he had thought: "Get out of this, and I'll never mind anything again!" How seldom now he remembered thinking that! The human body renewed itself—they said—in seven years! In three years' time his body would not be the body of the trenches, but a whole-time peace body with a fading complex. If only Fleur would tell him quite openly what she felt, what she was doing about Wilfrid, for she must be doing something! And Wilfrid's verse? Would his confounded passion—as Bart suggested—flow in poetry; and, if so, who would publish it? A miserable business! Well, the night was beautiful, and the great thing not to be a pig. Beauty and not being a pig! Nothing much else to it—except laughter—the comic side! Keep one's sense of humor, anyway! And Michael searched, while he strode beneath plane-trees, half-stripped of leaves, and plume-like in the dark, for the fun in his position. He failed to find it. There seemed absolutely nothing funny about love. Possibly he might fall out of love again some day, but not so long as she kept him on her tenter-hooks. Did she do it on purpose? Never! Fleur simply could not be like those women who kept their husbands hungry and fed them when they wanted dresses, furs, jewels. Revolting!

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He came in sight of Westminster. Only half past ten! Suppose he took a cab to Wilfrid's rooms, and tried to have it out with him. It would be like trying to make the hands of a clock move backward to its ticking. What use in saying: "You love Fleur—well, don't!" Or in Wilfrid saying it to him? "After all, I was first with Fleur," he thought. Pure chance perhaps, but fact! Ah! And wasn't that just the danger? He was no longer a novelty to her—nothing unexpected about him now! And he and she had agreed times without number that novelty was the salt of life, the essence of interest and drama? Novelty now lay with Wilfrid! Lord! Lord! Possession appeared far from being nine points of the law! He rounded in from the Embankment toward home—jolly part of London, jolly Square; everything jolly except just this infernal complication. Something, soft, as a large leaf, tapped twice against his ear. He turned, astonished—he was in empty space, no tree near. Floating in the darkness, a round thing—he grabbed, it bobbed. What! A child's balloon! He secured it between his hands, took it beneath a lamp-post—green, he judged. Queer! He looked up. Two windows lighted, one of them Fleur's! Was this the bubble of his own happiness expelled? Morbid! Silly ass! Some gust of wind—a child's plaything lodged and loosened! He held the balloon gingerly. He would take it in and show it to her. He put his latch-key in the door. Dark in the hall—Gone up! He mounted swinging the balloon on his finger. Fleur stood half dressed before a mirror.

"What on earth's that?" she said.

The blood returned to Michael's heart. Curious how he had dreaded its having anything to do with her!

"Don't know, darling; fell on my hat, must belong to heaven." And he batted it.

The balloon floated, dropped, bounded twice, wobbled, and came to rest.

"You *are* a baby, Michael. I believe you bought it."

Michael came closer, and stood quite still.

"My God! What a misfortune to be in love!"

"You think so!"

"*Il y a toujours un qui baisse, et l'autre qui ne tend pas la joue.*"

"But I do."

"Fleur!"

Fleur smiled.

"Kiss away."

Embracing her, Michael thought: "She holds me—does with me what she likes—I know nothing of her!"

And there arose a small sound—from Confucius smelling the balloon.

(To be continued.)

The Trust

BY EVELYN HARDY

I HAVE given you my dreams . . . and you alone.
They are like figures in a tapestry,
Faded, and dim, and visible to few;
Or like the strips of moonlight that have shone
On columns lying broken, long ago;
The notes of cellos that are very low
And rich; or shallow bowls of porcelain
That catch and keep the sunlight through the rain,
Fragile, yet beautiful.
I have given you
My dreams: oh hold them very tenderly!

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The State House.
View of the Bulfinch front of the State House from the foot of Beacon Hill at Park and Tremont Streets.

Boston

A Series of Eight Drawings (Including Frontispiece) by Frederick Polley

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Custom House Tower.

The towering structure of the Federal customs building from Exchange Place, showing the Board of Trade, the Congress, the Marshall buildings, and many banking institutions.

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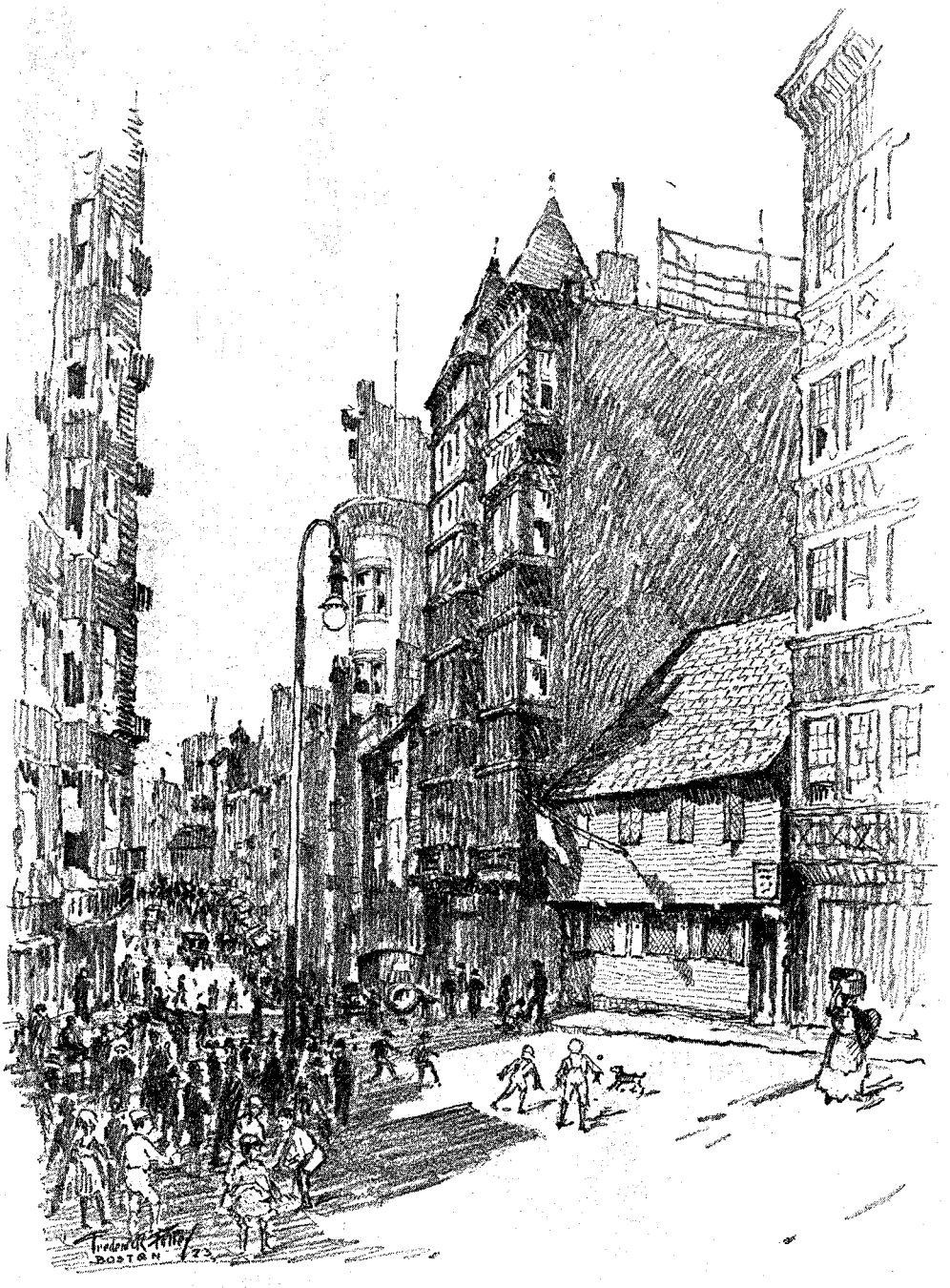

North Square.

The Paul Revere house is not only the oldest but one of the most interesting buildings in Boston. It was the home of Paul Revere for thirty years. The centre of the north-side culture and refinement then, it is now the heart of the Italian quarter.

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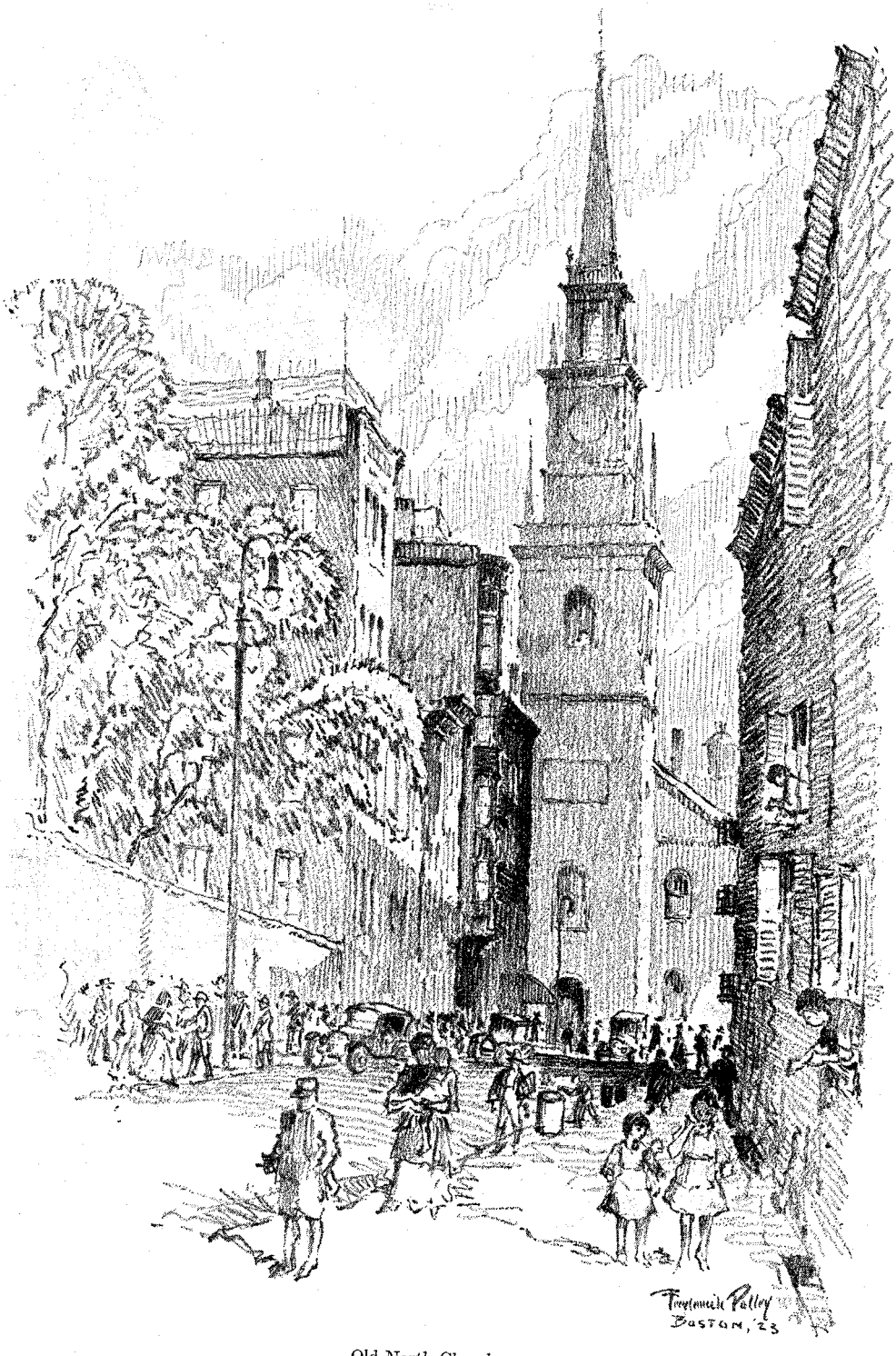

Old North Church.

The courageous acts of the patriot, immortalized in verse by the poet, combine to make an historic shrine beloved by all Americans.

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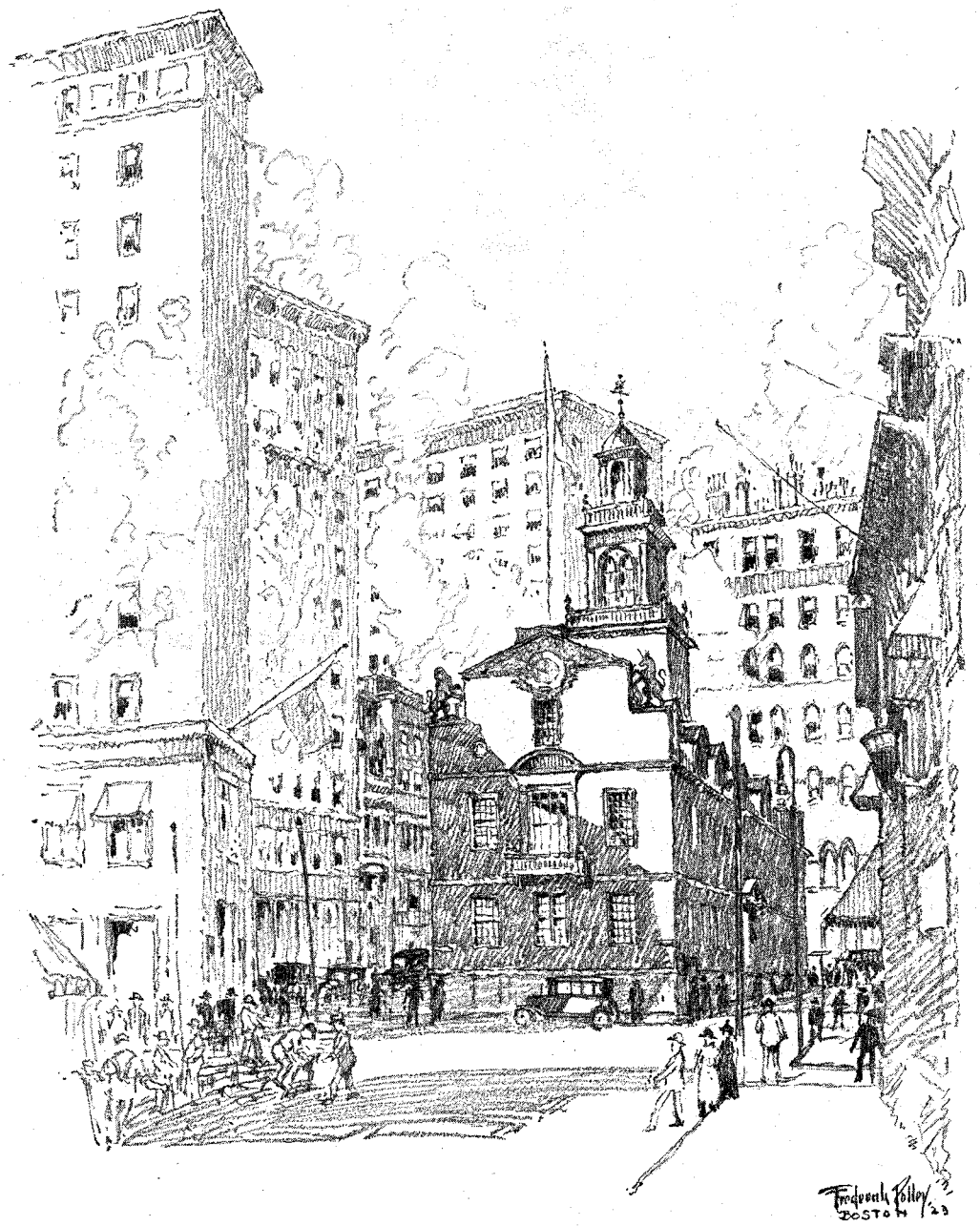

The Old State House.

Now overshadowed by the towering buildings of financial institutions, the old State House, as provincial Court House, was the dominating structure of early Boston. It was surrounded by the first meeting-house, the market-place, the stocks, and the pillory.

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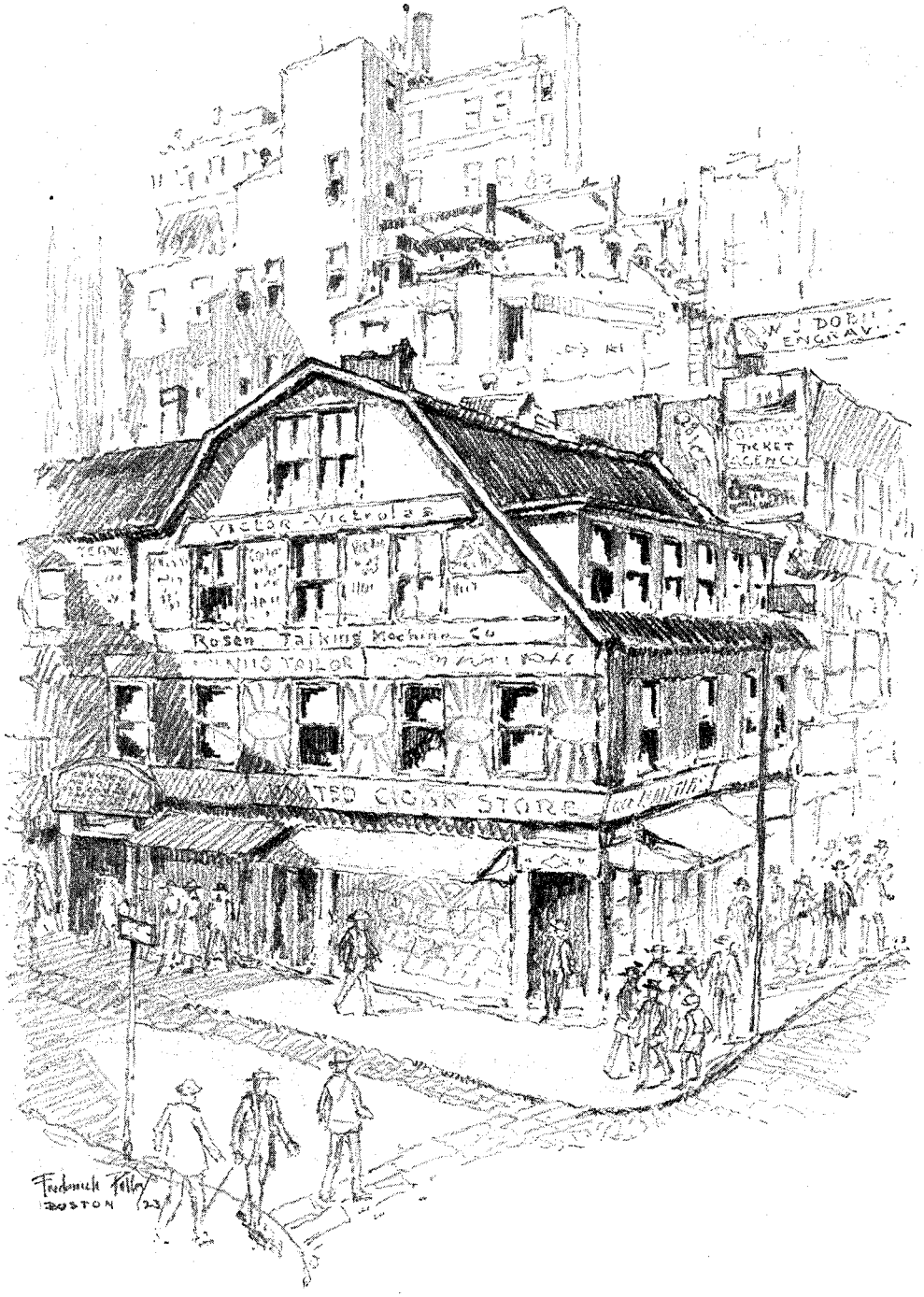

The Old Corner Bookstore.

This building, at the corner of Washington and School Streets, is a famous literary landmark. Here for seventy years, during the time it was occupied as a bookstore, foregathered many of the literary celebrities of the nineteenth century.

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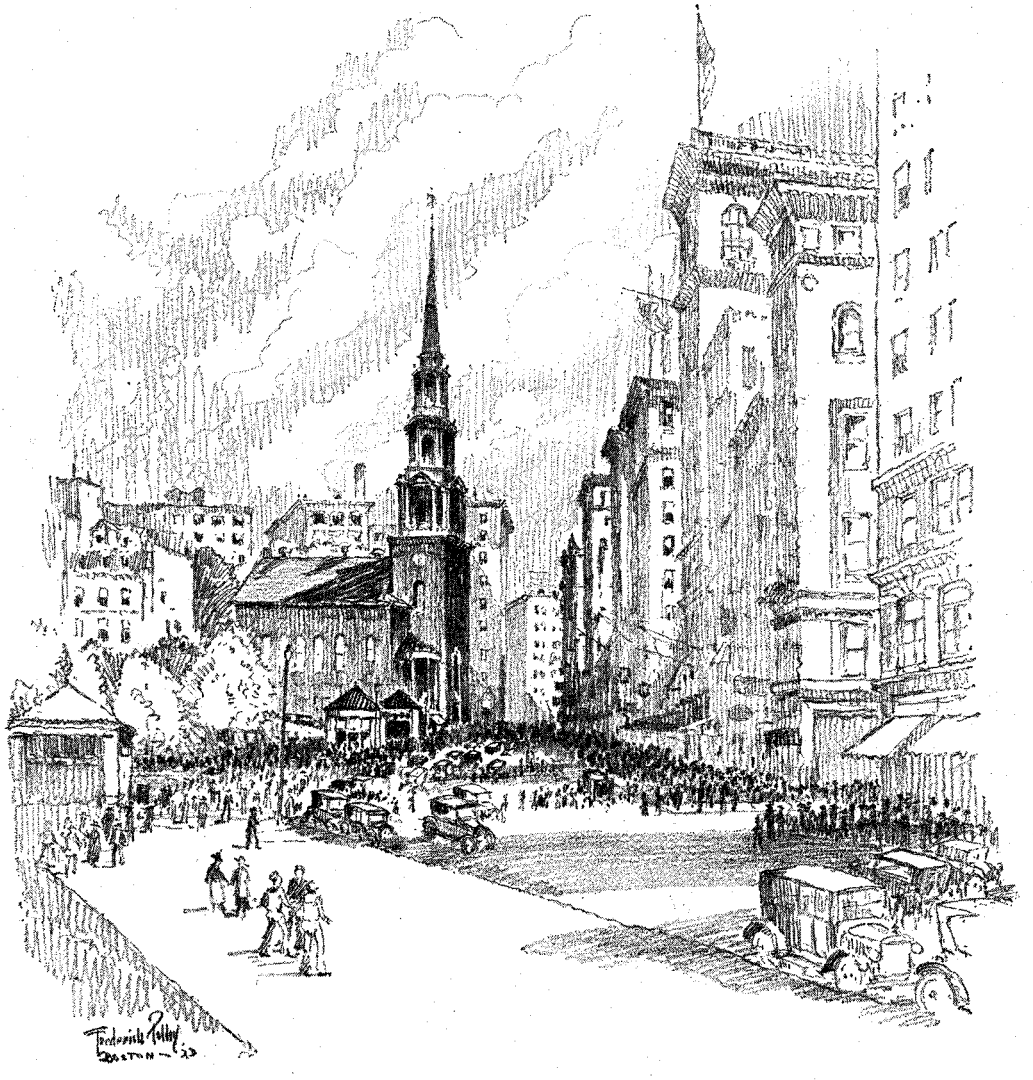

Tremont Street.

View of Tremont Street from the Common, near West Street, showing the Park Street Church, the Shepard and the Stearns buildings.

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The Second Francis the First

BY GEORGE MARION, JR.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY PITZ

NOT three weeks after the fashionable physician, Bourdelet, read in the Paris papers that his American friend Herker had purchased the historic château of Valplaisan—which is in Touraine—a buff envelope, gay with the Herker crest, topped the doctor's morning mail. The enclosed note was worded in part as follows:

"My wife is quite convinced that I'm not well and stand in need of your care again. As a matter of fact, I'm feeling fine, but I see a chance to calm Mrs. Herker's fears and at the same time have the pleasure of showing you Valplaisan. Couldn't you vacation with us, instead of making your usual dash for one of the Picardy beaches . . .?"

The Frenchman's friendship with Herker, dating from their school-days in Switzerland, and the reports that had reached him recently of the millionaire's "nervous condition" (which is putting it mildly), impelled him to accept the invitation.

So, just as the day was melting exquisitely into night, the doctor's tan roadster, journeying leisurely in the wake of a telegram, scuttled under the arched gateway and mounted the hedge-lined drive at the end of which loomed the château, its tapering towers etched strongly against the sky.

Valplaisan is all the picture post-cards and railway brochures claim it to be—a jewel of the Renaissance, a sonnet in stone. At the rear, terraced gardens go down to the broad-bosomed Loire, a fat, triple-chinned dowager of a river, waddling majestically seaward; and from the topmost terrace one commands a wide sweep of the verdant vales and gentle, wooded hills of that mellow province called Touraine.

As Herker hastened down the steps to meet him, Bourdelet was amazed at the look of worry easily seen through the host's mask of geniality.

"Good old Bourdelet," Herker began. "You've lightened Mrs. Herker's cargo of care considerably—but—as far as my health is concerned, I've never felt better."

The lovely Mrs. Herker gave the doctor an uneasy glance, and insisted on showing him up to his room herself, taking advantage of this opportunity to inform him of her husband's real condition.

When they had first taken possession of Valplaisan, Herker was immoderately happy. His newly acquired domain was a source of continual delight; the up-keep and restoration of the château occupied his days, and he began an exhaustive study of Valplaisan's history. But presently his old enemy, that horrible hypochondria Bourdelet thought he'd conquered for him years ago, had him in its clutches again. Out of the welter of worries that beset a man, be he lord or laborer, Herker's wife was unable to put her finger on the precise cause of the relapse. Herker evaded all questions, and rebuffed every effort of those about him. She was counting on Bourdelet to draw from him the confession that would clarify matters.

The doctor promised to set to work at once.

A few minutes before dinner Herker and Bourdelet, impeccably tuxedoed, lounged in a small sixteenth-century salon. The doctor did his best to get the patient to talk. After steadily denying that aught was distressing him, Herker finally admitted that there *was* something . . . something very slight, though . . .

"What is it?" asked Bourdelet.

"This is—between ourselves, eh?"

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Reassured, Herker went on. "You know, I've only had Valplaisan a few weeks, but I've had my eye on the place for several years, along with a number of other gentlemen. This long rivalry for the possession of the château is the cause of my present worry. Old man—I got Valplaisan for a song!"

"Really?"

"Because the place is reputed to be haunted!"

Herker smiled as he said this—and his smile was no more pleasant to see than an electrocution.

"The story is going the rounds," he continued, "that I caused this report to be spread prior to the purchase, so as to frighten away nervous competitors and depreciate the value of the place. . . ."

"But, Herker," put in Bourdelet, "that's just malicious chatter. Surely people don't believe . . ."

"You bet they do! And there are a good many people ready to get their knives into me—particularly the chaps who expected to buy the château for a still lower price. How they'd laugh if I had to resell it! That's the way matters stand. But I swear to you that I didn't start this haunted-house story!"

Sighting a feverish glint in the eyes of his host, the doctor remarked eagerly:

"Haunted? Valplaisan? You know how I like ghost-stories. Give me the details!"

But Herker motioned him to silence with a long, pale hand.

"No cross-questioning, Bourdelet. . . ."

"Far be it from me to cross-question you," interrupted the irrepressible doctor, "but you can't expect a man to display complete indifference when you've hit upon his favorite topic. How does your pet phantom behave?"

Shrugging his shoulders in the Gallic manner, Herker replied: "Oh, the old stuff—heavy footsteps in the hallways at night, accompanied by a clanking of chains. It's hardly credible that a yarn of that type could run the price of the place so low. Wait till you see Valplaisan by daylight, old fellow! It's a gem!"

Bourdelet watched him shrewdly.

"Care to travel a bit, Herker?"

"No, thanks—I'm satisfied here!"

"Well, why not try the treatment we used with such success a few years ago—plenty of golf and tennis, brisk walks, sufficient social activities to provide a change for you . . .?"

The American gave a grimace of distaste.

"I'm perfectly content to get away from people. I find a lot of enjoyment in studying the historic past of Valplaisan, trying to visualize it as it used to be. . . ."

"Do you mean to say you've cut yourself off from every one?"

"Yes."

"That's bad for you, my friend—and it's no way to stifle the rumors you spoke of, for people will say you're afraid to show yourself since the 'deal.'"

Bourdelet watched Herker's expression with intense interest. Had his arguments hit home?

"That's so," admitted Herker. Then he added hastily:

"We haven't cut ourselves off from *every one*. My wife's sister, Mrs. Bancroft, is staying with us, and quite frequently her fond suitor rides over from Tours for dinner. Nice fellow!"

"Mrs. Bancroft is going to marry again?" asked the doctor with surprise.

"What's so bizarre about that? A twenty-three-year-old widow! Yes, my sister-in-law is going to marry the Count de Roncroy, lieutenant in a cuirassier regiment of the Tours garrison. He's here to-night, and I'll have you meet him."

"Well," said the eager Bourdelet, "don't you think you should give a fête in honor of the coming marriage? What a splendid opportunity to meet your neighbors!"

"But I . . ."

"Come, Herker, it's your duty!"

"If you think I'm going to bring any jazz bands in here to disturb the slumbering memories . . ."

Noticing that his host had assumed the look of a somnambulist, and appeared to be talking to himself, Bourdelet decided not to press the point, especially since the dinner-gong had just sounded.

Arm in arm the men traversed the hallway and entered another salon, where Mrs. Herker and her sister were chatting with the Count de Roncroy. An effective group, that trio: the women, alert and alluring, had evidently given much thought to the selection of the few garments they

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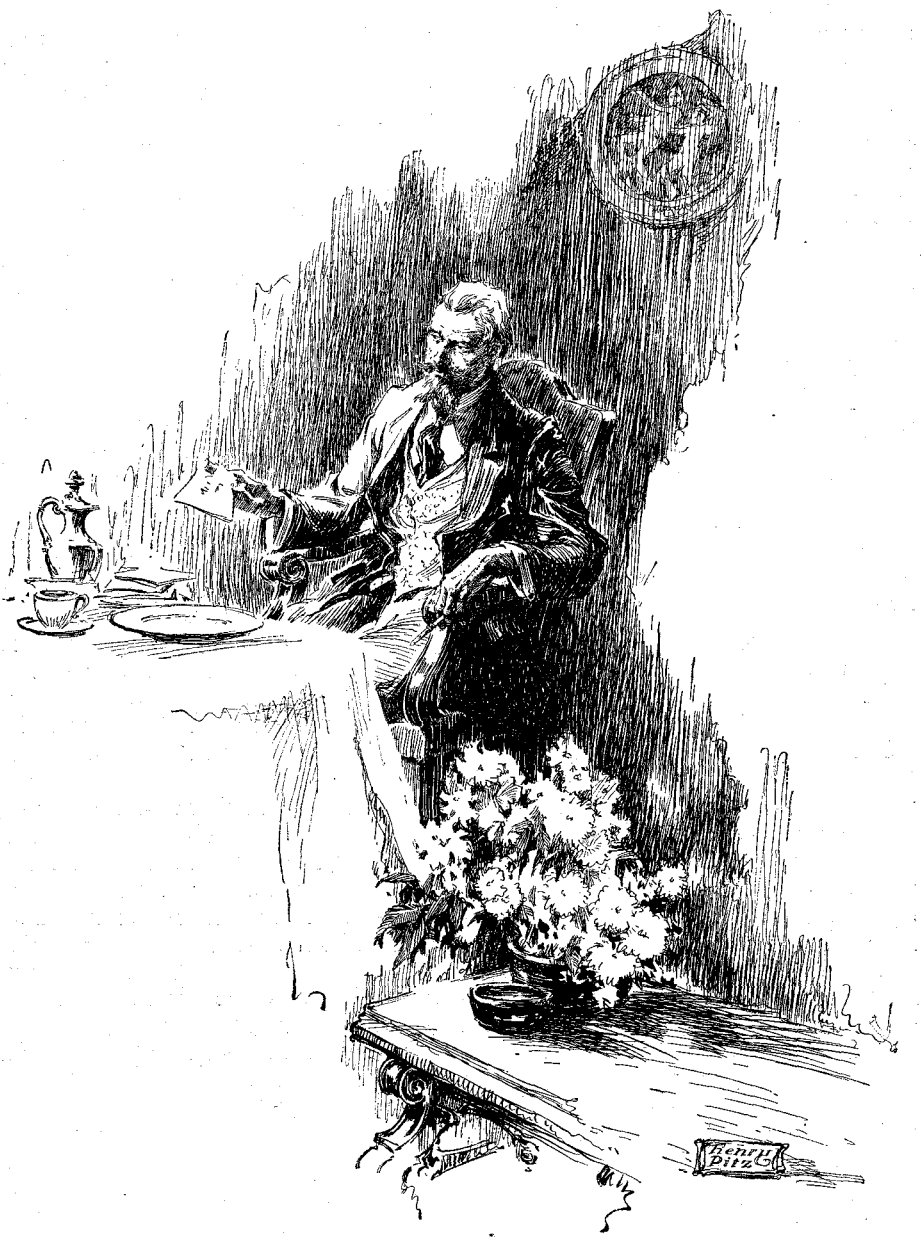

A buff envelope, gay with the Herker crest, topped the doctor's morning mail.—Page 601.

were wearing, and the man, tall—as every cuirassier must be—slim-waisted and broad-shouldered, was a splendid, intelligent, pleasing specimen of humanity. Nor had the tailor who had cut his dinner clothes betrayed him.

"The Count de Roncroy . . .!"

"Doctor Bourdelet . . .!"

A door opened wide, disclosing a bowing butler.

"Madame is served!" he announced.

The entrancing costumes, the crisp napery, the costly service, the red roses

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strewn over the table-top told Bourdelet that Mrs. Herker was mindful of his old prescriptions and was surrounding her husband with all the delights she could procure for him. The repast was indeed a triumph of conviviality. The rocket-like wit of M. de Roncroy, renowned throughout the French army for his exploits as a *bon vivant* quite as much as for his military prowess, was emphatically something to write home about. It proved contagious. Mrs. Herker tried to keep pace with him, likewise Mrs. Bancroft, abrim with joy over her fiancé's success. Several times the host was caught smiling, to the extreme satisfaction of Doctor Bourdelet, who was convinced that if a dinner *en famille* could check the march of his woes, a series of fêtes could rout them and effect a complete cure. And since Herker refused to leave Valplaisan, the doctor determined that Pleasure must pass beneath the raised portcullis and take up residence in the château.

Next day Bourdelet returned to the attack, impressing upon his neurasthenic patient the fact that it was immeasurably cruel to cloister those two young beauties —his wife and sister-in-law. But by this time Herker had stiffened his resistance again, and the spell of the previous evening was shattered.

"I'm not going to profane Valplaisan," he said irritably; then, in a more moderate tone, he added: "You'll agree with me when you've inspected the place. Let's start the grand tour!"

Herker, as guide, displayed a most thorough knowledge of the château's history. As room succeeded gallery, so did anecdote succeed commentary, and in this manner Bourdelet became familiar with the former châtelains of Valplaisan, particularly King Francis I, who had lived and loved there for several years. The host, who ardently admired this fascinating member of the House of Valois, seemed, indeed, to have centred his researching upon him.

The grand tour was drawing to a close, and Herker, like a clever showman, had reserved his finest effect for the finale. They had reached a dark, low-ceilinged anteroom, halting there a few minutes while the American launched into a vivid description of a tourney beneath the walls of Valplaisan. He was well immersed in a dissertation on the bizarre and costly equipment used by the contending knights when suddenly, throwing open a door, he ushered his guest into a vast hall, flooded with sunlight. Its imposing height and vaulted ceiling recalled the nave of a church. Great beams traversed it at the level of the cornices. On one side a row of tall Gothic windows afforded glimpses, between their mullions, of the lush meadows that bordered the river; on the other, superb tapestries adorned the wall. But the chief glory of this Salle des Gardes was the array of armor, a double rank set against the tapestried wall, and two more lines, ranged back to back, running down the centre of the room. The latter contingent appeared to be under the leadership of a gigantic paladin, armed with a lance and mounted on an iron-sheathed saddle.

The little Frenchman gurgled his admiration as he trotted at the heels of his host, passing in review the silent, ghostly warriors.

"Somehow, I never feel quite at ease when I'm looking at these things," he confessed. "The ones in the Hôtel des Invalides give me exactly the same impression—that I'm viewing the remains of a vanished race. One might consider the men of that period a lot of crustaceans, and this armor the protective shells in which they lived."

Herker, intent on his own thoughts, ignored the interruption. His grasp of the science of armory bewildered the doctor. He overwhelmed his guest with technical terms, pointing out the beauties of the trappings in detail, explaining the value of the cubitière, or elbow-guard, lecturing on the use of the long-handled, scythe-shaped fauchard, and citing the names of the captains who had worn these ponderous costumes. Illustrious fellows, many of them!

"This was Bonnivet's," he announced proudly. "This belonged to Bayard . . . and this was worn by the Constable de Bourbon. . . . All this armor over here dates from the reign of Francis I. . . . And now . . . we come to the king himself!"

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"*Quel gaillard!*" exclaimed the doctor.

The king was the gigantic paladin at the end of the line, represented by a suit of black Italian armor damaskeened with gold, riding the lifelike image of a giant war-horse. One received the impression of a veritable Hercules, erect in the saddle, laughing silently through the single slit in the helmet, which was surmounted by the royal fleur-de-lis.

"Francis wore this armor at the battle of Pavia," claimed Herker.

Turning swiftly when they had reached the door, he urged the doctor to glance back at the wonderful room whence every vestige of modernity had been excluded.

"Do you think I'm going to have a lot of knickered golfers and flannelled tennis-players roaming about that place? Do you think I can endure the sight of bandolined dancing men bobbing around in the throes of a fox-trot with cocktail-guzzling, cigarette-inhaling women?"

Just then Doctor Bourdelet was all but drowned in a flood of inspiration that brought him the solution of the problem wherewith he had battled all night.

"My friend," he chortled, "permit me to annihilate your objections. I suggest that for one evening you people Valplaisan with the lords and ladies who once lived here. Give a costume ball, and have every guest dressed in the mode of the period you select!"

"Aha," murmured Herker. "*That's* an idea!"

And meanwhile the doctor was thinking: "That's only one fête—only one! Yet I'll wager that my dear friend Herker, who loves Old France so much, will be kept busy for at least three weeks preparing for it!"

"Awf'lly good idea," admitted the American. "I'll have to tell Mrs. Herker right away!"

Of course the two sisters were delighted, and when M. de Roncroy, who came over from Tours for dinner, learned of the project he roared his complete approval.

"You'll lead the grand march, Maurice," Herker informed the young count. "And I want every one to bear this in mind: nothing but the dances of the period—pavans, passepieds, chacones, sarabands. Those who won't take the trouble to learn them will have to join the wall-flowers. Maurice, you're the committee of one in charge of the ball!"

"You may count on the count!" grinned the cavalryman.

"I'll manage the rest of the affair myself," announced Herker, with such a confident, competent air that his wife knew the first glow of happiness in months—and, womanlike, had to cry over it.

The doctor's calculation was correct. For three weeks Valplaisan was the centre of a social effervescence that spread for miles around.

Mrs. Herker and her sister made frequent trips to Paris, now frequenting the costumiers and the establishments of the Rue de la Paix, now haunting the libraries and museums. Old prints and venerable tomes littered the salons of the château. Herker was astoundingly active, arranging every detail from the orchestra—composed exclusively of instruments of the period—to the torches that were to provide the sole illumination of the Salle des Gardes. At least thrice an hour some one would say: "I'm going to Tours." As one motor shot away from the steps another arrived, bristling with bundles. The neighbors were incessantly bobbing up in search of information or to rehearse the ancient dances.

As the preparations went on, the little doctor—who had started it all—was extremely content, except for one thing. He would have to attend the fête, which meant that he must get into a costume, even as the rest of the guests. Herker urged him not to worry—*he* had already arranged the necessary disguise, and Bourdelet would appear as a sixteenth-century physician—than which none could desire a more modest garb.

The doctor was one of the few whose costume was revealed beforehand, most of the guests electing to maintain the strictest secrecy in the matter of their disguise. The Count de Roncroy, however, was similarly situated. His great height and tremendous strength, coupled with his selection as leader of the grand march, marked him as the one man fitted to fill the rôle of Francis I. Herker and the ladies assured him that he'd make a superb monarch with the aid of a false beard. He promptly consented, and his

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face wore a dreamy and complacent expression as he took from the hands of his fiancée a fine engraving of the king's portrait by Titian, showing the gay, mocking monarch in profile, wearing a round felt hat edged with swan's-down and a silken doublet trimmed with fur.

Left to his own devices during the hurry of preparation, Bourdelet spent his days visiting friends in the neighborhood. He learned from them that a good deal of malicious gossip *had* gone the rounds after the American's purchase of the château. There were those who regretted seeing this jewel of France fall into the hands of the foreigner—but, as the fair-minded were quick to point out, the English Lord Walborough, who had vowed early in the year that he'd own the place by Christmas, was the only one to give the American serious competition.

Already the agitation over the famous ghost story had practically ceased, and those who continued to attribute it to Herker were frowned upon by their peers.

The doctor was now confident that he could cure his patient. He watched over his diet, and saw to it that he was spared excessive fatigue and excitement, seconded ably in the task by M. de Roncroy, who was on duty at the château whenever he was not on duty at the cavalry barracks. Prayers of gratitude went up from the lips of Doctor Bourdelet when he found that the fête coincided with a period of military inactivity, for when the brigade was called out for manœuvres on three successive days, leaving Herker to continue the work alone, the energetic host achieved such a state of nervous wrath over the erection of a platform for the orchestra that the doctor had to call a halt.

Came the Great Night!

Bourdelet, in a sober black soutane, white-edged stock, and square hat, was the first to enter the Salle des Gardes, where he was received by servitors costumed as German mercenaries. Four stalwart Swiss, armed with halberds, were placed on the steps leading down from the vestibule.

Here the doctor halted to survey the scene. The torches spilled a ruddy light over the walls and floor, but left the lofty ceiling to the thick shadows. Musicians in multicolored doublets took their places on the platform. All the armor had been aligned along the wall, except that of the king, which loomed like an island in the middle of the sea of polished floor. The others, a phantom phalanx, seemed to be mounting guard against some equally ghostly marauders.

Just as the doctor prepared to advance, the door of the anteroom opened, giving passage to a figure so cleverly costumed that the Frenchman found himself murmuring "Charles V" before it occurred to him that he was facing his friend Herker.

What secret intuition had caused the millionaire to choose the severe garb and aspect of the emperor? Did he realize how accurately his whole mien and bearing blended with the sombre Spanish velvet of his disguise? Was he cognizant of the terrifying honor implied in such a startling resemblance to the maniac prince?

He approached his guest like a true sovereign, one waxen hand on his hip, the other on the pommel of his sword.

"Look!" he called, and Bourdelet turned to see a pair of beauteous princesses coming down the steps, occupying a prodigious amount of space with their immense ruffs, puffed sleeves, and vast skirts.

"The Duchesse d'Etampes and Marguerite de Navarre!"—otherwise Mesdames Bancroft and Herker. Before the doctor could get within congratulating range, a torrent of masqueraders surged into the room—Maximilian of Austria, Gaston de Foix, Doña Sol, Hernani, three doges of Venice, innumerable lords and ladies of the court. Many of the guests had merely to copy the portraits of their ancestors. The gay company displayed their attire with admirable ease, sauntering about to the music of the viola, the rebec, and the lute—until Bourdelet lost track of the centuries and wondered if modernity wasn't the dream and this the reality.

The entry of Henry VIII of England and his six wives caused a sensation, and great was the amusement of the throng when he was recognized as a portly captain of cuirassiers, accompanied by his

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Some one was standing motionless on the top step, some one in a gorgeous court costume of white velvet.—Page 609.

bevy of graceful daughters. But the monarch bore a distressing message—Count de Roncroy was detained at the barracks to investigate an accident in the stables, and would be a little late. He urged the host not to wait for him.

Mrs. Bancroft pouted prettily at the news, and Herker took on a bleak look. *He* would have to lead the dances now!

"I'm not properly prepared . . .," he told the guests dolefully. Then, taking up the gauntlet Misfortune had tossed at his feet, he achieved a smile, and in a voice that harbored no trace of an Ameri-

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can accent called out the courteous old command:

"*En place, messires, pour ce qu'il faut baller!*"

Straightway the musicians played the charming airs of the period, and the company began the graceful, measured dances. By midnight Herker had exhausted his choreographic repertoire, and it became necessary to await the coming of M. de Roncroy. In the interim he entertained the guests with his choicest anecdotes concerning the armor of Bonnivet, the tricks of Tremoille, and the feats of Bayard at Brescia; suddenly, carried away by the demon of buffoonery, Charles V took his stand in front of the mounted French sovereign, Francis I, and began to address him in jovial mood. His monologue, witty and erudite, won as much hearty laughter as if it had been prepared in advance. Yet Bourdelet knew it was improvised on the spot, and he watched his host with not a little anxiety, fearing the effect of the mental effort. But the applause of the listeners stimulated the speaker, and, striking an attitude, he cried to the armor of Francis:

"O gentle king, my good cousin, in this hour I have much regret that I kept thee captive! Alas, thou shouldst be here, in flesh and blood, for thou hadst ever a love for feasting and merriment! What would I not give to hear thy clear laughter. . . ."

Herker stopped suddenly, while the audience instinctively drew back, alarmed. A most extraordinary thing had happened. To the astonished eyes of all present, the armor of Francis I was seen to move. It brandished the lance, and, raising both arms on high, gave vent to a laughter that was terrifyingly mute. The slit in the visor gave the effect of a jeer. The awe-inspiring paladin swayed jerkily in the saddle, his taciturn hilarity causing a continual creaking of metal.

Then heavily—as might be expected—the figure dismounted.

Herker was white as a shroud. His extreme pallor alarmed a few of the women, for it seemed to disprove the prompt suggestion of a man in the background that this was a part of the performance. But for the most part the giant warrior was received with little screams of feigned terror, half-smothered laughs, and shouts of "Bravo!" swelling to a thunderous ovation when the unknown saluted silently.

"How silly of us!" cried Mrs. Bancroft. "It's M. de Roncroy, of course!"

Of course! Hadn't he promised to come as Francis I?

Charles V went over to Henry VIII, and Bourdelet caught the corpulent captain's reply to the host:

"Ah, that's the sort of prank he revels in. He tricked me nicely with his story of the accident in the stables. Just look at him, will you—isn't he great!"

Mrs. Bancroft, clinging to her fiancé's arm, entered into the spirit of the game, calling him "sire" and presenting to him the lovely ladies in waiting. An attractive picture, surely—the delicate beauty of the little Duchesse d'Etampes contrasted with this rigid, mail-clad knight. How proud she was of her tall young lover, as he stiffly acknowledged the merry salutations, his sword clanking against his thigh-guard at every step.

The dancing started again, M. de Roncroy displaying a dexterity that was amazing when one gave thought to the tonnage of his costume. He continued to play his rôle conscientiously, never a word passing his lips, as he sought to keep alive a mystery that all had solved. His helmet, adorned with the royal fleur-de-lis, towered above the dancers, and, with Mrs. Bancroft as his perpetual partner, this armored Titan led all the rest.

Bourdelet, meanwhile, kept close to Herker—for the best of reasons. That trace of nameless terror had not yet left the American's face, and there were odd lights in his bloodshot eyes. The look of him made the doctor feel afraid.

"What's wrong with Diana!" exclaimed Herker, catching hold of Bourdelet's arm.

Indeed, the Duchesse d'Etampes was a bit too demonstrative. Her kingly lover matched her mood. M. de Roncroy was following history too closely, emulating Francis I in the matter of licentiousness. He was drawing every one's attention to his fair partner, but Diana—completely subjugated—seemed quite careless of what the rest might think. Her sister tried to check the exuberance, but Mrs. Bancroft's only reply was to cling a little closer. The hostess joined her husband.

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"Lawrence," she said, "can't you say something to Maurice? Make him behave himself! I don't know what's got into him! Well . . . Lawrence . . . what's the matter?"

Herker had just gripped her wrist with one hand and caught hold of Bourdelet's with the other! The doctor looked at him.

"*Sapristi*, how he resembles the son of Jeanne la Folle!" thought Bourdelet. "It's uncanny—that distorted mouth, those staring eyes, that look of stark terror. . . ."

He noticed that Herker was gazing in the direction of the great door. What was the attraction? Ah . . .!

"*Tonnerre du ciel!*" snapped the little doctor.

Some one was standing motionless on the top step, some one in a gorgeous court costume of white velvet—some one who looked like Titian's portrait of Francis I, come to life! It was M. de Roncroy!

M. de Roncroy! Then there were two of them? No—the *other* must be an impostor, behind that metal visor and heavy armor! Who *was* he?

Herker looked from one Francis I to the other—from the Man in Iron to the Man in Velvet—and the keen eyes of the famous physician could see his patient's reason tottering.

"Just a practical joker—that fellow in armor," whispered Bourdelet hurriedly.

"Practical joker?" repeated Herker. "But—who is he? There's no one tall enough. . . . My God, Bourdelet, can you hear the weight of his tread—the clash of metal, every step he takes? And Diana—she doesn't realize . . ."

At that moment de Roncroy's powerful voice launched a call that rose above the music and the chatter of the dancers.

"Diana!"

The guests, turning at the sound, recognized him at once—and a sudden hush expressed the general amazement. The giant warrior had again become a mystery!

With his left arm encircling the waist of Diana Bancroft, whose flushed cheek was pressed against his cool cuirass, he stood apart from the rest, the centre of a gaping circle. The onlookers began to edge away from him—and from the other suits of armor as well, lest these too concealed silent, mysterious beings.

"Diana!" called the count a second time.

Mrs. Bancroft turned her head—shuddered, gasped, and tried to get away from her partner. But he tightened his hold. She gave him battle, calling all her strength into play, only to be ground harder against his breast.

"Let her go," roared de Roncroy, "and lift that visor so I can get a look at you!"

A flash of lightning? The mysterious intruder had drawn his sword with martial ease of gesture; then, dragging the girl with him, he retreated toward the tapestried wall, the long blade whirling vengefully as some of the servants sought to close in on him.

M. de Roncroy leaped forward, brandishing a halberd snatched from a terrified footman. Spurred by his example, the other men tore the panoplied weapons from the wall and rushed to cut down this defiant rogue. The smoking torches gave the effect of a conflagration, and the hot air reeked of resin, pitch, and bergamot. Veiled in a reddish mist, the mêlée started, . . . crisp commands punctuating the clash of weapons. Now and then an oath was heard, and the howl of a wounded man. Already, blood began to spatter the floor. The helmet with the fleur-de-lis, outlined sharply against the tapestry, continued to dominate the milling mob, and the great, gleaming blade blocked every charge.

Across the vast hall the women fluttered about, biting their handkerchiefs, feverish, pale, their nerves on edge. The servants, breathless and quaking, huddled near the steps, and in a shadowed corner two men lurked, watching the progress of the battle. Bourdelet and Herker! The American was mumbling incoherent phrases:

"Midnight . . . the footsteps . . . in the hall . . . chains clanking . . . the king . . . the king! For God's sake, stop it! Oh . . . for the dawn!"

"It'll be all right," murmured the doctor. "They'll get him to surrender, and we'll find out who this spoil-sport is!"

The voice of the hostess reached them.

"Doctor! Doctor! Come quickly . . . my sister . . ."

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Drawn by ***Henry Pitz.***

The mysterious intruder had drawn his

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sword with martial ease of gesture.—Page 609.

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Two servants were carrying Mrs. Bancroft up the steps. Not a little worried at leaving Herker, the doctor followed them.

Stretched out on a great four-poster bed, surrounded by anxious-eyed ladies in the garb of the distant past, Diana Bancroft slowly regained consciousness. Her sister held a phial of smelling-salts in readiness.

Afar, the muffled crash of conflict . . . suddenly it ceased . . . and then . . .

Herker entered the room, brushing past the doctor. Fear had made him almost unrecognizable, setting in his haggard face the look of a lunatic. None dared to question him.

He was followed a moment later by M. de Roncroy, liberally spattered with blood, clinging to a half-severed finger. . . . The count dropped into the nearest chair, with never a word to ease the tension of the eager bystanders.

Mrs. Herker could stand it no longer.

"Who was in the armor?" she cried.

"Oh . . .," groaned her husband, covering his eyes with his hands.

As the doctor commenced dressing his wound, M. de Roncroy fainted.

"Help me . . . stretch him out on the carpet!" called Bourdelet. And all the while he was thinking: "They've killed the man who was in the armor, and Herker, coming up and seeing him, imagined that the armor had *never* contained anything but a corpse!" But the more he thought the more he wondered. Odds and ends of legends crowded back to his mind. He could see the men lifting the visor and finding a skeleton in the armor —or a leering mummy—or a gorilla!

But the horror of these nightmares was not to be compared with the sickening sensation he experienced when M. de Roncroy, coming round again breathed these words:

"There was *nothing* in the armor!"

Dawn marched upon Touraine and made short work of the shadows. It found Doctor Bourdelet very busy. Having seen to M. de Roncroy and his fiancée, he had been compelled to concentrate upon the case of Lawrence Herker.

"We must get him away from here at once," he told Mrs. Herker. "Valplaisan has tortured him enough."

That afternoon they were entrained for Switzerland—and a month later Bourdelet was able to leave the patient in the care of the local *medico*—without much hope, however, of a real cure.

For the better part of a year the little doctor cherished the mystery of Valplaisan and the second Francis the First. Then one day at his club an elderly baron whose estate bordered on the famous château had to destroy the illusion for him.

"Did you hear how it happened?" asked the baron. "No? Attend, while I tell you. . . . The guests, led by de Roncroy, crowded the mysterious intruder back to the portière. Turning on them with redoubled vigor, he cleared quite a space about him, then darted through the doorway. De Roncroy, well in the van, lunged at him, his sword piercing the swaying draperies that masked the exit—but before the attackers could get through the door a resounding crash was heard. When they *did* enter the anteroom, there was the black armor stretched out on the floor. They'd evidently 'got' the intruder. De Roncroy tore open the visor. The armor was empty!"

"Yes, I know," interpolated the doctor sharply.

"Ah, but the rest is the best. It seems there were two suits of armor, exactly alike—one that was found on the floor of the anteroom, and one that encompassed the man who danced and fought. He had ordered the duplicate suit for that night's work."

"But how . . .?"

"Listen well, my dear Bourdelet. There was a secret door in the anteroom, standing open for this man's escape. While the others are disentangling their weapons from the folds of the portières, he darts across the anteroom and through the secret door, which he closes after him. Then two servants of Monsieur Herker's, well bribed and posted at the door leading from the anteroom to the library, toss in the second suit of armor, the empty one, which lands with the crash the others heard. They, too, flit away before the crowd pours in. Good?"

Bourdelet nodded grudgingly.

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In a shadowed corner two men lurked, watching the progress of the battle. Bourdelet and Herker!—Page 609.

"And the motive?" he asked wonderingly.

"When I tell you the result of my recent visit to Valplaisan, you'll see," said the baron. "I had the honor to meet the new owner, Lord Walborough, a handsome young Englishman over six feet tall—a captain in the Horse Guards. Such an air of distinction, but he has the reputation of a man who'll stop at nothing to get what he wants. He'd sworn to get Valplaisan for his American bride by Christmas—and, returning from a yachting trip, he found Monsieur Herker had snapped up the place. But Herker hadn't taken possession yet, and milord had time to study the château very thoroughly. Then and there he made his plans, knowing the nature of the malady from which his rival suffered. Now you understand?"

"I do," grumbled Bourdelet.

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Style

BY W. C. BROWNELL
Author of "Standards," "Criticism," etc.

II. PRESENT-DAY USES—SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

DISTINCTLY through its appeal to the disposition to relax rather than to stiffen, into which our rather pallid, however rigid, Puritanism has developed in an era of expansion, considerably relieved of its poetry and, generally, in light marching order, Rousseauism has entered in triumph the citadel of our Philistinism. No doubt a frontal attack on this position would be quixotic, but if anything like an undermining transformation may intelligently be hoped for, it can hardly be that the spirit of style, considering its apt and manifold applicability, would fail to prove a promising agency. The æsthetic need of the "natural" man, and of the day in which he flourishes so generally and so luxuriantly as quite to dwarf by contrast the green bay-tree of the erstwhile wicked, is to have their energies, so vast and in many respects so beneficent, "shaped up." And to that end an ideal of style, running as it does through both life and art, and thus admirably calculated to compass precisely this result, is so much the primary as to be in effect a preliminary consideration in the practical æsthetic philosophy of both.

The first step, because the most fundamental, that it would take would undoubtedly be the displacement, so far as possible, of the cordial belief in the sacrosanct character of "naturalness" as a subjective manifestation natural in an egoistic age—plainly a herculean stride at the outset. But "naturalness" as such, however temperamental its sanctions, has certainly no immunity from critical analysis. And the first thing about it remarked by analysis is the distinction, often lost sight of, between the natural and the normal. The normal is quite the last thing our revolutionists deal in or, for that matter, believe in. Subtracting the poetry from Rousseauism, they worship nature only as will—one's own, of course. Abstractly they as well as everybody else would admit the normal to be the legitimate—or, if the word is suspect, the laudable—end and aim of all our activities. And, abstractly, no one advocates the unnatural, any more than the abnormal. But concretely it is quite as apparent that the merit and value of naturalness depend on the nature expressed or exhibited in it, not on any nature's acting in accordance with its instinctive impulses, since it is so very perfectly possible for these impulses to prove deplorably abnormal. Even those "friends of man" to whom Doctor Watts extended the privilege of delighting to bark and bite because such is their nature, confer more, and perhaps experience no less, delight for being subjected to some restraint of these expressional energies. And a similar discipline in natural demeanor is effective as a civilizing agent in the social development of man himself. Nor is the usefulness of social pressure of the kind limited to the primitive community, though the individual who is a group-leader in some circles would certainly be what is known as a "group-breaker" in others of higher differentiation on account merely of being insufficiently "broken in" himself. Every one has remarked the conjunction of the unknown face and the familiar manner noted by Mr. Herford. Of course coltishness in the colt is appropriately natural. Even so, it is much modified before he is ready for human society. But man's nature should, because it can, aspire higher—to be born again, for example, in various respects. Much of his conduct, his nature thus transformed, belongs in the æsthetic field and aptly responds to æsthetic sanctions. To justify it by those

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shared with the beasts of the field is to fail to do it justice. And in the modelling that life gives to the common clay of our common human nature some are carried much farther than the mere sketches it leaves of others. Quite logically, thus, the "naturalness" of those whose natures are developed exceeds in calibre and excels in quality that of those less transformed and, though farther from the normal, strictly speaking more natural—and obviously outstrips that of those remaining, after such imperfect metamorphosis as Bottom's "translation," like him, essentially unchanged. Nature crude and nature cultivated—whether by art or life—wear different masks. The main difference between them will be that due to the degree of perfection reached in the transmutation of instinct and impulse into character and control—an achievement certainly fostered by the introduction into their activities of the spirit of order and measure, and crowned by the interpenetration of rhythm, as pertinent, surely, to life as to art.

No doubt many remember, though apparently alas! must "remember as forgotten," the Victorian commonplace that simplicity and "naturalness" are far from being the same thing—in personal quality any more than in artistic expression. The heart of man, having long ago, as we know, been observed to be deceitful above all things, as well as desperately wicked, it follows that simplicity has long been noticed—by all but the simple, no doubt—to be a quality considerably complex and elusive, partaking in its essence of the "culture conquest." Simplicity of moral attitude is as charming as it is rare and doubtless as accidental as genius, but, æsthetically, patrician simplicity is apt to outshine plebeian. Those who know him speak oftener of the subtle than of the simple savage. Our metropolitan varieties, to be sure, are simpler—more absorbed, at any rate, in being simply savage. Since the diffusion of the kindergarten one must suppose the public at large—at least among us, where, as a character of Henry James discovered, the position of a child is one of great distinction—to have learned, what all parents must always have known, that the child merely as a child is a puzzle personified. And "all the men and women" upon the stage of "all the world" being "merely players," they must not merely learn their many parts, but if they are to play them in public must study even their exeunts and entrances, as players have to in order to play them "naturally," *i. e.*, normally. The ordering of one's nature with a view to seeming "natural" by being normal, is a business demanding the tension involved in realizing an ideal, and decidedly not relaxation in the arms of instinct; otherwise art would not seem so long and life so short to the indubitable majority of us—however often nowadays Pegasus may appear the "soonest curried" of "short horses" and "modern art" make modern life at times seem superfluously long for savoring its satisfactions. So complicated, in a word, is his nature that the amount of pressure requisite to compress the exuberance of the "natural man" within the chaste confines of simplicity is dejecting. Means of grace, æsthetic and moral, need to be invoked, and self-control employed, to the end of wearing his nature's garments with apparent ease and real effectiveness. Invocation of such aids would doubtless seem superfluous and exercise of such restraint be irksome to those with whom self-expression merely means self-disclosure, and who set self-display before self-direction, fancying themselves the while gloriously unfettered, though appearing to the unsympathetic eye as merely unbuttoned. But it is an unwary exaltation that leads so many among us (relying on agreement with the numbers in which there is, in reality, quite as much peril as safety) to conceive as emancipation what may very well instead prove merely the condition consequent on having been set adrift by the Zeitgeist, continually detaching detritus on its constructive onward and upward way.

At all events, before replacing the ideal injunction, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect," by the more modern and less exacting "Be yourselves," it would undoubtedly be only prudent to consider whether one is of those, rather, to whom the assertion "Ye are of your father, the devil," was addressed. I do not myself hold that the present age is probably the "little sea-

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son" for which this individual was to be "loosed," as prophesied in the Apocalypse, for the excellent reason, if for no other, that he does not appear to have served the thousand years of bondage prophesied as immediately preliminary to this period. But, on the other hand, it is difficult to accept the assertion so frequently made that the salient traits of to-day are merely those immemorially illustrated in the succession of youth to eld. Instead of taking the torch to hand on, supplied with fresh fuel and all the latest improvements, to its successor the present age has apparently extinguished it—with ignominy or ignominiously, as one chooses—and fashioned a new one for itself, whether destined or even designed for transmission being exceptionally uncertain. It engages in the race of progress less as a true than as a biological "sport," one may say, if the pun may be pardoned in the interest of its pertinence. And the quality of current wisdom in thus cutting loose is indicated by its selection of one of the most remarkable of historic periods as the one chiefly meriting a contempt but slightly alloyed with compassion—an attitude impossible to instructed reflection, and therefore, no doubt, attributable to group contagion. Yet, so widely has it popularized this attitude, it was almost startling to read recently in the liberal London *Nation*, which ought to know the group in question, that "no one whose opinion is worth stopping to listen to ever uses the word 'Victorian' as implying dulness, stupidity, or uninspired convention."

Arnold speaks of the "feeling of tightness and oppression" and "desire for clouds, storms, effusion, and relief" that, as the spirit of antiquity wore itself out, the world came to have. Who has not heard something of this sort expressed by exponents of the present day as produced in themselves by the last age? Even to-day there is much talk of "escape"—even from this age, from everything evidently but one's cherished self. The feeling and desire recorded by Arnold came to fruition in the thirteenth century and were incarnated in Francis and Giotto and Dante. The revulsion that inspired the revolt—centuries in incubating—sprang from the growing inefficacy of a dying civilization gradually developing into a different one long in culminating. One suspects the present age of having its tongue in its cheek a good deal, but certainly its humorists will hardly count on the credulity of those who remember Victorian days in asserting any particular analogy of its own revulsion and revolt to this august and age-long sequence of genuine cause and effect; and cause and effect functioning on the uplands instead of at the nadir of mankind's thought and feeling. Its Francis, Giotto, and Dante are yet to appear, and Victorian justification for feelings of tightness and oppression so acute as to operate on an entire generation with the celerity of a jail delivery is the kind of figment born of irresponsibility unchecked by information. Its revulsion and revolt and its consequent conversion wholesale to wholesale naturalism must be otherwise explained.

There is, to be sure, one signal respect in which naïvely the present day, unsuspicious of its sonship, appears very considerably the prolongation rather than the repudiation of its predecessor; and in fact in many things of the moment we may assuredly assay less novelty than resides in the degree to which they are pushed. No one would call the age an original one. Its *excess* certainly *is* novel. Since Aristotle's association of virtue with moderation, the elect have in general proscribed excess. But among the Victorians as early as the forties there were, for one notorious category, numerous specimens aptly catalogued under the classic vinculum, "short-haired women and long-haired men"; plenty of radicals who prized publicity above riches and to whom unobtrusiveness was either affected or abject, who preferred experiment to experience and deemed the proverbial out of date, whose thinking was an exercise of the fancy, whose feeling was febrile and mostly fleeting, who railed at regularity as dull and system as stupid, and who here and there developed a social phase known in the early seventies as "chromo-civilization." Gradually and insensibly they seem to have come in from the outskirts of social density to occupy the centre of the stage—never defended by us with much assiduity—and having, no doubt, during their swarming, as now rec-

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ognized by the "orthodox" in the case of homœopathy and unitarianism, done much good on the way in modifying the rigidity of regularity. It may very well be, however, that before they are firmly established as the head of the corner they will be rejected of new builders and some refluent wave sweep them back as débris to the fringe of things. One should remember that there is a wonderful amount of formal education going on all the time. And anything may be prophesied of a period of pure flux—even its settling.

Still, "settling" takes time, and both the current record and recent history—especially day-before-yesterday's, notorious as the most completely forgotten—have more claims upon us than speculation about the future, for which, moreover, as Burke observed of the past in general, they constitute the only possible basis. The current record, copiously annotated and opulently illustrated by the newspapers, reveals the spread of chromo-civilization in many quarters, its unrestrained "naturalism" actively stimulated by a lateral extension everywhere of articulateness outstripping art as larger and larger areas of individuals become more and more—and more thinly—educated. In the course of this transforming process less and less does the present day exhibit the measure and restraint, the order and movement of mind and manners that, permeating all ranks, mark an organic as distinguished from an anarchic civilization. It shows itself increasingly impatient of principles and prescriptions, and galled by every coercing direction of convention, the soundness of which it has no adequate equipment for perceiving.

Without fundamental study the *status quo* in whatever field tends rapidly to become the *status quo ante*. When challenged by ignorance of the philosophy of which it is a reasoned result, and the experience of which it is a tested survival, it is bound to seem outworn. The more smoothly it works the less it appeals to the enterprising but uninstructed imagination unaware of the friction it subjugates—the duller, in a word, it seems. Acquaintance with its *raison-d'être*, its various *raisons-d'être*, would often reconcile incipient revolt against it into resigned acceptance of its rule. It has been said, for instance, that if the South had read *The Federalist* it would not have seceded. Furthermore, as in the æsthetic field style has become prosaic in consequence of being deemed conventional, and has been so deemed because it involves constructive and conforming effort in constraint of expansive impulse, so in the field of social and personal expression it has been coincidently submerged by inexperienced experimentation revelling in that order of functioning which, proceeding from impulse, is devoid of design. "Taste?" exclaims a writer in the London *Mercury* in the course of an elaborate consideration of the subject: "Never mind about taste, so long as you can get *appetite*," a counsel of perfection connoting less the table than the trough and not merely echoing the naturalistic philosophy of an undiscriminating age, but sounding an ominous premonition of "the morning after," when taste is a mockery and appetite mirage, and the dying penitent endeavoring to turn his thoughts heavenward is warned by his confessor to be thankful he has a hell to go to. Socially and personally, in fine, the current record shows us engaged in an attempt to perpetuate the carnival. Naturally the philosopher and the historical student predict instead a long Lent with no Easter in view.

Supplementing the social picture thus sketchily suggested, day-before-yesterday's history accounts for it by reminding one that when the radical and adventurous element among us—tending by disposition toward the "larger liberty of the new freedom," chafing with a growing restiveness under restraints of which they had forgotten, or conceived they had outgrown, the sanctions, and feeling the undirected impulses due to the mere expansion of energy—perceived the immense increase in the alternative opportunity afforded and competitive pressure imposed by increasing wealth and population, this element had only to mark time to find its own ranks greatly increased also. By the same token, marking time was the last thing it thought of. Instead, it set out on its march. Soon, becoming conscious of itself *as* an element, it acquired the sense of power and the illusion of virtue which come from association with those who, in Cicero's phrase, think the same

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things concerning the republic. And these acquisitions enabled its spokesmen to make the business of propaganda practical, productive—and remunerative; though often, perhaps, in other respects than wealth; which did not so much matter, publicity being preferred. I remember hearing some years ago an eminent lawyer say that a man who in 1896 had $100,000 and ten years later was not rich could have had no business capacity. Those were the years when Social Unrest appeared and capitalized itself into permanence. There were so many people without the requisite $100,000 to start with! The national social unity, uniformity itself compared with that of Europe, began to show disintegration, subtly at first, then—even before the Great War came on—by very sensible stages, its crystalline structure, so to say, gradually dissolving in the flux which has since, becoming rapidly more and more dilute, widened into a flood, submerging old types and all standards, whirling to the surface whole strata of the "suppressed," ardently adventurous, full of confidence and courage and—above all—eager to discover and enjoy the *segreto per esser felici*.

So far, I imagine, every one, spectator or participant, is agreed as to the character and origin of the spectacle affording this "dissolving view" of our society at large. But what has not, I think, been sufficiently remarked is the very considerable extension of the picture due to the entire emancipation of an entire sex. This accession has potentially, if not yet practically, doubled the numbers of our larger social as well as political public, and what social observer who has noted what it is that makes the world go round would deny that it has in a still greater degree modified its character? Woman, having changed her political status, or having had it changed for her, has inevitably transformed her social sphere by engaging increasingly in the activities of society at large instead of confining herself to those associated with "home and society." Her equivalence to man, always recognized by the reflecting, having received public consecration by legislative enactment of her new political equality with him, has received also, together with a new impetus, a new direction. Socially speaking, she was even in the days of her "subjection," if a prisoner, also a jailer. She was the trusty who held the social keys. Having shaken off her own shackles in the spirit consonant with *her* new freedom, what wonder that her native chivalry led her to open the cell doors and liberate the sex which, in the interest of a now superseded state of things, she had kept so rigorously under lock and key, but with which—as now appears—she would all along have preferred to romp, fraternizing with it in the character of "a fine, clean boy" now become so generally her ideal—for herself, in any case. Hence complications with, as always, compensations, adequate or not, as time, which is said at last to make all things even, may decide. Our faith in it is still large, though a considerable part of this particular task, it might be well occasionally to call to mind, used to be considered particularly suitable for eternity. The social penal code is under radical revision, at all events, and it has for some time been plain that no longer divorce, but marriage itself, is, as it were, on trial. Recently, too, an eminent British novelist, taking a generally cheery view of the near future, prophesied for it an indefinite extension of the privileges of maidenhood as a suffrage result. But it is notorious that the British are much more advanced than ourselves in these matters—as in theology.

Meantime, there is hardly one of the new features of the present-day social panorama that would not be ameliorated if modified by a general spirit of order that is organic and of movement that is rhythm—such simplicities as harmony in feeling and grace in conduct. The recognition of this spirit and inspiration by it should have no small share in any successful circumvention of the unsystematized moral and material conditions amid which we live. We do, however, very actively live. Those of our croakers who only croak should not forget so important a detail of the data pertinent to any consideration of present-day lacks and consequent needs. Manifestly the spirit of decorum, fundamental in any functioning of the spirit of style, enters a good deal into the matter as an essential, civilizing factor,

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and decorum as manifestly implies the discipline that is one of the fundamental antipathies of the haphazard and capricious spirit of "naturalness" now not only predominating in our practice but presiding among our ideals. The idea itself of discipline to-day evokes distaste. It involves constraint, and we chafe at constraint even more than we resent control, which merely curbs independence, whereas constraint compels conformity and therefore motivated instead of desultory activity. This, of course, means work, and few would maintain that a disposition to shoulder the burden originally imposed as a punishment for sin was as natural as the laziness that so largely manages to escape it. In the physical field our various necessities direct the energy developed by growth, but in the mental we are constrained to useful effort only, or mainly, by ideal disciplines. And logically we need disciplines as we need other desirable things in proportion to our lack of them. From this point of view one of the most valuable uses of style considered as Mr. Sherman's formative pressure is its disciplinary use; and not in formal education only, but in the self-culture that has a claim to be conterminous with life. It is a familiar commonplace that education educes, but probably even in the hands of a follower of Socrates it educes less the contents than the capacities of the mind. The contents, as at the outset they confront it, are chaos. The prophet warning of the wrath to come speaks instinctively of a return to chaos. The return to nature in any other sense than that in which the snake sloughs his outworn skin is relapse—not the "release" complacently so called by our current Malvolian fatuity. The impulses to perfection detected in man's nature by Aristotle and Cicero remain inert until exercised, desultory unless developed. Also his nature harbors impulses to imperfection. Achievement in proportion to its own importance implies effort prolonged and painful. Swimming with the stream is hardly more voluntary and therefore little more "formative" than drifting with the tide.

Even if these indolent practices are more encouraged in formal education than in days when the curriculum was compulsory, imposing at the outset the directed diet otherwise inevitable at the other end of any satisfactory life, they are necessarily prohibited by self-culture—a process more familiar to-day in idea than in execution, perhaps, but at all events never anywhere, of course, carried far enough. In what may very well be considered one of its departments, the effect of the mind on the body, there is wide-spread interest to-day, and general effort to discover in this effect beneficent possibilities equivalent to its acknowledged evil ones. Meanwhile the effect of the mind on the mind is plainly not less real and perhaps as useful. Its agency in ameliorating conduct has been no secret for at least nineteen centuries—declared by Virgil and disclosed to Nicodemus, as doubtless anteriorly, and long before Hamlet's variant of the idea; and ever so little to "look within" is to be assured that in fact the action of the mind is largely determined by its attitude. It functions with least friction within lines of its own prescription. To practise anything with the constancy necessary for its perfecting it is not only helpful but needful first to get the idea of it clearly, definitely, firmly in mind and then make of this idea an ideal. Passivity wins no more victories than pacifism until its mere registry of protest against one ideal becomes active concentration upon another, its antithesis. One would be long in getting to the end of any road of which all the guide-posts warned instead of directing, or, indeed, if from the start one did not keep the end in mind until it came in sight. If, therefore, we invoke such simple æsthetic factors as order and rhythm and their organic synthesis to the end of emphasizing and aggrandizing the unity and, indeed, entity of whatever work the mind is concerned with, the product of mental process in whatever field of creation cannot fail to become more considerable than, being unconsidered, it could reasonably be expected to. The services of style to all our activities of art and life in contributing to them singleness, cogency, and charm tend in fact, as in logic, to become effective in proportion as the idea of style becomes one of our ideals. It is not an abstruse idea, nor is the idea of making it an ideal abstruse. Both are plain enough to ask without

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apology a share in the thoughts which find a harbor within the lowest brow that has room for any considerations of the kind. Of course any ideal must be certified by consciousness; the ideal of following impulse is either not an ideal, or is superfluous, or is idiotic.

It is, as I have said, fantastic to attribute the present widespread surrender to impulse, the exuberance and excess by which it is marked and the philosophy with which it is defended to emancipation from oppression—more specifically and egoistically viewed as "suppression." Self-expressionists should in fairness reflect that in the matter of imperative suppression the alternative is sometimes either their impulses or themselves. In general our emancipated generation has at worst only had to follow the example of Artemus Ward's prisoner, who, after languishing for years in a dungeon, finally thought of opening the unlocked door and deserting the place. The joy of living was not altogether confined among the Victorians. They did not even allow the interest of others to lead them into wholesale prohibition of their own pleasures. No doubt society was more decorous, but one recalls times and occasions when it failed of any very general attainment of its ideal in this regard. One would think indeed that its ideal was easily enough held and elastically enough administered to forestall the present revolt against, not the conduct it often failed to prevent, but the ideal itself, which the present day inseparably associates with hypocrisy, pluming itself on its own contrasting and, in its censors' view, shameless candor.

We may perhaps creditably dispense ourselves from rendering "the homage that vice pays to virtue," though to do so seems a little graceless. Certainly to expect vice to pay homage to virtue in an age bankrupt of homage in general would be sanguine. Elisée Réclus, in speaking of the English race, elaborates La Rochefoucauld's maxim by observing: "The number of hypocrites is, of course, most considerable where respect for personal dignity and love of truth are most held in honor." If therefore we are now celebrating a reduction in the number of our hypocrites, we ought to do so pensively and at least realize where we stand. Not too distant perhaps from where French society stood, awaiting the besom of the Revolution, when, as one of its many note-taking chiels remarked, virtue had been so much ridiculed that hypocrisy had disappeared. To accuse the age of honoring the love of truth less than its predecessor would seem surprising to it, and, indeed, the French geographer, naturally less exact than an epigrammatist, may have spoken loosely, throwing in his second trait for good measure. But there is no doubt about the diminution of personal dignity being a marked characteristic of our time, and in consequence it can be no affront to mention the fact. Assuredly no time was ever before so content with all its characteristics as to conceive the parade of its indecencies more laudable than their concealment. It is interesting to find this modification of self-respect through the trituration of personality in connection with the extravagant development of the individual which is equally to be noted, and which would manifestly be an anomaly if the particular individual developed in such profusion possessed personal dignity in proportion to his independence. It should be remembered that his independence concerns his feelings and eminently not his thinking, which follows his feelings with docility and thus at the same time permits him more self-assertion without correspondingly increasing his self-respect.

The kind of independence that rewards surrender to nature has, in distinction from the freedom planned by design and achieved by effort, no tendency whatever to develop personality; quite the contrary. Merely emphasizing individuality, it does nothing to differentiate the nature of our quality from the quality of our nature, and the expression of personality about which we hear so often as justifying so much is what is perfectly known and understood as a self-assertion that asserts nothing about the self—except often its, in consequence, not particularly winsome existence. The order of personality quite generally developed by the age betrays, rather, its tendency to uniformity and its "natural" origin in the universal instinct of self-preservation—as its marked egoism, a direct and rather raw derivative of this instinct, also amply

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shows. What the cultivation of style merely as an *objective* ideal might do to modify this decidedly dreary monotony should, so far as pertinence is concerned, be sufficiently obvious. "To be less and less *personal* in one's desires and workings is the great matter," declared Matthew Arnold, summing up his life's philosophy near its close. To take one's self for granted and, withdrawing one's attention from it as well as refraining from "expressing" it to others, to concentrate one's mind on its development is, in the long run, to serve it best. The process affords room also for quite a little arrogance—all, perhaps, that a hundred per cent American ought to allow himself. Nature makes the number of "selves" produced astonishingly close kin, and for the evolution of personality relies mainly on the man himself:

"Fool, if thou canst not pass her, rest her slave";

or—to include man in nature—relies on his own exercise of the faculties with which she provides him and his own constancy in pursuing the path of perfection. It is a rocky road all the same, and following it involves sacrifices and restraints. Personal dignity is, no doubt, restrictive of certain impulses, and it is entirely likely that it has been so largely discarded because of a general conviction that it, too, was a shackle; shackles of any sort, anything that can plausibly be called a shackle, even one, say, that keeps the moral centre of gravity from falling without the line of the base, having aroused wide-spread alarm. But I think that the cause of the phenomenon at once lies deeper and is, moreover, in this instance less specific than general in its effects:

The spirit of the age, in many cases tired of the temple—in others driven from it this time *by* "them that sold doves"—instead of setting itself to transform the sanctuary, has fled to the forum, discarding the first of the fundamental commandments in favor of the second, "like unto," but by no means identical with it. It has thus abandoned the inner for the outer life, and if in consequence it has sagged into the practice and the philosophy of the natural man, adopting the gospel of "naturalness" in both life and art with an enthusiasm bordering on ferocity, it is not surprising that, as a natural corollary, it should have transformed the outer life itself. This transformation may be concisely described as a result of its determination to be henceforth not only in the world but of it. Its ideal, therefore, is a radical revision of the opposite apostolic attitude, also assumed hitherto, openly or secretly, consciously or unawares, by the more elevated spirits among the idealists of the world; Keats, for instance, after characterizing mankind as "crowds of Shadows in the shape of men and women," declares: "The soul is a world of itself and has enough to do in its own home." Nevertheless such an ideal constitutes a complete answer to those critics of the age who charge it with lacking ideality altogether. More than that, it makes it a democratic age, an age in which democracy, already politically the working hypothesis of the world, has become also its social and personal ideal. Any one who reflects must appreciate the great increase in the world's benevolence and beneficence, exercised in its industry, too, as well as inspired by its imagination along a far longer line than that from China to Peru, and rescuing from defeat as well as rewarding with success in the battle of life alike the beneficiary and the benefactor. The impressive catalogue alone of the "works" in this vast field, too voluminous for aught beyond passing allusion, may assuredly be credited in the ledger on the debit side of which figures unmistakably our well-known decline of "faith."

This decline dates from farther back than to-day we are wont to realize. The bitterest censor of the Victorian age characterized it a half-century ago as "destitute of faith yet terrified at scepticism." Since then, however, the "fifty years of Europe," supposedly superior to "a cycle of Cathay," have achieved the conquest of terror without attempting the acquisition of faith. Such current variants of this virtue as are to be summed up in confidence that he who loveth his life the same shall save it illustrate but a perversion of Emerson's "Trust thyself," which it would never have occurred to the Sage of Concord nor to him of Chelsea to forestall. The words appended to the injunction—"Every heart vibrates to that

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iron string"—connote nothing epicurean or egoistic. "Soft Lydian airs" and "the lascivious pleasing of a lute" on the one hand, and, on the other, the blare of the band-wagon are not farther from those vibrations than self-indulgence and self-assertion are from the self-reliance born of faith in the absolute and the eternal. Being of as well as in the world inevitably quickens one's sympathetic interest in it beyond the degree felt by the dweller in any ivory tower of detachment. Yet manifestly to become not only a partisan but a partner gives one a less objective view of it. Indeed, after becoming identified with it, and being already committed to the guidance of naturalness, how take any but a worldly view of the world? Generosity evinced in acquiring this alliance is, naturally thus, a little modified after it is acquired. Self-interest, automatically producing partiality, instead of desiring to see itself as others see it, fancies others seeing it as it sees itself—that is, in the most favorable light possible. For an impartial view it is condemned to attend the slow processes of conscience and introspection. In the meantime to ask it, while still enchanted in the bonds of naturalness and still enthralled in its fusion with all around it, not to magnify what it regards itself as having gained, would be asking of it a diffidence it does not possess, not to say the kind of hypocrisy it professes to despise.

One thing is clear. Laudation of the past never won any present from its ideals or its idols. It is obviously impossible even to describe the past in terms pleasing to the present. Ephraim undoubtedly breathed a sigh of relief when Israel was enjoined to "let him alone." In pursuing a different policy our conservatives probably do not quite appreciate, that for energy and efficiency, for the zest of life and the reward of effort, the one thing no epoch can, without becoming at best a silver age, afford to surrender is its initiative. Rather than pay such a price an age so abnormally heedless of the past as the present present would, one opines, prefer to be known as an age, not to say *the* age, of brass; though not, let us hope, the brass in which, as Shakespeare affirms, "men's evil manners live." Quite comprehensibly, too, however much better worth their attention others might find it if silver. In its conflict with "chaos and the dark" it must, above all things, as Emerson adjures us, "advance." If it have neither the wisdom to keep its bridges and ships unburnt in readiness for even purely strategic retreat and temporary recoil, nor the imagination needed, for instance, to conceive cookery apart from conflagration *à la chinoise*, it is doubtless none the less imperative that, even without a line of retreat or an adequate commissariat, it should advance, or deem itself advancing, until somehow and by something it is decisively pulled up. Not, let us trust, by disaster, though it would surely be more prudent if it could be persuaded to follow the example of the chambered nautilus and in building more stately mansions for its soul not insist on demolishing with all its contents the existing edifice. For among these contents there is manifestly to be found the collection of principles as well as phenomenal data that up to date the world has found useful; and especially among the principles informing purely objective ideals it might find some particularly adapted to its use in advantageously modifying its own—certainly those focussed in an element which enters so markedly into so many activities, spiritual and material, as the element of style. Some of these have been closely bound up in one way or another with the faith the decline of which is so general. And certain implications of this decline, with their traceable consequences, one must I think recognize as belonging among the disadvantages assigned us by the law of compensation; closer relations with His creatures are too dearly—as well as also too illogically—purchased by ceasing all relations with the Creator. Was that rather exclusive fundamentalist the Apostle James wiser than even he knew in declaring "friendship with the world" to be "enmity against God"? Or was he less wise than he thought when, after characterizing the practice of "visiting the fatherless and widows in their affliction" as "pure religion and undefiled" he charged its practitioners to keep themselves "unspotted from the world"?

Now of these implications, involved in the succession of the forum to the sanctu-

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ary, one is the paradox whereby the age, unstringing the bent bow of effort and lapsing into the intellectual languor of the natural man, relying the while for support on the dignity of human nature, nevertheless presents us with a typical individual man in whom egoistic expansiveness has considerably submerged the sense of personal dignity. Our whole conception of personal dignity, indeed, has suffered a strange if not rich sea change directly attributable, one would say, to the present-day development of the inner into the outer life, into the wide-spread determination I have emphasized to be of as well as in the world. Candor, for example, has usually hitherto been associated with innocence rather than sophistication (in either the traditional or the current sense of the word), so that we may speak of present-day candor, the candor that so smugly replaces Victorian smugness, as the new candor. It may at least be credited with self-possession, being a stranger to the blushes of confusion and the attitude of apology. But self-possession does not imply personal dignity as we used to know it, and in fact we may speak of the new dignity as of the new candor. Reticence, formerly of its essence, would seem pose. Publicity, once instinctively shunned, and if incurred winced at, is now welcomed if not solicited, even publicity of privacies. Sometimes mere private citizens, if the term is still appropriate, are now—one can hardly say as unconscious but—as unblushing as actors; often suggesting, in fact, actors not acting, possibly out of deference to the new sincerity. Like the actor's, their personality is minimized at the same time that it is obtruded. Self-centredness seeks the centre of the stage on any terms, even disapproval of its acting. In certain presences one is reminded of the prime minister who replied to a friend urging his son for office and mentioning his modesty as a recommendation: "Modesty! What has he done to be modest about?" The personal note seems pressed even in the absence of all pretension.

On the other hand, wherever possible in the circumstances, nothing restricts the parade of pretensions. Save here and there one, the newspapers have considerably ceased to be anonymous, and the loss of the paper's authority as an institution, which used sometimes to be very great, a co-ordinating and stabilizing force in instructing and influencing public opinion, is not counterbalanced by any authority in the writers, who, save the impressionist "columnists," are often unknown. As, by the way, are half the signing reviewers of even standard books by writers of distinction. In circumstances permitting defiance, though hitherto prescribing observance, of decorum—such as those of the ballroom and the bathing beach—the new personal dignity shows itself perhaps at its farthest remove from the old. Here the competition in the expression of personality so dear to the age yields to the expression of the person. Possibly all these phenomena are matters of convention, and in time even the stickler for decorum will grow callous through familiarity with its absence. It is true that where nothing else is missed, conservatives may miss an outworn coquetry and balk at enduring, to say nothing of embracing, what needs but to be seen. But the philosopher will have his doubts about the entire cycle of new conventions of this order. As Arnold's Arminius, who advised the English of a half-century ago to "get Geist," he may reasonably, I think, counsel the generation committed to the heterogeneity of so much current natural and personal expression at least to reduce it to more co-ordinate order and more agreeable measure, and with these in view to "study style." Indeed mere reaction and fatigue itself may lead the more extravagent of our new dignity addicts to echo the more rudimentary need expressed by the sensible but shivering oyster of Mr. Don Marquis's wonderful poem, in its agonizing appeal, "Gimme clothes, gimme clothes!"

To be sure, Teufelsdröckh himself, though "not an Adamite," could not object to modification of the dross of outward garb in the interest of extracting the starch and removing the friction from social intercourse. And if the new dignity secured this result, or even aimed at it, even the fastidious would to that extent view it with favor. It is, however, innocent of any such stylistic intention, being intrinsically egoistic rather than social and arising in a desire to experience

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a sensation by producing one—nowadays, owing to the business having been overdone, doubtless often a delusion. Sensation, at all events, in moral appetence as well as in social practice and bodily costume, is incontestably the order of the day. The time is positively thrall to it. In his preface to the "Twice-Told Tales," Hawthorne half apologized for offering his reader sentiment instead of passion. To-day sensation has largely supplanted both. Sin having so generally disappeared from the contemporary conscience or consciousness (now, as with the Latin peoples, who have but one word for the two, pretty much the same thing with us), passion has perhaps perforce taken refuge in crime—abundant enough, to be sure, in what Mr. Philip Kerr aptly calls our "queer mixture of humanity and violence." Even vice has in some degree evaporated. Certain personal and social practices from which society used to be in part protected by the hypocrisy which we are told and indeed observe no longer exists, widely embraced in spite of their mien, have ceased to be vices through the mere process of diffusion. Sentiment has not survived the ridicule of being called sentimental. It does lack an adjective, it is true, but why assign to it that belonging to sentimentality, except by way of expressly asserting that sentiment is sentimental—the common belief, of course; in fact a prominent article of the common creed.

The age is certainly juvenile enough to lose its schoolboy courage when it comes to confessing this particular weakness, but its juvenility is terribly complicated by jejuneness, so far as sentiment is concerned, in what it calls—at every possible opportunity—"sex." The term "sex" it probably regards as a euphemistic triumph, and except in the field of art it is almost its sole abstraction, though, one judges, not the least of its preoccupations. How to turn it into the concrete must give constant concern not to its pure, but to its practical, imagination—to borrow the Kantian distinction. As Henry James said, apropos of Maupassant, one thinks about it a good deal when one thinks of nothing else—approximately the condition to which some of our prominent fictionists study to conform. This one might think not wholly unfavorable to sentiment—if only as a by-product—but the dangers of the situation, however insidious, are obviated by the grossness of determining the interest to sensation instead. The reign of sensation, on the other hand, was from the first implicit in the abandonment of the inner life for the outer, and this abandonment in turn has been involved in being of the world so completely as to deprecate any degree of detachment from it. Even emotion, exteriorized sufficiently, is subtly transformed into sensation—even when it is inspired by the humanity justly noted by Mr. Kerr. It gets early outside the mind's control, and from instinctive sympathy easily develops as automatic appetite. Emotion ceases to be a force, like sentiment, and becomes the weakness inherent in a craving. The susceptibility is supplanted by the sense and the intellect by the nervous system. Emotion of one kind or another, and as contrasting with reflection, is all the same—is all the more, in fact—characteristic of the present day, and the service that may be rendered by the spirit of style to coherent and convincing expression of it is obvious. Plainly such service is not likely through affinity to attract an age so avid of sensation as to be suspicious of sentiment, but as plainly to such an age it would for that reason be all the more likely to prove salutary, and may therefore pertinently be signalized as useful.

(To be continued.)

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I'd take my rope down and try my luck but that critter would leave me as though I was standing still.—Page 626.

The Longhorns

BY WILL JAMES

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

[I been wanting to tell you that I wouldn't be at all surprised if sometime you'd hear from some one *claiming* to be a cowboy, and saying that this or that in my articles is not so. Of course I know that's not worrying you any nor me either, and this party doing the knocking may be right, not that I'm wrong, 'cause I'm careful not to be—but first, he may not be no cowboy—second, if he is he might be of another country and of different time—like I said in "Cowboys, North and South," there's a lot of difference in the ways of the cowboy, in each State even.]

WHEN we speak of the longhorns in the cow country, we most generally set back some, and think back a whole lot. And thinking, we sometimes wonder if the Spaniards realized when they brought the first of them cattle over from Spain that they was responsible for the good they done in stocking up the Southwest and making it the starting of the cow country it turned out to be.

It took a couple of hundred years for them first cattle to multiply and spread out, so that the whole of California and plum across to the Gulf of Mexico was cut up by the trails them roaming herds would make. There come a time when their trails run in with the buffalo's down in Texas; they drank of the same waters and grazed on the same flats. They changed some in build to fit in with what the country called for, and came right up with the buffalo in speed and endurance.

Then come a time when the pioneers what drifted in that country started claiming 'em, and the cattle got a *burning* feeling that they wasn't as free as

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before. Old Maverick claimed a good many and finally decided it'd be best to put a brand on his thousands of cattle, if he wanted to keep 'em *his*. That was before "irons" had to be recorded or before there was any such a place where you could record 'em at.

The long horned, long legged critters stayed wild and mighty spooky. They couldn't afford to pack extra fat as it'd hinder 'em in their running, and outside of keeping the few people in meat and supplying the markets with rawhide, they had nothing to do but run, accumulate, and stay wild.

They done all them things in fine style —but, all too soon (as some of the old cowmen will tell you) the railroads blazed a way towards the gold fields and other glittering facts the West held out for them who wanted to come and get it.

With the folks piling in sky high and more of 'em coming steady from acrost the ocean, it wasn't long till there was use for them buckskin cattle, and other than for the rawhide they was packing. The stockman what was already there ahead of the crowd started to keep better tab of his stock and finally got to thinking so much of 'em all of a sudden, that he'd just hang high and dry any one caught stealing any of them critters.

The cattle getting more handling and care naturally got more gentle and got so in time that you could keep sight of 'em and not even have to get your horse out of a lope; but in the thick brush or rocky countries and wherever it was so rough that the riders rode around there was big herds stayed wild, and nobody seemed to want to fool with them just then.

But it wasn't so very long till they was pecked at, and come a time when instead of them wild bunches increasing as they should they was gradually dwindling down to a few. Them few was making themselves mighty hard to find though, and kept a-making such a good job of hiding away in their rough countries that they held their little bunches to near normal in size.

Only a half dozen years ago you could still run across a few of them wild ones right along with the wild horses, but there wasn't much if any of the old longhorn strain in 'em, for as the gentler range cattle down in the flats below was getting of the better breed and as some of them yearlings and two-year-olds was straying away and joining the wild bunch now and again, them strays would gradually kill the old strain and keep the wild ones up in breed.

But their wild instinct stayed the same, or if anything they got wilder and wiser, and I wouldn't be surprised if I was to ride along and still find a few of them wild unbranded critters even to-day. 'Cause the country they'd pick on to run in then hasn't changed much, if any, since, and as I've already said it was well out of the way of riders and no place to run high priced range cattle in.

Them wild ones scattered along up through the Rockies into the Northern States. And wherever you could find deer, elk, and mountain lions in the cow country was where you'd also find them wild "orejanas," but they was even harder to get a sight of than any deer. They'd always see you first and had the sage chicken beat when it come to hiding, they'd stand still as a petrified tree and let you ride past within a few yards of 'em if they thought they was well enough hid. But if there was no hiding place handy they'd take to running, and I never yet seen a horse that could catch up with 'em in their brushy, rocky territory.

I've seen 'em sometimes a little out in the open and where I thought I had a good running chance at 'em. I'd take my rope down and try my luck but that critter would leave me as though I was standing still, and hit out for the best goat country you ever saw, hardly ever breaking out of a long trot, the likes of which would sure make any mountain raised horse use all the fastest gaits he had, but there was no catching up to within roping distance of 'em.

Amongst them wild bunches you'd sometimes find near pure bred Herefords and Durhams what had turned wild from not getting enough handling, or being missed out of the round-up for a couple of years, others had been let go when they was wanting to fight some rider what tried to turn 'em too quick, and that rider being too busy at the time to take the orneriness out of one of 'em just left her behind or whichever way she wanted to go.

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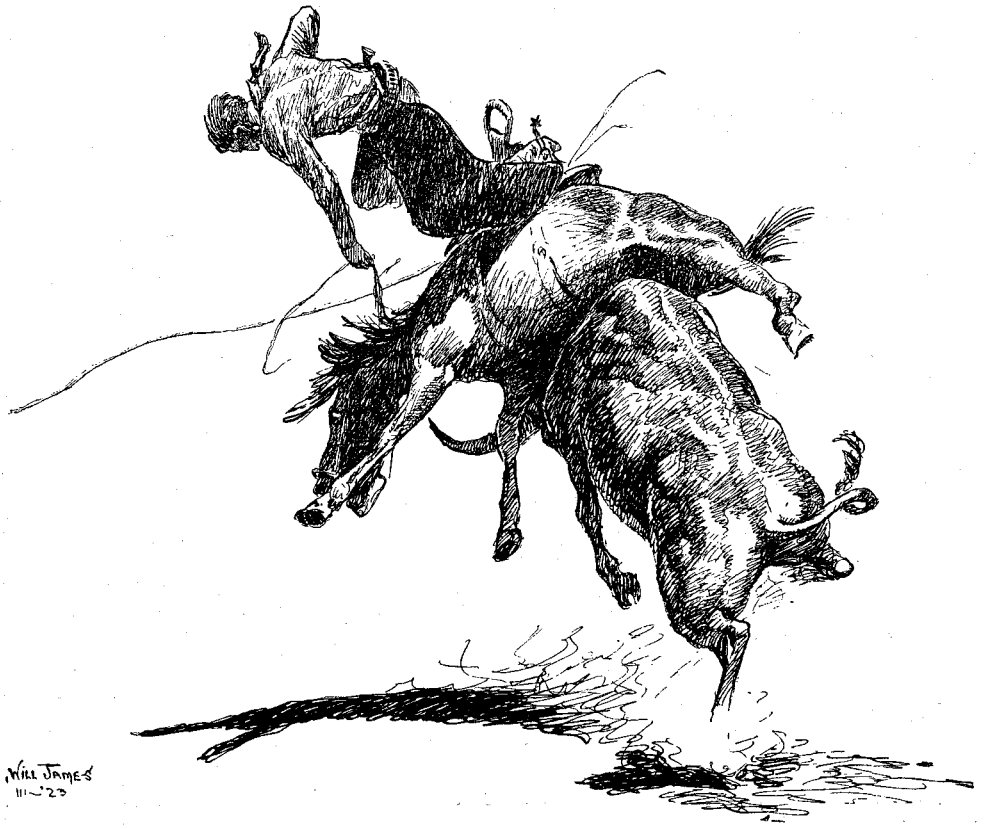

It was a big spotted bull, the kind what wouldn't let a small object like a horse and a man keep him from going straight ahead to where he was headed, and I happened to be in his way.—Page 628.

With the result that (like some humans) that critter thought she had somebody buffaloed for sure, and head high, pacing pretty, hits out for the tall, rough, and uncut to join the rest of the wild bunch.

Then, yearlings and two-year-olds would stray away, run across the outlaws, and follow 'em along the high steep trails. They'd get numerous, and there'd come a time when us riders would have to pack 30-30's and get 'em the best way we could till the hills was clean of 'em. They'd be hauled to the railroad in wagons, and with a bullet hole back of their ears.

In the Southern States like Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona was where the wild stuff stayed wild the longest. They had bigger and rougher scopes of country to run in than could be found further north, and they wasn't affected much by the upbreeding of the tamer herds. The reason was that for every one well bred critter what strayed away and joined 'em, there'd be two long horned "Sonora Reds" butting in and keeping up the old strain.

Them wise hombres would feed in the open from sundown till sun-up, tank up on water while it was still dark, and then hide in the thick brush all day long, never coming out till the sun went down again. Solid stockade traps was built now and again, and big hunks of salt was used for the bait, and after letting things lay quiet for a week or a month, or till the critters got over being suspicious and came regular to get their lick of the salt, a drive was made with the idea to corral the bunch just when they'd least expect it.

A few, mighty few, would be corralled

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in and the rest would make a snorting getaway, them few that'd get caught would also get away sooner or later, for the corral couldn't hold up against them stout necks very long, and they had a way of working with them horns of theirs that would tear up most anything.

The stockmen kept a-worrying and thinking of new ways to handle them outlaws and tame 'em down so they could be run with the herd-broke range cattle. Shooting 'em was a waste of meat and hauling 'em in to the local butcher shop didn't bring a satisfactory price, besides there was times when them same butcher shops would have more beef than they could sell, and shipping took longer than the meat could wait to be still good.

And what was worse yet, was that a lot of young stock strayed away and joined them wild bunches every year, and the stockman saw where he sure had to do something about it—so, worrying along on that subject a new scheme was hatched out, a scheme that might seem kind of cruel to folks what never had any dealings with range stuff, but I'm sure that with a little experience along that line, them same folks would agree that even if it was a little cruel, it was also *mighty necessary.*

Part of that scheme was, that after each cowboy had picked two ropes, one being tied on the back of the saddle for emergency, and mounted on the best rope-horse the outfit could hand 'em, they'd line out, about twenty riders of the kind what savvied how to handle the whaleline in the thick brush.

Like one time when a big circle was made. I was with the bunch and by the cracking of the brush ahead once in a while we could tell that a few of the critters was stirred up and getting together. Our intentions was to keep 'em going straight but the snaky critters was leary of openings; they stuck along to where the brush was the thickest and we'd have to lean away down alongside our horse's neck to keep from getting pulled off by the thick branches. Even at that there was places them daggone cattle went through on a high lope and where a lone horse couldn't follow on a walk and we had to go around. All that time them wild ones kept on the run, and we sure had to do some tall travelling to keep track of their whereabouts.

We didn't have a chance to crowd 'em, but we kept manœuvring around and riding till we had 'em near the little openings and then—things started to happen and we prepare for action. Not worrying about what limbs and stickers could do to our faces and hands we spur on full speed ahead, each cowboy with his hat pulled down hard a-squinting through his horse's ears and packing a "hungry loop." We form a circle around the "orejanas" (unbranded cattle) before they know what's what and we've got 'em jammed in a small opening—but from all indications they don't figger on us holding 'em there—and we don't, not no more than a second, but in that second we have enough time to each pick our victim.

They break through and by us in all directions, loops are spread out and circle around big longhorns, the slack is pulled up and the steers are going one way while the ponies are going another. There's an awful commotion and mixture of dust, ropes, steers, ponies, and men. Hollering and laughing cowboys, bellering mad critters, and cracking branches all throwed in.

The critter that come my way and I tied onto was good enough to hit the end of the rope fast and wicked and bust hisself into a fine laying position. I takes advantage of it and ties him down right there, and quicker than you could wink I shakes down my other rope and prepares for another victim, sees one what's trying to get out of the entanglements and snares it. About that time, I feels myself going up about ten feet, makes a circle in the air, and come down in a catclaw bush; I gets a glimpse of my horse where he'd come down flat on his back, and then I see the cause of the whole upheaval making his getaway.

It was a big spotted bull, the kind what wouldn't let a small object like a horse and a man keep him from going straight ahead to where he was headed, and I happened to be in his way. But he don't get to go far even at that. Two ropes pile in on him at once from two other riders, one of them ropes snaps like a thread and sings by like a bullet, but it checked him some till another rope was layed in the place of it, and it wasn't

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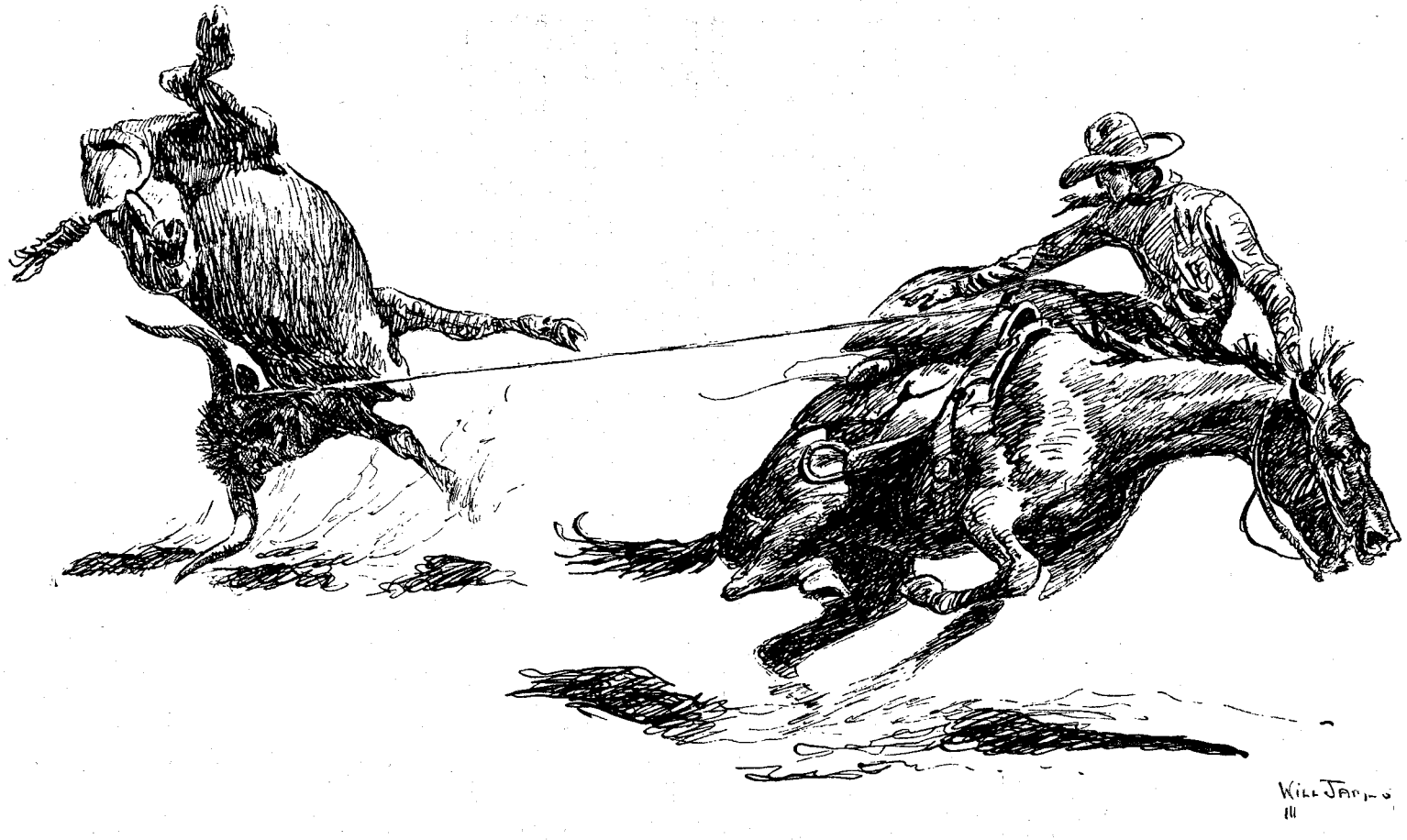

That ornery critter will find his head brought up right alongside his hind quarters.—Page 633.

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long till he was stretched out like any common critter.

In the meantime my little horse had picked himself up and was holding his own against the critter I'd caught, and that critter outweighed him a good hundred pounds; my saddle was slipping and I scrambles out of the scratching catclaw bush just in time to pull 'er straight, gives the steer some slack, and then goes the other way, laying that critter down and tying 'er in good time.

The dust settles some and I glances over the little half a mile opening. I can only see about half of the boys who are tying down what they caught, and scattered along in the opening is somewheres around fifteen head of tied critters, but I can still hear the brush a-cracking, and wondering if I can be of any help rides into the thick of it.

A mile away is another and smaller opening, and there was the rest of the boys with more tied critters. The cow foreman was rolling a smoke and acted real satisfied with the catch we'd made; a little bit of a bow-legged hombre from Texas had went and broke the record by catching and tying three of the wild ones all about a mile apart, but none of us had done bad, for out of the twenty riders was twenty-four caught orejanas.

The foreman was sharpening his knife, the while remarking that a few more runs like this one would soon clean the range of the wild stuff. And when the operation is performed on them critters we'd caught and we leaves 'em free, it sure didn't take 'em long for 'em to reach the brush line again. But there they'd stop and mighty quick, turn around, and paw the earth; something had gone wrong, and somehow or other they'd took a dislike to that thick brush where they used to hide and run so well. They'd tried to make cover a few times while we rode by headed back for camp, but each time they'd have to turn back and wild-eyed stare at us till we got out of sight.

"It might be a few days before they can work their way out and on the big flat with the other cattle" the boss remarked as we rode on, "but they'll be there to get their water, and once they're out of this brush all the cowboys in the world couldn't drive 'em back in."

Sure enough, in a few days they was out of the brush and mixing along with the other range stuff. They'd lost all hankering for anything but the big open flats, and even though they was wild as ever we had 'em where they'd soon tame down.

We made a few more runs and finally cleaned that range of all the wild stuff, putting 'em where they'd have to be good and to stay. The hardest part was catching 'em; after that it was easy, all we did was to cut their eyelids so they couldn't close their eyes.

Them eyelids being took from 'em and leaving their eyes unprotected not only made 'em lose their liking for the thick brush, but it also took the fight out of 'em, for in both places them same eyelids are mighty necessary if the critter wants to keep her eyesight; a twig don't feel good scraping along on a bare eye, and them critters knowed that without experimenting on it and kept out of trouble in that way. They picked up on fat and gradually lost their wild ideas and speed, and it wasn't long till they was just as contented in the big flats as they was in the brush where we'd got 'em out of.

When Old Mexico turned all upside down some years ago on account of the "paisanos" wanting more beans and maybe a little land of their own, the range there was well stocked up and full of the long horned cattle, and that country being on a rampage them cattle got to belonging to any of the Mexicanos or Yaquis who could by force and with saddle horses drive 'em off for keeps or to sell. But some of the "majordomos" got wise in time and beat the thieves to it by rounding up the stock fast as they could, and taking 'em across the line in the U. S., where they was sold to American cattle buyers, who turned 'em over to the cow outfits and scattered 'em all through the range countries plum up to Canada.

I well remember one year in the spring, when some of them long horned Mexico stuff was shipped north and turned loose in the river breaks and bad lands up there. There was about ten thousand head of 'em; when we unloaded 'em at the railroad they was mighty weak and mostly all head and horns from the suffer-

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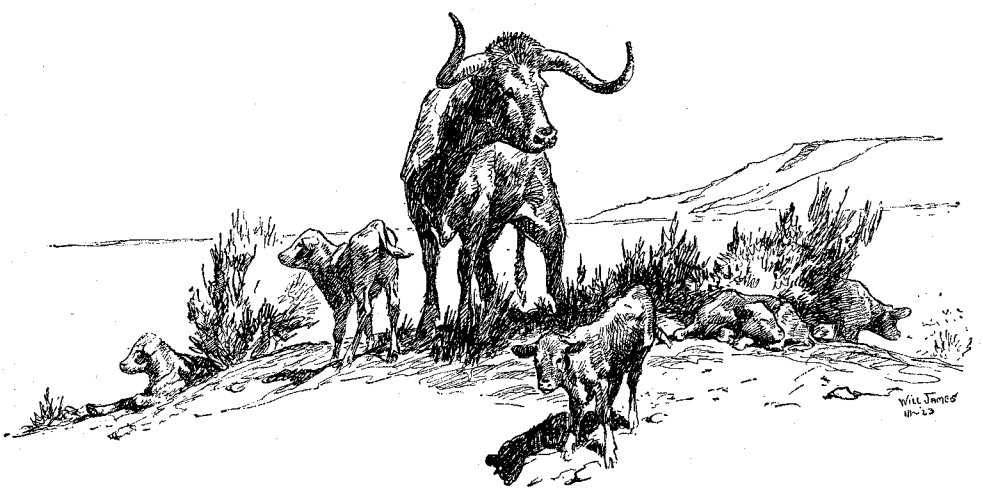
ing they'd went through in the country they'd just left.

They was trailed for a few hundred miles and turned loose amongst the gumbo and many-colored pinnacles, but there was feed a-plenty and the six months them cattle ranged in there sure made 'em hard to recognize both in looks and action. They hadn't seen a human in all that time and when I say they was overtake 'em and leave 'em flat to earth, never to run no more.

But the average of them cattle was mighty nice to handle; there was no slow poky riding when they was around, and if you knowed their ways everything was hunkydory; if you didn't you'd most likely find yourself doing a lot of wild riding without result only maybe wear your horse out. Some of the bunches



Amongst 'em would be a full-grown, long, and lanky steer with horns of the kind that could more than meet an argument with most anything.—Page 635.

wild just puts it kind of mild to what they really was.

When time come to round 'em up that fall, us boys was glad to find that there'd be very few drags in them, if any, and there wasn't. We'd ride the top of the ridges, let out a war whoop, fire a few shots from our six-shooters and them steers wasn't slow getting down into the draws. You could near hear their tails a-popping as they'd slide off the side of a pinnacle, and all you could tell of their whereabouts was the dust cloud they'd stir up. A few of the wildest went so far as to run theirselves down, get overheated with the big fat they was packing, and never cool off till they was stiff and dead.

There maybe was no rider to within a mile of 'em, but once they'd get kettled and stampede away they never knowed when to stop and they'd still be going at full speed when the death cold would we'd round up would be so wild that even while holding the herd on the cutting grounds, they'd keep on milling around and keep up a high lope. No man would ride inside of that herd unless he wanted 'em to just fly away like a bunch of quail. The cutting out was done from the outside of the herd, and when a steer was wanted out, the rider would just chip in on him separating him from the rest of the herd before he knowed it.

He'd come out of the edge like a cannon ball, and the cowboy closest to him would sure have to do some tall riding to keep that steer from hitting for the hills instead of for the "cut" where he was wanted. There was times when the steer would get spooky and mad, and wouldn't turn even if you'd fan him acrost the face with your rope, sometimes that fanning would get him on the "prod" (fighting mad) and then them long horns of his would get mighty dangerous to both man

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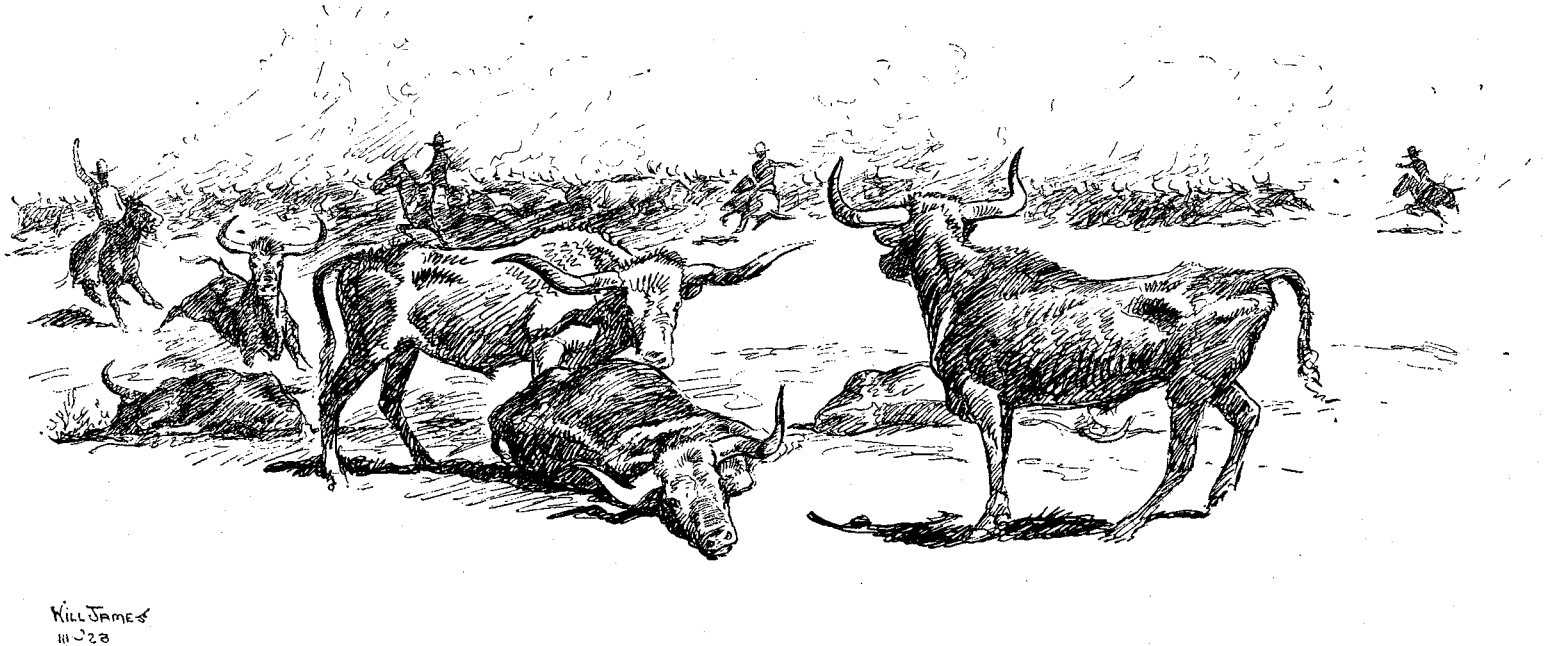

In starting a cut of them kind of cattle, the first few . . . would have to be roped and tied down.—Page 633.

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and horse, but the *cowboy* never lets a critter get away, he'll take his rope down, shake out a loop and dab it on around that six-foot spread of horns as the steer rushes in on him, misses (sometimes) and on past. The steer turns and makes another grand rush, and the cowboy will stay ahead out of his reach letting the slack of his rope drag on the ground. And when that same steer steps over the whale line dragging along under him is when something happens, which sure upsets his plans of attack and everything in general.

The cow-horse'll pick up speed, the rope'll tighten up, and of a sudden that ornery critter will find his head brought up right alongside his hind quarters, lifted up in the air a few feet, only to be jerked down again, and not at all gently. The wind is knocked out of him sudden, and he's tied down with the "piggin string" before he can get it back.

The cowboy might leave him lay there to cool off for a spell and ride back to the herd, coiling up his rope on the way. When that steer is let up again he's most generally dubious about starting another fight and will most likely lope back to the cut kind of peaceable.

In starting a cut with them kind of cattle, the first few that are cut out from the main herd for that "cut" (as we call the bunch separated out) sometimes couldn't be held in one spot, and they would have to be roped and tied down; we'd keep on a-tying 'em down till there was enough there to keep the others we'd still be cutting out from getting too frisky or lonesome. Them what was tied down was a kind of an attraction for the others that was foot loose and they'd stick around taking a sniff at the tied critters till there was enough of a herd cut out with 'em to keep 'em all company. After that, they was easy enough to hold till the herd was worked.

I'm sorry to say for the cowboy that there ain't no more of them cattle left, that is, not enough of 'em to speak of. The few you'll find are in the movies or following the rodeos, where the contestants ride and rope 'em both, then there might be a few more running loose on the range or up in the hills and turned wild again, but you might just as well say that they're gone, and gone for good. For with the limit of the range there is nowdays there's got to be cattle on it that'll bring the most value per head, and I can't say that the longhorn was ever much of a beef producer, not comparing with the mixed Hereford and Durham stock you'll find on the range now.

And when I say I'm sorry for the cowboy that there's no more of the longhorn, it's that I know how much the cowboy liked to work them cattle. I know how nice they was to stretch a new rope on, and how hard one of them steers would hit the other end, take all the kinks out of it and make 'er sing the whole forty-foot length.

Yessir, and them cattle was a lot of company too and always up to something. If they'd stampede they always done a good interesting job of it and make us ride for all we was worth and then some, and even when the nights was still and quiet they'd make you wish you could see through the dark so you could tell what they'd be up to then.

Like, for instance, the whole herd may be bedded down and resting contented like, two or three of us boys would be riding around 'em steady, keeping our distances apart and singing to 'em as we'd ride and all would seem hunkydory, but there was always a few of them natural born leaders in each herd, the kind that never sleeps much, and them would sure have to be watched mighty close. They'd wait till the riders made the round and was far enough away so they could make a sneak without being heard; then they'd ease out and step light till they was far enough and safe to break into a run and make their getaway.

But us boys was on night guard for the purpose of keeping 'em all together, and that we tried to do with the result that not many could ever sneak out without we caught up with 'em and turned 'em back in the herd.

You couldn't very well go to sleep on the job when them cattle was around, and whether it be on day herd, night guard, or on circle they had a way about 'em that sure kept a cowboy close to his saddle. There was plenty of times when them critters would get over-ornery and when the cowboy would cuss 'em for a brainless

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animal, but there was things would happen every day while riding amongst 'em what would make the cowboy think again, and he'd wind up to admiring 'em and wondering how they could be so wise and in so many ways.

I remember how down in the border States where the water-holes are miles from the feed, the cattle would string out every two or three days and head for the troughs eight to twelve miles up into the foothills; there'd be a rocky trail most of the way over and too long for the little calves to make, so they'd be left behind.

Instinct, or maybe brains, made them little week-old fellers find a hiding spot before their mammies left for the day trip to water. They'd cuddle up under any kind of brush where they'd be hid best and go to sleep till their mammies came back. Many a time I've rode in on 'em when they was hiding that way, but they wouldn't move and you couldn't see 'em unless your horse near stepped on 'em. If they did have to move they wasn't at all slow about it and for a distance would sure make themselves hard to catch; they'd travel along at full speed, make a circle, and if by that time you was gone would come right back, lay down, and hide at the exact spot where their mammy'd left 'em.

I've seen times when there'd be half a dozen or more of them little calves left behind that way and all hid along within a few feet of one another. One of them would maybe get out of his hiding place to stretch for a while, then up would come another one till they was all out and a-stretching, then of a sudden you'd hear a little beller out of one of 'em and tail up, kicking and a-bucking, he would race out acrost the flat, make his little circle, and come back. The rest of 'em would take up his lead and perform the same and play on that way till all the stiffness from the hiding position they'd been in was gone, when they'd hide again and wait for their mammies to relieve 'em.

But what always used to set me to thinking the most, was when I'd come across a bunch of them little fellers laying around anywheres, and not at all hid. The reason they wasn't hiding just then

If a lone cow was making a losing fight trying to protect her calf, all she had to do was let out a call and there'd be a herd of big steers answering it.—Page 635.

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was a good one, for right amongst 'em would be a full-grown, long, and lanky steer with horns of the kind that could more than meet an argument with most anything.

That steer would stay on the job as guardian till the mothers trailed back. Along about sundown you could see 'em; picking up speed and walking faster and faster, they'd start bellering for their calves a mile away and the closer they'd get, the more they'd beller and the faster they'd walk, till they'd finally break into a trot, and tired as they'd be from that long trip, besides packing all the water they could hold, they'd manage to leave the "dry stuff" behind and get to their calves quick as they could.

The little fellers, hearing their mammies coming, begin to perk up their ears, then break out on a run to meet 'em, and even though to the human eye they may all look alike there's no confusion with the cow and her calf about which belongs to which. The nursing goes on and all seem plum satisfied with everything in general, the big steer finds himself all alone, and after watching the proceedings for a spell, seeing that all is O K, trails out by his lonesome, headed for the water-hole miles and miles away.

So there you be, while that critter had no use for the human and wasn't at all affectionate in any way, not mentioning how contrary and ornery she'd get or how sometimes she'd make you travel to keep out of her horns' way, there was occasions a-plenty when you'd find yourself a-cussing at 'er orneriness and at the same time admiring the wise way that critter did have of being ornery and keeping you a-guessing.

And what's to their credit is, if trouble come they'd meet that trouble together and fight it *together* to a finish. If a lone cow was making a losing fight trying to protect her calf, all she had to do was let out a call and there'd be a herd of big steers answering it; and whatever the enemy was, bears or wolves, they was put on the run and making far apart tracks. The human is the only enemy they had that would make 'em scatter and keep 'em a-dodging, and they took it out on him in ways that was ornery, sometimes even getting the best of him too.

The Illumination of Mr. Slade

BY LEIGHTON PARKS
Author of "The 'Toledo Standard,'" etc.

WHEN John Dobson returned from his latest trip to Europe I asked him if he had met his friend Mr. Slade again after parting from him in Verona.* He laughed and said he had met him, of all places in the world, "*sur le pont d'Avignon.*" I asked him if he was as amusing as ever. He said: "No, he was not amusing; he was pathetic—indeed, a changed man."

This is the story of Mr. Slade's illumination.

I decided to rest for a day or two at Avignon, and induced Ruth to go with the Blatchfords, whom we met at the hotel, to Carcassonne. I had a letter of introduction to Professor de Brisac, who is supposed to know Avignon from A to Z. I called on him, but not finding him at home, left a note asking him to dine with me that evening.

Strolling out on to the terrace to see the sunset, I was suddenly hailed by the clownish salutation: "Well, here we are again." I confess that when I saw Mr. Slade I wished he were back again in Toledo, for I was about "fed up" with his talk about the Middle Ages. But he was so evidently glad to see a familiar face, and was so cheerful and kindly, that I was soon ashamed of my first reaction and asked with genuine interest after Mrs. Slade and Benny. He said he had

* See SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, December, 1923.

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been under the weather and had been on a régime of boiled milk and rusks, and that, as a result, he felt pretty mean. So, as he did not feel inclined for further sightseeing, he had decided to rest at Avignon, and they had gone on to Carcassonne. I explained that I had invited Professor de Brisac to dine with me that evening and said I should be glad if Mr. Slade would join us. I was not anxious for him to accept, but I did not see how I could leave him out. He asked if the professor spoke English, and when I replied that my friend who had given me the letter of introduction said that he "spoke English like an American"—whatever that might mean—Mr. Slade cheered up and said he would be on hand.

The professor arrived for dinner, dressed in an ancient frock coat and adorned with a flowing blue scarf as a cravat. My astonishment was so great when he began to speak that I could scarcely refrain from laughing. Here was a highly educated Frenchman, with the face of a scholar, who, having learned his English in the Cotton Belt, spoke exactly like an educated Negro!—the melodious drawl predominating when he spoke English and his clear-cut enunciation of the French returning when the word or phrase was French. But all sense of incongruity was forgotten when he was once launched upon his subject.

When Mr. Slade learned that the professor had spent two years in an ecclesiastical institution in Louisiana, he cheered up, for he could not doubt that one who had breathed the air of America would judge the history of the world from the "Toledo" standpoint, and therefore guilelessly remarked that it must be a pleasure for a man who had to live in such a place as Avignon to recall the happy years spent in the "Land of Progress."

"I have never seen such a country," said M. de Brisac, with an engaging smile, "nor do I expect to till, like Dante, I begin to tread the upward path of Purgatory."

"I don't know much about Purgatory," said Mr. Slade. "I was thinking of the U. S. A., which I supposed every one agreed was the Land of Progress."

"It depends on what you mean by 'progress,'" replied the professor. "If you accept Auguste Comte's definition," (poor Mr. Slade!) "'Progress is the development of order,' I cannot say that I found that to be the characteristic of life in the United States. Unquestionably there has been advancement in things mechanical, but what of the things of the spirit—the things which really matter? There is much in an old town like Avignon to fill one with sadness, but the sadness is caused by the remembrance that the men of old failed to realize a great Ideal; but it is as true of ideals as of persons that 'it is better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all.' In America I saw men, and women, too, rushing to and from their work, wasting their energies in the quest for pleasure, but without any guiding principle in life. I once heard a fervent orator at a town celebration declare: 'There are no dead ones in this town.' The crowd cheered, but to me it seemed as if they were all dead."

"Now, professor," said Mr. Slade in a conciliatory tone, "let us leave that 'high-brow' talk for a moment and, as we business men say, 'get down to brass tacks.'"

"By all means," said De Brisac. "Perhaps you will be good enough to name some of the 'brass tacks.'"

"Well," said Mr. Slade, "my wife has gone off to a little town to the westward that I never heard of till the other day, called Carcassonne; maybe you have heard of it."

"I have not only heard of it," the professor smilingly replied, "but I have spent much time in it, studying the marvellous restorations of Viollet-le-Duc. It now stands as a splendid monument of the Middle Ages. Moreover, to a Frenchman it must always be a subject of pride to look at the walls which withstood the invasion of the English under the Black Prince."

"Now it was this very Black Prince I was going to speak about," triumphantly replied Mr. Slade. "When we visited Canterbury Cathedral, we were shown the monument of the Black Prince, and I understand that he is held up to the boys and girls of England as the finest example of glory till the days of Nelson. But I read in a book about Carcassonne that when the Black Prince reached there and found he could not take it, he was so

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mad that he burned the lower town, which had no fortifications, and drove the poor devils who lived there—old men and women and children—to die of hunger in the country which his soldiers had already plundered. Do you think we would honor such a man in America to-day? Do you think that there has been no progress in mercy? I am not sure I quite got what you were saying about 'ideals,' but I've got a pretty good notion of what an ideal man is, and that he was not much like that Black Prince."

"I have seen," said De Brisac musingly, "Saint-Gaudens's noble equestrian statue of Sherman, standing at the entrance of Central Park in New York, and I understand that he is held up to the American youth as the type of supreme courage and noble character; but I have heard some of my friends in Georgia speak of him much as you speak of the Black Prince; and as I have myself seen the track of desolation which he left behind him and which has not been obliterated even after fifty years, I can understand their feeling."

"Sherman never did those things," indignantly replied Mr. Slade. "They were done by the 'Bummers' who followed his army."

"Very likely," was the reply. "But you and I do not know that the desolation of Languedoc was not caused by the 'Bummers' who followed the Black Prince. However, we need not discuss that. You may see in one of the chapels of the cathedral here a tomb which I think is a finer work of art than that of the Black Prince. It is in memory of Pope Benedict XII, a truly great prince and pope. It serves to remind us that in the days of old there were those who had a true conception of 'progress'; such men were not simply moving, they were moving toward a definite aim."

"Well," said Mr. Slade, "I guess I don't know as much about history as you do, but I have seen things here which make my blood boil. Look at the torture chambers which are to be seen in most of the old castles and right here in the Popes' Palace. Do you think you could find a judge to-day in any civilized country who would justify such things? Would public opinion tolerate them?"

"And you attribute the cessation of torture to the influence of a nobler public opinion?" said the professor.

"Sure, I do," was the confident reply.

"Mr. Slade," said De Brisac solemnly, "have you ever witnessed a lynching?"

"Certainly not," said Slade indignantly.

"No more have I," replied M. de Brisac. "But on a train between Mobile and Atlanta I met a man who had the outward appearance of a gentleman, who asked me if I should like to see some kodaks he had lately taken. When I said I should, he took from his pocket a little album and showed me snap-shots he had taken in the past week of a lynching—the burning of a negro. It was not the writhings of the wretched victim that filled me with horror; it was the expression on the faces of the men who were engaged in that damnable work. You will sometimes hear men who ought to know better say that the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were cruel times. There could be no greater mistake. Men in those days were not cruel; they were callous. Our materialistic civilization has made us more sensitive to pain than were the men of old; and while no doubt one result of our nervous excitability has led to a wide-spread pity for suffering because we are able to sympathize, that is, suffer, with others as the men of old could not do, it should not be forgotten that this same sensibility may lead to a sort of hysteria of cruelty of which the old world knew nothing. The men of old inflicted suffering without fully understanding what it meant, but to-day men inflict it with a full understanding of its agony and a sort of fiendish delight in so doing. I have seen sensitive American ladies look down into one of the 'torture' chambers in some old mediæval castle and shudder with imaginary horror. But those same ladies will read the head-lines of some lynching in their own country—even in their own State—not only without indignation, but even with a feeling that 'it served him right,' and then thank God that they did not live in the 'cruel' Middle Ages. There is another thing to be remembered, and that is, that before torture was resorted to, there was generally some sort of 'process of law,' and that the thing was done in secret, which

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means that the public mind was not contaminated by being brought into contact with the criminal, and the young were not demoralized by unhealthy excitement. But now the 'movies' can give all the thrill of a lynching without any sense of responsibility. I cannot think that this is a sign of 'progress.'"

Mr. Slade was hard put to it to find an answer to this unfamiliar judgment of the Middle Ages, but he made one desperate effort: "You mustn't think, professor, that I am trying to defend lynching, but you ought to remember that it is only a part of the country that is affected, and that, take us all in all, we are a tender-hearted people."

"You are a sentimental people," replied the professor; "which is a very different thing. But underneath that sentiment, which shows itself in the proverbial 'American hospitality,' there is a ruthlessness which shows itself in your business methods, which is a new form of cruelty; and should the welfare of the country once be threatened, I doubt if Germany would equal what America would do."

"Well, well," exclaimed Mr. Slade, "I don't say the people at home would lynch you if you talked to them that way, but I guess they wouldn't like it. But I will say this: I did not suppose I could listen to any men who talked that way about my country without getting mad, but somehow you have only given me things to think of that I should never have discovered for myself."

"Is it not time," said De Brisac, "to cease this talk about 'progress' and recognize that we have moved not from Purgatory toward Paradise, but from earth to the Inferno? There is a duty before the world to-day which, if neglected, will be the end of civilization—and that is, to stop all war. But how foolish is most of the talk on the subject! For example, the League of Nations was a well-meant plan, but it is futile; it can never bring peace. The nations of Europe would be at one another's throats to-day were they not utterly exhausted both physically and economically."

"Now you are talking!" cried Mr. Slade enthusiastically. "If America had entered into the League of Nations, it would, as the ministers say, have sold its birthright for a mess of pottage. It would have given up its independence into the hands of a 'Supergovernment.' The people are no fools; they saw that all Europe wanted was that we should sit in the game and 'hold the bag.'"

"My objection to the League of Nations is based upon different grounds," remarked De Brisac. "The League, in my opinion, rests upon a mistaken idea. Perhaps you have read an interesting article in a late number of the *Hibbert Journal*, by the editor, Professor Jacks?"

"I have never heard of the paper," replied Mr. Slade.

The professor looked toward me, and I said I had read it with interest.

"Ah," said De Brisac, "then no doubt you discovered the fallacy in the argument. The writer says that the weakness of the League is due to the fact that it is a league of governments, whereas what is needed is a league of peoples. But how are the peoples to unite? They cannot without a leader. But from which nation is this leader to be drawn? No matter from which nation he may be drawn, there will be an outcry, not without reason, that this will lead to what Mr. Slade calls a 'Supergovernment.' But the fundamental cause of all the wars which have desolated Europe since the end of the Pax Romana has been Nationalism. At the Reformation, or, more properly speaking, the 'Revolution,' Nationalism was given a religious sanction, till at last 'My country, right or wrong,' became the fundamental dogma of Protestantism. It was Marx who first saw the fallacy of the Nationalist theory. But, as he did not believe in God, he could not understand history. He went back no further than the Industrial Revolution in the nineteenth century, and supposed that if he could destroy Capitalism, which was the fruit of Industrialism, the 'Workers of the World' would enter into their inheritance and live henceforth as brothers. But we see to-day that that is only to substitute Class for Nation, and will inevitably lead to new wars. Yet, in spite of his errors, Marx was right in declaring that the next step in the evolution of political life must be some form of Internationalism. If man could live by bread alone,

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the Red International would have been a veritable gospel, but because he cannot, the very bread which he seeks will be destroyed by the means he uses to obtain it. There will be neither peace nor true progress till the world returns to the path marked out by the church before the rise of Nationalism."

Mr. Slade was silent. We had left the hotel and taken our way to the modern bridge, but in no such mood, it may be supposed, as that expressed in the old song which every child in France knows:

"Sur le pont d'Avignon,
L'on y danse tout en rond."

Rather we leaned in silence on the parapet of the bridge, gazing on the grim fortress, now bathed in moonlight, and watching the mighty river gliding silently and swiftly on its way, as it had done for countless centuries while men fretted and fought on its banks—a symbol of that life which moves on to its determined end, to the power of which man at last must yield.

"Mr. Slade," said Professor de Brisac, after a long silence, "of what does this river make you think?"

Mr. Slade started as if roused suddenly from sleep. "Why, I was thinking," he said, "of all the power that has been wasted since the world was made, and that led me to think of what this river might do if it were harnessed and put to work."

"My thought was not unlike yours," said the professor. "I too was thinking of the waste of power, but it was of spiritual forces I was thinking. That river," he continued with a deeper note in his musical voice, "is to me a symbol of that *élan vital* of which Bergson speaks; not the blind force that knows not whither it goes, but rather of that Intelligent Purpose which is working out its Eternal Will in spite of the indifference and ignorance and sin of man. Then, as I looked closer and noted how the current swept in a curve toward the western bank, it was as if mankind were turning courteously aside and apologizing for its rudeness. In past days the river broke down the piers of the bridge built by the good little Saint Benezet, but now it would spare what is left. Believe me, we must return to the saints if we would know the power of the Eternal."

When Mr. Slade appeared the next morning, I scarcely recognized him. I do not mean that he had suffered a physical change, but there was a spiritual change. The jauntiness of his spirit had disappeared. He made a feeble attempt to strike the usual note of assurance by remarking: "Well, Dobson, that fellow was too much for us last night."

I let the plural pass, and asked in what way.

"Well, when I went up to my room last night, I found I could not sleep, and so I sat by the window and looked at that river. After a while, when I had been over some of the things the professor had said, I said to myself: 'You are plum ignorant, and you are not the only one.' I got to thinking of the men at home whom I know, the men in the Country Club. They are all bright fellows, and yet the whole bunch is as ignorant as I am. If they came over here, they would feel about Europe as I have been feeling. All the time I have been laughing at these people and saying to myself that some day they will wake up and quit acting like children and be as we are, and now I run up against a man like this and I find that he thinks we are like children. I am all balled up. I couldn't answer the professor, and yet deep down in my heart I have a feeling that there was more that I might have said if I wasn't so darned ignorant."

I hardly knew what to say to comfort him, for all he said was so true, and yet my heart bled for him, he was so humble.

"Well, I guess the question of the world settlement is something more than business," he continued. "That is the first thing I have learned. But why is it that I have a feeling that something is wrong about it all, and that the way to get peace and prosperity cannot be by going back to the Middle Ages and letting a minister —I don't care if you do call him pope, he is still a minister—run the world? When the minister at home preaches one of his sermons on 'business,' he talks foolishness. I can't think that men whom we know at home are so ignorant that they can't find some solution of the problems of

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the day without asking a minister to help them."

I laughed at the notion of the pope's being a 'minister' such as Mr. Slade had in mind, but I let it pass and simply said that some of the popes had been the greatest statesmen that the world had ever seen.

"Well," said Mr. Slade after a long silence, "I believe I have learned something by coming to Europe which I never thought I needed to learn."

"What is that?" I asked.

"Well, I would not say it to any one else who was not an American, but I think there has been too much talk about America's being 'God's country.' I guess we have got a lot to learn from Europe, and maybe the best way to learn it would be for us to come over here—not in the League of Nations, you understand, but as business men—and see if we can't lend these poor devils a hand to get out of the scrape they are in, and then go home and quit thanking God that we are not as other men are, and remember that if we don't do our duty to the world, we may come to the same end as they have. This sounds like a sermon, but it is better than some I have heard because it is short," said Mr. Slade, poking me in the ribs. "But, Dobson, if I knew as much history as you ought to know, I would put it to some use and suggest some way in which we business men could help."

"Yes," I replied, "and then have some one say, as you said about your minister at home when he preached on business, that I did not know what I was talking about. No, this is first of all a business proposition, and when the business men of America—men like you, Slade—put their minds to it, I have no doubt they will find a way out, just as our fathers did more than a century ago when they discovered Federalism as the cure for the confusion of the Colonies. The politicians have made a mess of things; now let the business men try their hands, just as they would if a bankrupt railroad had to be reorganized. If they can fashion the *form*, the church will breathe into it the 'breath of life.'"

"What church?" asked Mr. Slade doubtfully. "Your church or the Catholic Church?"

"Certainly not 'mine' nor the Catholic Church as Professor de Brisac conceives it, nor any other church known to history. Every one of them has been hypnotized by the visible—dogma or discipline. When I speak of 'the church,' I have in mind not an organization but rather that unorganized spirit of righteousness which is apparently going to waste—like the current of the Rhône. Think of the men we know—Catholics, Protestants of every name, Jews, and Agnostics—who desire to do right and most of whom believe that there is a Righteous God. If Progress be the 'development of order,' there can be no spiritual progress till that unorganized righteousness is made effective. If you business men get together and give the world a plan which will attempt but one thing—the elimination of war—you will find that there will be a response which will astonish the politicians."

"I will think about it," said Mr. Slade, "and when we meet again, perhaps I may have a plan which will astonish my wife, if not the world!"

The Blue Flowers of Marathon

BY JOHN FINLEY

THE flowers blow red where some great Cæsar bled;
But on the mound of Marathon's brave dead,
Sown by the azure sky, they blossom blue;
The dust of earth takes on the heaven's hue.

ATHENS, GREECE, July, 1923.

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Progress

BY HARRIET WELLES
Author of "Anchors Aweigh," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. W. SCHLAIKJER

EACH of the epochal changes in Jem Brown's life coincided with a milestone on the road of progress. The first came on that day when, with the rest of the settlers in a southwestern hamlet, he went out to view the arrival of the United States Government's camel herd—advocated and sponsored by Secretary of War Jefferson Davis to overcome the difficulties in the transportation of war materials to isolated military posts on the Western plains.

Jem was so small that he did not scorn the support offered by his mother's draggled calico skirt, as he stumbled along beside her over the deeply rutted road to the edge of the town. As always, his mother paid no attention to his breathless endeavor to match her headlong speed. Meg Brown was generally alluded to by the men of the settlement with the lenient adjective of flighty; the women were not so tolerant.

Commented storekeeper Smith to his wife: "Quit pickin' on Meg, Sallie! She can't help it that she ain't bright!"

"She's bright enough to get along without doin' enough real work to keep her blood circulatin'," replied his wife grimly—and spoke the truth. Mrs. Brown's methods of gaining a livelihood were as vague as her explanations concerning her former habitation, her widowed state, and Jem's paternity.

"She can't remember her own stories," Mrs. Smith had asserted more than once when her husband attempted to laugh away Meg Brown's erratic behavior.

"Well, I reckon Jem's pa must a-been a pretty good sort, 'cause Jem had to take after *somebody*—an' he's too steady to favor his ma. Have you ever noticed how crazy that little kid is about mountains?"

Childless Mrs. Smith nodded and wistfully voiced an old wonderment: "How come such a triflin' woman to have such a good child?"

She wondered it again on this morning when, with the rest of the townsfolk, she awaited the arrival of the first camel train. Jem had sidled shyly over to her, slipping a small grimy hand into hers. His mother, lost in the enjoyment of vociferous argument concerning the camels' origin, had completely forgotten his existence.

"Bill Smith told me they come to America on a navy ship from foreign parts, an' they got a parcel o' black drivers with 'em!" Meg Brown quoted shrilly. "Bill says as how they couldn't *never* build a railroad 'cross the country, 'count of the desert, an' it bein' too far between waterin' places—but camels don't need no water!"

"There ain't nuthin' livin' that don't need *some* water!" commented Mrs. Bill Smith with an emphasis entirely disproportionate to the subject under discussion.

Meg Brown instantly agreed with her adversary: "That's what *I* told Bill—but *you* know how he is!"

Ensued a silence, broken by some one's discovery of the first glimpse of the approaching camels; and as they came slowly nearer silence again descended. There was about the strange beasts nothing American—nothing to strike an answering chord of real or fancied resemblance. Only the brand of the United States upon their sides linked them up with any vestige of usualness—even the copper bells on the straps about their necks gave out an alien unfamiliar tinkle. . . . Jem Brown, observing four dark-skinned Arab drivers, strengthened his grasp upon the hand of his friend, the storekeeper's wife, as he watched the cameleers dismount.

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Meg Brown boldly approached the blond Texan in charge: "Helloa! *Glad to see you!* . . . Say, what're they a-chewin'? . . . Ain't they proud-lookin'?" She smiled with ingratiating friendliness.

The man in charge recognized her type. "Sure, sister! They've been haughty an' set-up ever since we branded 'em!"

She welcomed his pleasantry with loud laughter. "Say, wasn't there no *new* camels where them came from? These look so kinda rough an' ragged—didn't they have no sleek ones?"

"You're smart, ain't you?" His tone was resentful. "These is the pick of the camel crop! That big feller there was a present to the United States from the King of Tunis—an' kings don't give away no second-handed camels!"

Meg was properly impressed. "I never seen *none* before. I don't know a thing about 'em," she apologized.

"Your talk showed that! I guess you're like the Turk camel doctor in Tunis that tried to come along with the herd; he aimed to cure colds with cheese, an' swelled legs with tea an' gunpowder; if they didn't get better then, he tickled their noses with chameelyuns' tails," he commented loftily, then unbent: "A sailor who came over on the ship with 'em did tell me that them heathens in Tunis worked off two camels that had the itch, on us."

"For the land's sake! . . . How can you tell the itchin' ones? They all look so kinda fretted an' mussed up!"

He stiffened again. "The partic'lar reason is, that neither of 'em was brought home; soon's they found out what was their complaint they sold 'em to a Turk butcher who's cust'mers wasn't int'rested in peddygrees." He paused to glance down at the fascinated Jem. "Say, young feller, how'd you like for me to lift you up on one of the camels?" Then, as the little boy drew back, the camel man addressed the storekeeper's wife: "Your kid's shy, ma'am."

Meg Brown had no intention of relinquishing any advantage she might gain with the masterful stranger: "He ain't hers. He's mine!"

"Well, bein' shy, he sure don't favor *you!*" commented the Texan, and turned away to give some directions concerning the care of the camels for the night.

Having looked their fill, the people commenced to disperse. Meg Brown stayed on. The man in charge had attracted her vagrant interest; she hung about him laughing and talking. And since the youthful tinge of abundant health was in her coloring, the gleam of bronze in her heavy shining hair, her evident preference for the stranger's society found response.

Late that evening, half aroused from deep sleep, small Jem heard the voice of the man in charge raised in argument with his mother: "You say that you don't like it here, that the women is upish with you—why d'you stay? . . . I always say: when you only have one life to live, have a good time while you can! . . . What? . . . The boy? . . . If that's all you've got to bother you, you're in luck! . . . That woman who's husband keeps the store'll be *glad* to get Jem—" There followed a confused jumble of detached directions concerning an early departure. And when, shortly after dawn, Jem awakened, it was to find the cabin deserted, his mother gone; the fascinating stranger's lure of riding forth to new untroubled fields, upon a camel's back, had been too much for Meg Brown to resist.

What became of her, her son never learned. Wistfully he wondered why, if she had gone toward the mountains, she had not taken him along. But the settlement was not disturbed again by her.

. . . With the outbreak of the Civil War, the United States Government retired from the camel industry; the herds were dispersed, strayed away. Quite recently one of the camels, bearing the old brand, was seen in a Mexican circus but otherwise—like Meg Brown—they have disappeared into oblivion—superseded milestones upon the highway of progress.

The next years were busy uneventful ones for Jem Brown. The man in charge of the camel train proved himself to be an expert in passing snap judgment; the storekeeper's wife took immediate and affectionate charge of the little boy—and never regretted it. Jem more than paid his way, carrying water in pails which increased in size with his own growth; running endless errands upon willing feet; planting and weeding Mrs. Smith's

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vegetable garden and helping her in the kitchen; working behind the counter of the store—but always, when he had a little time to himself, he went out beyond the edge of the town to stare, hungry-eyed, toward the mountains rimming the wide valley.

He was nineteen when an epidemic of typhoid carried off the Smiths within two days of each other and left him, without ties or funds, to face the future. His foster-father's partner urged him to stay on in the store, offered inducements, but Jem was not to be beguiled; restlessness had overtaken him. "It's gettin' crowded-like here; too many folks." Unconsciously he made a gesture toward the rainbow-tinted mountain peaks swinging up through the bright air under a sky of ineffable blue. "Long's the Smiths was alive an' wanted me, I figgered I owed it to 'em to stay. But now they've went, you oughta see that I got to be a-movin' toward the hills!" explained Jem Brown querulously.

What he sought—the means for sustaining life among the mountains—he did not immediately achieve; instead, for several years, he drifted: clerking in remote stores and trading-posts, driving mail and stage coaches, working about the mines. All through the West during those strenuous days the talk and fever of gold waxed as steadily persistent as the lilt of wind through the pines. Fortunes were made and lost with an ease and frequency which bred conversational unconcern. Jem Brown, drifting with the ebb and flow, clerking behind counters at which prospectors bought their coffee and bacon, swinging his whip from the driver's seat of stage-coaches, listened carefully to the unceasing talk of lodes and strikes, of faults and contacts. Pocket hunting for small rich deposits of ore near the earth's surface was, he early learned, the most possible and profitable form of gold mining for an amateur without capital; thoughtfully he studied the rules for this endeavor until the day when, having achieved a small surplus, he bade farewell to the settlements and went on his own account toward the mountains.

His progress was a leisurely business of working down the ranges; in time he covered a surprisingly large area of wandering, became impervious to weather or hardship, lived almost entirely off the land. There were trout in abundance in all the deep pools, quail and doves everywhere for the snaring, edible plants and roots along all the water-courses. Sometimes, swinging into sight of the gleaming hedge of tin cans encircling a town, Jem Brown smelled the aroma of boiling coffee or sizzling bacon and succumbed to early memories by patronizing an eating-house or the store; but, as the years went by, he found walls and a roof increasingly unbearable, was happy only when he was among the wind-tilted cedars of the high country or panning out gravel in the rocky shallows of some mountain stream; inevitably, with so much looking, he made occasional finds which were always more than sufficient to supply his few needs. And as, with his primitive equipment, he washed down the loose floating gold against a sheepskin, Jem Brown did not know that the famed Golden Fleece of the Argonauts was obtained through the same manipulations.

It was after one of these profitable finds that, journeying down toward the settlement with his ore, he fell in with other prospectors and heard the new talk of a railroad over which the first transcontinental train was soon to make its triumphal progress. The whole account was so amazing and incredible that Jem Brown determined to see it for himself; laboriously he notched off on a stick the number of days which would ensue before the great event.

Through some error in his checking system he arrived at the nearest railroad town a day late; the epoch-making train had passed, but reliable witnesses testified to having seen it, and led him out to look at the shining rails. Frowning, he pondered over the advisability of lingering about until the performance should be repeated, and decided in favor of it.

He was influenced in his decision by the presence of a small circus operating, for a week, in a cleared field at the town's edge, and by the discovery that among the chief exhibits was a frowsy camel, bearing upon its side the brand of the United States, counterbranded by a subsequent purchaser. But by no stretch of imagination could he connect the swarthy Mexi-

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can who rode the camel with the tall and blond young Texan of the cavalcade of his early memories; nor could his close observation of the circus folk off duty reveal any woman who might be his mother. This possibility being dismissed, he went conscientiously through the attractions offered, commencing with the tent performances and working slowly down to the last of the side-shows. Gravely he inspected the cherry-colored horse, the laughing duck, the cow with four hind legs, the cat with three tails, the bearded lady; but through two afternoons it was the armless woman with the trained feet who completely fascinated him; breathlessly he watched her through the achievement of threading a needle and darning a sock, writing her name and the name of the town and State, fanning herself. Then, taking up a small saw, she commenced with some effort to demolish a plank. It was a most arduous procedure. Jem Brown, worriedly observing the exertion expended, forgot his shyness and offered advice:

"Ma'am, if you'd get that saw filed—*if you'd just only get that saw filed*——"

She paused in her undertaking to eye him grimly: "Young feller, I guess maybe you're right, because you're about the seventieth man that's told me that this week—" She sighed heavily. "What'd you think if I told you that I've been a-exhibitin' ever since early this mornin', and ain't had a bite to eat?"

He was immediately sympathetic. "Ain't that too bad! Could I bring you a hot bologna, ma'am?"

"I don't eat bolognas," answered the lady austerely. "But I guess there wouldn't be no kick, if I was pressed to go to the eatin'-house before I drop in my tracks. Talk about *your* feet gettin' tired——"

He was divided between panic at the thought of escorting the celebrity through the crowd and utter horror over the possibility of having to watch her eat, or feeding her himself. Even as he hesitated, glancing frantically about in search of an avenue of escape, some one behind him spoke:

"Couldn't you go get somethin' an' bring it in here to her? I know the folks that run the eatin'-house an' they'll loan you the dishes to fetch it on, if I say so."

Jem Brown turned thankfully to face a young girl, small and very frail, with hollow eyes and a hectic color.

"Maybe you'd be willin' to go with me?" he stammered.

She agreed. "I live at the eatin'-house—wait on table there. My name's Jenny—Jenny Burke—" She broke off in a paroxysm of violent coughing; when she had finished there was a bright stain on the handkerchief she held against her lips. "Ain't it . . . *awful* . . . to be sick? I'm so scared I can't hold my job—but it's gettin' to be more than I can do to lift the trays—" she confided to him.

Again he forgot his shyness: "You oughtn't to be a-tryin' to lift trays. Where's your folks? Why don't some one look out for you?"

"I ain't got no folks. And Mis' Flynn at the eatin'-house is a widow-woman with a big fam'ly of children. . . . Here it is!"

She quickly made the arrangements for the armless wonder's food, took the money to Mrs. Flynn, and returned with the message that she was to go with him and bring back the dishes. "We're short on plates, an' those show people is careless an' forgetful-like."

Together they returned toward the side-show. "I ain't met you before. I suppose you come to see the railroad train go past? Where do you live?" inquired Jenny Burke politely.

Above the tray he carried, Jem Brown indicated the distant peaks with a motion of his head: "In the mountains——"

"Do you now? . . . Way off there! . . . Ain't it lonely?"

"Not so lonely as the towns. An' the air's clear an' clean an' smells sweet of pine-trees. I'd die—if I had to live down here."

She sobered. "I'd like the smell of pines an' the clear air, too. I don't sleep nights for worryin' over what's to become of me when I can't work no more. Mis' Flynn can't feed her own fam'ly. . . . Say, what happens to girls that ain't got no money, nor folks, when they lose their jobs—?" She stopped to wipe her eyes. But when they reached the side-show tent her gaiety had returned; briskly she approached the armless lady. "Gee! She

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ain't got half-way through that plank yet!" cried Jenny Burke, and interrupted herself with another spasm of dreadful coughing.

Jem Brown stayed in the town long enough to see a train go by upon the shining rails, then returned to the hills. But this time he did not go alone; the girl, Jenny, rode beside him on a pack burro. And this drastic change in his life had come about so simply. Even weary Mrs. Flynn's conscientious unwillingness to be rid of Jenny "unless it was all right" was overcome by Jem's readiness to be married by Father Collins.

"No'm I ain't got no other wife anywhere. An' I ain't marryin' Jenny to get a wife. Once, when I was a kid, *I* got left in the lurch, an' some folks looked out for me. I'm handin' it on to her. She's too sick to work, an' I'm a-figurin' I can make her comfort'ble in one of them cabins the Guayule outfit abandoned when their lode petered out. . . . It's a real pretty place—high up, with a good spring near. I've got money enough to buy all the bacon an' coffee an' stuff she wants. . . . Ma'am?. . . Yes'm. . . . I don't mind gettin' married—even if it don't *mean* nothin' to me. . . . Ma'am? . . . Well, you see, I can make more money'n I can use, an' Jenny can't make enough to get on with. Seems like—if I expect to have luck—it's only square for me to go shares with her."

Mrs. Flynn's eyes were suspiciously bright. "If ev'ry one felt that way life'd be—not so hard," was her only comment.

And so, immediately after the ceremony, they departed toward the mountains. Besides the bride's slight weight the burro carried supplies, Jenny's small bundle of clothing, and her one treasure, a book.

"A dude prospector left it at the eatin'-house—said he didn't want it no more—so Mis' Flynn gave it to me." Jenny spelled out the title: "'Seven Lamps of Ar-chi-tec-ture.' Ain't that a queer name?"

He nodded. "Real queer. I ain't never owned a book. Couldn't make sense out of it if I had."

"I'll read it to you," she promised. "Now tell me more 'bout the mountains."

This was familiar ground. All day, while the trail mounted steadily upward, he told her of the beasts and birds and trees, of the mother bear and her lame cub in Hell Roaring Canyon, the bluejays at Cypress Falls. "You can count on their bein' there sure's you can count on its bein' spring!"

"The reason you ain't never felt lonely's because you've got such lots of friends!" said Jenny wistfully.

"You'll like 'em too. Animals ain't same's folks; they don't disappoint you."

He was right. During the few months that remained to her she knew the happiest days in all of her short and pinched existence. The little cabin was a marvel of spacious comfort to her, the plentiful food an epicurean indulgence. It was already too late, when Jem Brown found her, to do more than make the remainder of her life easier; and though each day she achieved less and less, her hold on living slipped gently from her slight grasp.

She kept her word about reading aloud. Winter evenings when, outside the cabin, the snow blurred and drifted and the trail disappeared in a white smudge, she conscientiously took up their one book. True, much of it was unintelligible to both reader and listener; but, like some appealing theme in a classic overture, they came upon intervals which captured their attention.

"Ain't it a nice book, Jem? It says that if you can't afford much-money things, you should buy *the best* of stuff that you *can* afford—an' that's real comfort'ble 'cause it works right down the line. . . . What is it that that is? . . . *Sincerity!* . . . I like that! . . . Just like sayin', 'Jenny, you buy *good* calico 'stead of sleazy poplin!'"

Jem, lounging by the fireplace, proffered comment: "When you live outdoors you don't have to bother 'bout what's good or bad; it's all the best."

"I s'pose so—but ev'ry one ain't tough enough to stay out winter'n summer, the way you do. They have to come in to sleep at least."

"That's where they begin makin' theirselves lots of trouble! Read it again—where it tells about the houses folks build."

She opened the book. "'As regards domestic buildings, there must always be

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certain limitations to views of this kind in the power, as well as in the hearts of men; still I cannot but think it an evil sign of a people when their houses are built to last for one generation only.'"

He interrupted: "I'll bet the thin shacks down to the railroad town don't last no generation! They commence to sag 'fore they're finished!"

"That's true. I used to want to run outside the eatin'-house ev'ry time the wind blowed." She took up the book again. "Don't this sound like it was tellin' 'bout places we could put the name to?

"'And I look upon those pitiful concretions of lime and clay which spring up, in militant forwardness, out of the kneaded fields about our capital—upon those thin, tottering, foundationless shells of splintered wood and imitated stone—upon those gloomy rows of formalized minuteness, alike without difference and without fellowship, as solitary as similar—not merely with the careless disgust of an offended eye, not merely with sorrow for a desecrated landscape, but with a painful foreboding that the roots of our national greatness must be deeply cankered when they are thus loosely stuck into their native ground; that those comfortless and unhonored dwellings are the signs of a great and spreading spirit of popular discontent; that they mark the time when every man's aim is to be in some more elevated sphere than his natural one, and every man's past life is his habitual scorn—'" She stopped to cough; then glanced further down the page: "Here's some about you, Jem," she laughed; "'—the crowded tenements of a struggling and restless population differ only from the tents of the Arab or the Gypsy by their less healthy openness to the air of heaven, and less happy choice of their spot of earth'—you're an Arab an' a Gypsy!" she teased.

"If likin' the air of heaven proves it, I am!"

Her expression became frightened and wistful: "Say, Jem, d'you know what I think heaven's a-goin' to be like? Well, there ain't a-goin' to be no towns there—just lots of mountains, an' pines an' space where folks can live the way *they* like, not the way some one else says! An' I wouldn't want no hard gold pavements an' streets to walk on—not if I could have a sunshiny trail instead—would you?"

Jem shook his head. "If there's such lots of good folks that it's crowded, I don't want to go there nohow." He thought it over. "Wherever there's plenty of folks, there's plenty of talk about progress. Know what progress is? . . . Well, it's inventin' somethin' to carry you over the country so fast, that you can't see nothin' you're a-passin'. That's progress!"

"Like the railroad train!"

"Yes. I'm a-hopin' they'll be satisfied with that an' not go on a-inventin' any further."

"They can't never catch us—way up here!" she exulted.

He agreed to that. "We've stumped 'em!"

Jenny glanced down at the illustration of a tracery from the Campanile of Giotto at Florence. "Of course *all* the things them progressers have done ain't bad. Look at this! . . . Say, Jem, if ever you make a big strike let's us go an' see these places in the book." She hesitated. "An' if I ain't . . . around . . . just remember I would a-been if I could—an' you go anyhow. *Promise!*"

He laughed at such a preposterous idea; then, as she stubbornly insisted, indulgently agreed. "I'm perf'ctly safe in sayin' yes!"

"Remember, *you've promised.* I'll ha'nt you if you break your word!"

"*Sure!*" said Jem Brown.

Jenny died in the autumn; for weeks before the end Jem devoted his entire time to her, heartening her against the hours of panic which preceded the Great Adventure.

"I don't want to go off by myself among strangers, Jem! All my life, 'til you came, I ain't never had no one that b'longed *to me!* I don't want to start all over again!"

After she was gone, and he had awkwardly smoothed over the small mound under the wind-tilted cypresses, he shouldered his pick and shovel, packed his gold pan, coffee-pot, bread-tin, and frying-pan, and wandered lonesomely forth to face the most arduous winter of his experience.

He had spent the money gained through

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From a drawing by J. W. Schlaikjer.

Immediately after the ceremony, they departed toward the mountains.—Page 645.

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his last find on small luxuries for Jenny. For the first time since he started upon a career of pocket hunting, his luck did not hold. Perhaps his wistful memories and preoccupations made him dull and careless, but several times during that long winter of roaring winds, deep drifts, and bitter, blue-white cold he staggered back to the cabin on Guayule more dead than alive from hunger and exhaustion. It came to him during those months—when his thoughts turned homesickly toward the little hut—that the first thing he would do when he made another strike would be to buy the Guayule; Jenny's grave and the small house should be his. But three springs of long rains had followed three difficult winters before his luck turned, and he was able to make a small initial payment against the claims held by the defunct and bankrupt Guayule Mining Company.

"Thinkin' of kyotein' into that hill, stranger?" inquired the clerk at the nearest court-house. "*Don't do it!* That d—Guayule formation's volcanic: the lode breaks off sharp when you'd least expect it, an' commences again three miles farther up, ten miles farther down, or 'round the corner on the next mountain; that's how the comp'ny sunk all they took out'n more too. I know all about it, an' I bought my knowledge through investin' the legacy my wife got from her gran'pap in the Guayule just before it finally busted. Darned near busted my married life—we don't joke on *that* subject at my house to this day! . . . There's high-grade ore in the Guayule, but it's prob'ly somewhere where it'd cost billions to get it out!"

Jem denied any such ambition. "No kyotein' into a hill for me! Pocket huntin's better; keeps you outdoors."

The clerk agreed. "Wanderin's fun—if you haven't got a fam'ly," he said, and made out the documents.

And then, almost as if fate had awaited his possession of the papers, Jem Brown, listlessly investigating an iron stain on the rock wall below the spring, came upon his first appreciable find; for several days he examined certain details of his discovery and stood at last scowling down at the mat of floating gold particles in his pan, or staring with narrowed eyes at the place from which he had taken it. Here was fortune knocking! What answer should he make?

Irrelevantly half-forgotten scraps of overheard conversations between gold-hungry prospectors loitering about the trading-posts came back to him: cities, *women*, liquor, shop-worn girls, grimy pleasures. These were the prizes purchasable when money was plentiful; easy gifts of easy gains; frowning, he thought it over. Some instinct, which had made him detest towns and crave the austerities of the mountains, drew fastidiously back from contemplation of the proposed orgy. Meg Brown had only been his *mother*.

A little breeze stirred the trees and moved the blue gentians at his feet and, like a message, Jenny's eyes looked up at him. "*Remember—you promised!*" came back her voice.

What had he promised? Oh, yes! To visit those palaces and cathedrals of which she had read to him. "But, Jenny, I was only a-jokin'! I wouldn't a-promised if I'd thought I'd ever a-found this!" he expostulated aloud.

The gentians fluttered their fringed edges in the breeze. Jem Brown groaned. "I won't be bullied! . . . But if I go back on my word I s'pose you'll be a-remindin' me of it from every foot of ground!"

The gentians were very still, very blue. "Oh, well, I'll go!" he said resignedly.

So commenced a pathetic odyssey. Amazed clerks in railroad and steamship offices listened to his terse stipulations, glimpsed his abundant moneys—and quickly arranged his itinerary.

He made a strange figure against the Old World backgrounds; his baggy ready-made clothes attracted curious glances in the hotels which he patronized, accepting without comment, paying without question, for the quarters assigned him; and all the time dumbly enduring the smothering restrictions of four walls and a ceiling, or wandering, confused and miserable, through the clamorous babel of the cities. Of the other frequenters of fashionable hostelries he was entirely oblivious; the women belonged to no species with which he was cognizant; to him they were not human beings but strange exotics, unfitted for the storm and stress of out-of-doors.

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Only with the guides who piloted him about the palaces and cathedrals did he exchange conversation, and from them, since he was generous with tips, he won especial attention and privileges. And though Angelo, Giotto, Correggio, and Giorgione were less than names to Jem Brown the sincerity of their achievements were as a bridge to carry him back home; a sculptured tracery of leaves reminded him of certain trees on the windy ridges above Guayule and brought a lump in his throat; details of clear color in a world-famous window danced like the deep sparkle of sunlight in the pool at Cypress Falls—and blurred before his gaze; the starred ceiling of an Italian chapel was but a pale imitation of the night sky above Guayule; the gentle eyes of a painted madonna were not so gentian-blue as Jenny's. . . . In a moment of panic he wondered if she was safe beneath the cypresses—coyotes were such inquisitive marauders—then sternly dismissed the thought. Jenny had planned this visit, had wanted him to see the cathedrals; he must go back to her with the assurance of their beauty—and what was it that the book had named as indivisible from true beauty? . . . Sincerity? . . . Truth? . . . Power? . . . Ah, yes: *Sacrifice!*

But at dawn on the morning after his return to Guayule he awakened to see the first pure light filter down through the pine branches, to smell the incense of the balsams, and to hear the lilting ecstasy of a choir of meadow-larks; looking and listening, Jem Brown breathed a deep sigh of ineffable content. He was safe at last; *safe.* He never reopened the cache below the spring—from which he had taken out the ore which paid for his journey abroad; in his mind that gold was consecrated to cities, to confusion, *to progress.* Jem Brown had done what Jenny asked—but he had finished forever with progress.

Ruskin had said in Jenny's book: "men tire as they finish"; and Jem Brown, stumbling up the slope of Guayule was increasingly convinced of the truth and wisdom of this statement. He, who had thought himself immune and impervious to any whim of wind or weather, had come to discover nature too boisterous for him; like some injured animal, seeking refuge, he was crawling home at last to the protection of a roof and four walls. True, forty years had passed since he came back from his one journey away from the mountains—but what were forty years? . . . And yet . . . during that final climb of his life, the unnoted years caught up with him; he was almost ready to compromise. Sharp pain stabbed and nagged at him as, with sobbing breath, he came out upon the wide clearing around the little cabin and glanced apprehensively up to see whether the circling buzzards had marked his plight.

In the doorway he stopped again and turned to look out across the wide valley —rimmed with range after range of rainbow-tinted peaks—noting, far away, dim blue smoke and visualizing the forlorn settlement. The gold-fever had run its course in that locality; veins of ore near the surface had been exhausted, leaving the working of deep-seated lodes to future necessity, capital, and scientific exploitation. Long since, nature had healed the ugly scars of man's brief desecration of her slopes and had forgotten him. Boom towns, sprung up mushroom-wise, flourishing through a hectic period of roaring prosperity, were as quickly deserted—except for a handful of derelicts too shiftless or too discouraged to move on. No one questioned their right to tenancy of any of the scores of abandoned houses whose broken roofs sagged above the staggering walls and crazy floors. Jem Brown, during his infrequent sojourns in the town, hurried through his buying and, averting his eyes from the settlement's sordid squalor, turned his face thankfully back toward the streets of the mountains. Of what was going on in the world beyond the barrier of the ranges he neither knew nor cared.

Because he had been so happily self-sufficient, time had dealt lightly with Jem Brown; long since, the spell of the high places had claimed him, eradicating all man-made periods; the calendar of his year knew no artificial division into months, was punctuated by events in the swinging march of the seasons: the first deep snows, the sight of God's flocks of mountain-sheep breasting the shining

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drifts, spells of bitter, blue-white cold when timber-wolves, grown bold through hunger, howled in the clearing; long rains, a spring thaw and freshet, and the earliest arrival in the processional of the flowers; summer, with larks and bluebirds; and columbines a-sway to every breeze . . . until the time when the rosy mauve of fireweed ran up the slopes and the deer star hung low in the sky. And always—*always*—the faithful gentians had come back.

Remembering these, and all of nature's concern for flower, bird, and beast, Jem Brown wondered with sudden petulance why she was so unmindful of man. Now that his life was so nearly over he pondered—divided between elation and resentment—upon what had happened to man's invention, progress . . . that, for so long a period, his life's path had gone by unpunctuated by one of her devastating milestones. Progress would need to hurry if she held anything in wait for him now! "She's welcome to do her worst!" he muttered aloud.

Three days later he regretted his challenge; half-awakening from feverish slumber, he blinked incredulously at a strange far-away sound. Remote at first, then drawing slowly nearer, there was about its rhythmic, pulsing steadiness something appalling, threatening, and sinister. Jem Brown could not connect it with anything familiar. . . . A drum, perhaps? . . . But what could a drum be doing, high up in the air? He listened more closely, craving reassurance. There was none . . . instead the steady beat was developing into a monstrous humming—into a dull roar . . . but not like the intermittent crashing with which, during a landslide the year of the big rains, the towering pines and the huge rocks had gone down the mountain. . . .

Feverishly, he tossed and turned, trying to escape from the enveloping sound. Was this, perhaps, what was meant by *illness:* all sorts of breathless, groundless, vain imaginings *bred in houses?* Scornfully he derided himself for his cowardice in coming indoors. This noise at which he cowered was thunder—*thunder*, which had so often before volleyed and echoed in the mountains during fierce electrical storms. Defiantly he raised his head. The sound was still there, steady, regular, insistent—*and near!*

Dully he wondered if this was death—but why had he never been told what it would be like? Was death, then, a hideous, unending race through labyrinths of clamor and tumult? To him, who had spent his life in the stillness of the mountains, what purgatory could equal that! Jem Brown cowered down, moaning . . . as the thunderous drumming came directly over the cabin, increased to a deafening roar, culminated in a series of shot-like explosions—and ceased. In the sudden uncanny quiet he could hear his own voice raised in a feeble whimper like a frightened child's. Of course it had been a dream, the feverish, half-consciousness of delirium . . . but how real for the moment, how hideously real. . . . "*What?*"

With terror the old man heard the sound of his first visitor, knocking; and saw the door swing back. . . .

A strange figure in leather clothes and a begoggled helmet stood in the opening, stared into the dim cabin, breathed an exclamation of relief: "I was afraid that this place was deserted—and I'm miles off my course! I've been trying for two hours to find a bare space to come down in; it was just by the merest chance that I saw this clearing—and none too good a landing field at that! Can you tell me where I am? What's the nearest town?" He stopped to look more closely at Jem Brown. "The light was so poor that I couldn't see you before! Are you sick? You look . . . *ghastly!*"

The old man could not answer.

The stranger stepped inside the cabin. "Isn't there something I could do for you? Water? Where can I get you a drink?"

Feebly Jem Brown pointed to the bucket, and indicated the direction of the spring. The young man returned with the brimming pail.

His decisive voice was clear: "If you can give me some idea of where I am, and the general direction, I think we'd better be on our way. I'll carry you out to the plane, and take you to a hospital. This is the *last* place for a sick man to be! Just now, by that spring, I saw a big bear and two cubs! You'd stand no chance—even if you were *able* to go for water!"

Jem Brown roused himself: "That's

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From a drawing by J. W. Schlaikjer.

Jem devoted his entire time to her, heartening her against the hours of panic which preceded the Great Adventure.—Page 646.

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Mollie—I found her four-five years ago; guess her mother'd been killed, 'cause the wolves were yappin' round the poor little cuss. . . . She comes back an' hangs 'bout, every summer now, with *her* cubs. Mollie'd steal bacon'n bread . . . but she wouldn't touch me!"

"Maybe not. But anyhow you're too sick to be left here all by yourself."

"Did you . . . hear the roarin' . . . overhead, jus' 'fore you come in? What was it?"

"An airplane."

There was no gleam of understanding in the old man's eyes.

The aviator stared at him. "Can't you understand me? *A flying machine!* Don't you know what that means? . . . The invention which makes it possible for men to travel through the air like birds! The greatest achievement of modern progress!"

"You mean that . . . even here on the mountain tops. . . . I can't *get away?*"

"'Away' from what? A plane can go *anywhere!*"

Jem Brown clambered weakly to his feet and stumbled to the doorway. In the centre of the clearing a strange, huge, grasshopper-like object stood at rest. It was silent now—but around it everything seemed changed and troubled—and at what moment might it not come to life again, hideously challenging the protesting echoes? How—*how*—could he get rid of it and of its master? Determinedly he faced the aviator: "*I'm all* right . . . have them set-backs real often—!" He gasped as a stab of pain brought beads of perspiration to his forehead. With visible effort he stifled a groan. "I've got a map . . . of this distric'; if I give it to you . . . will you go away?"

The aviator shook his head. "I couldn't conscientiously go away and leave you here alone. The remembrance of how you look would haunt me! You're too sick to realize that—you need medical attention."

Jem Brown was driven to desperation: "If you'll go away—an' not come back for a month—I'll give you the deeds to the Guayule . . . an' on 'em I'll mark plain *where the lost lode takes up again!* I've knowed it for forty year . . . but I learnt long since that money don't buy you nothin' but confusion . . . an' I wasn't a-goin' to have folks a-spoilin' this mountain like they spoiled the rest!"

Then, as the aviator stared at him, the old man's eyes filled with tears: "There'll be *plenty* . . . so's you can buy all the things you've ever wanted. . . . But now that I've seen your machine . . . and know that never, any more . . . will there be a place where I can get away . . . I'd like for to have this last month . . . alone on Guayule, to say good-by. . . . Then you can take it——"

"You'll do better than *I* expect if you live another week!" The aviator's voice was troubled, perplexed: "I really *can't* leave you; it wouldn't be decent!"

Jem Brown dropped down on the pine branches and stared helplessly in front of him. For a second the narrow window framed a stretch of desert, paved in tawny gold, dotted with sage-brush; through it a camel train wound into the settlement—and his mother was gone.

Followed, then, a shimmer of heat-waves above shining metal rails where great locomotives thundered upon their scheduled way. . . . Soon Jenny's place knew her no more.

With a feeble gesture of resignation Jem Brown turned toward the stranger: "I guess . . . maybe . . . this is *my* signal!" he whispered.

Progress had caught up with him.

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"God's Pocket"

A CONTEMPORARY ANCESTOR'S LETTER FROM ALASKA

BY MARY LEE DAVIS

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR AND OTHERS

THIS is a "doosid hard country to write letters from," and being a contemporary ancestor is a mighty absorbing business. For that is what Alaska's people are, to-day living phase for phase in your American overseas Colony of the North all that our ancestors experienced in early-day New England. Yet we have now one huge advantage over those men of old, for the Georges never visited Plymouth or Boston or Salem, personally, to see what was really going on there. But President Harding and three Cabinet officers came to spy out our land last summer and see if it indeed flowed, not with Canaanitish milk and honey but with more up-to-date richness such as oil and "quintals of fish," and if there were possible wide grain-fields and future grazing-lands for cattle upon our thousand-and-one untouched hills.

Did you ever stop to think that here is a territory the size of five hundred States of Rhode Island? Alaska is not only larger than the old New England, but larger than the whole original thirteen—so very much larger that New England could be dropped down into it and lost out of sight completely.

But in spite of this raw-boned size of hers, there was no shred of welcome for Alaska whatsoever when she came into the sisterhood back there in '68. She came as an unwanted alien, an adoption forced by circumstances, an unloved acquisition to the family circle. It was freely admitted that she was nothing to write home about, that her "keep" was grudged as an added expense during times that were hard at best; and every one in the household knew and said frankly that she would never turn out to be a credit to them.

That was not the truth, and I suppose you wonder why it is so impossible even to-day to tell the truth about Alaska. It is because the whole truth is too big, too paradoxical, to be comprehended in one piece. The whole truth about Alaska would be a mosaic of a million disparate bits, and though the total must indeed be awesome, one would need the vast perspective of a god, looking before and after, to get the full effect. The whole truth about so big a thing is something you will not get in a sentence, or a book, or a whole library of books; and any one who pretends to give it to you is a quack. Alaska was bought as a unit, and is thought of to this day as a unit, but is no more united than were the original thirteen colonies on the Atlantic seaboard before the Revolution. Isolated spots, scattered over an immense area sparsely inhabited by semiwandering Indians, have been settled, haphazardly and by tricks of fate rather than with design, by colonists of various antecedents and lineage.

There are at least three elements in Alaska making for confusion of statement: great size, a diversity of interest and resource and climate in the four main divisions, and combined with these a relatively short period of conscious history, which results in a lack of general, immediate, and authentic reference books and literature. When friends Outside have asked me to direct them to "a good book about Alaska" I have been embarrassed, for there is no book that I could recommend without explanation, addition, or correction. They are useless as fountains of truth (and I do not know of an exception to this, though I wish mightily that I did) for one at least of three reasons: written so long ago that conditions have utterly changed; written from within to

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advance some special industry or section; written by a touring professional writer from without who has hit a few high spots and fills in with hearsay about the places he has not seen.

Here we have such a diversity of natural features that what may be closely descriptive of one section would appear wild fable to another. And yet it is all Alaska, and when people ask largely to have Alaska described to them you have to be New-England-ish and reply with more questions. "What part of Alaska? and what season? and do you mean Alaska as it was, or is, or is to be?" In a general way the main topographic features here correspond to those of the Western States, and Western people, perhaps for this reason, can best understand our problems. For we have a coastal mountain range upon the Pacific, a central plateau, a continuation of the Rocky Mountain system, and a region of great plains—four distinct geographical, aboriginal, vocational divisions with diverse history and resources, needs and aims. We have an older coast and a newer interior frontier, as in the States, and the one is apt to misjudge and be jealous of the other, politically and economically, as in the States. Though I have visited all the larger sections of this Great Country (that's what the word Alaska means, you know), I confess to that "wholesome prejudice of place" regarding Fairbanks, because it has been my home for years. I know much more about the Interior and I feel more in sympathy with it. There is my "slant."

Fairbanks is called "The Golden Heart of Alaska" for three reasons, no less! First, it is an historic placer camp—that's the "gold" part. Next, it is situated, by a curious chance, at the exact geographical centre of all Alaska—at the heart. And third and most vital of all, it has the good fortune to be one of those communities possessing personality and able to inspire loyalty and real feeling in all the people I have ever known who have either lived or visited here. It's just a tiny frontier town, and yet somehow it seems to have some inner quality that makes people long for it when absent. And what higher praise could one give to a city enthroned?

This heart does not control the pulse-beat, however, for the head or capital resides, by a strange anatomical vagary, in the tail! That long stringer to the southeast is never, by solemn treaty, more than ten marine leagues wide, and often considerably less. Extending for miles up the coast, Canada and not American territory is its back country, for the mainland of Alaska lies many hundred miles distant. Even to mention this matter is political TNT, however, for Juneau is very touchy on the subject. When it is mentioned, she draws up with hauteur.

"Very well. If you do not like me as a capital, you crude Interior creatures, go off and play by yourselves," she announces. "We in the 'tail,' as you inelegantly call it, can very well get on by ourselves. We are more cultured, anyway, and older in civilization. We could be a State all by ourselves."

The intense local feeling engendered by different roots and fruits, the exaggerated sense of local importance due to the separateness and distance apart of the settlements, the lack of getting together between communities so that we could measure up and compare notes and knock off our mutual antisocial bumps, have all been inevitable so far because tides and watercourses and mountain ranges have pushed us apart. Only within the last very few years have we begun to use the machine-made tools provided by our generation—railroads, telegraphs, autos, and airplanes—to cut away and pare down these spatial demarcations. In spite of this beginning we are still, in this part of Alaska, in the pioneer period of development. But, under present conditions at least, a Revolution will not be needed to bind and amalgamate us. Steady and wholesome commercial development (not a forced growth, as some would have it) will in due time draw together these Colonies of the North in a sane and natural way.

Alaska is, above all, a land of paradoxes. One is tempted to say that there is no statement of physical fact that can be made about Alaska of which the exact opposite cannot also be posited, and with equal truth. To phrase this in pure Alaskanese, you can play it straight or

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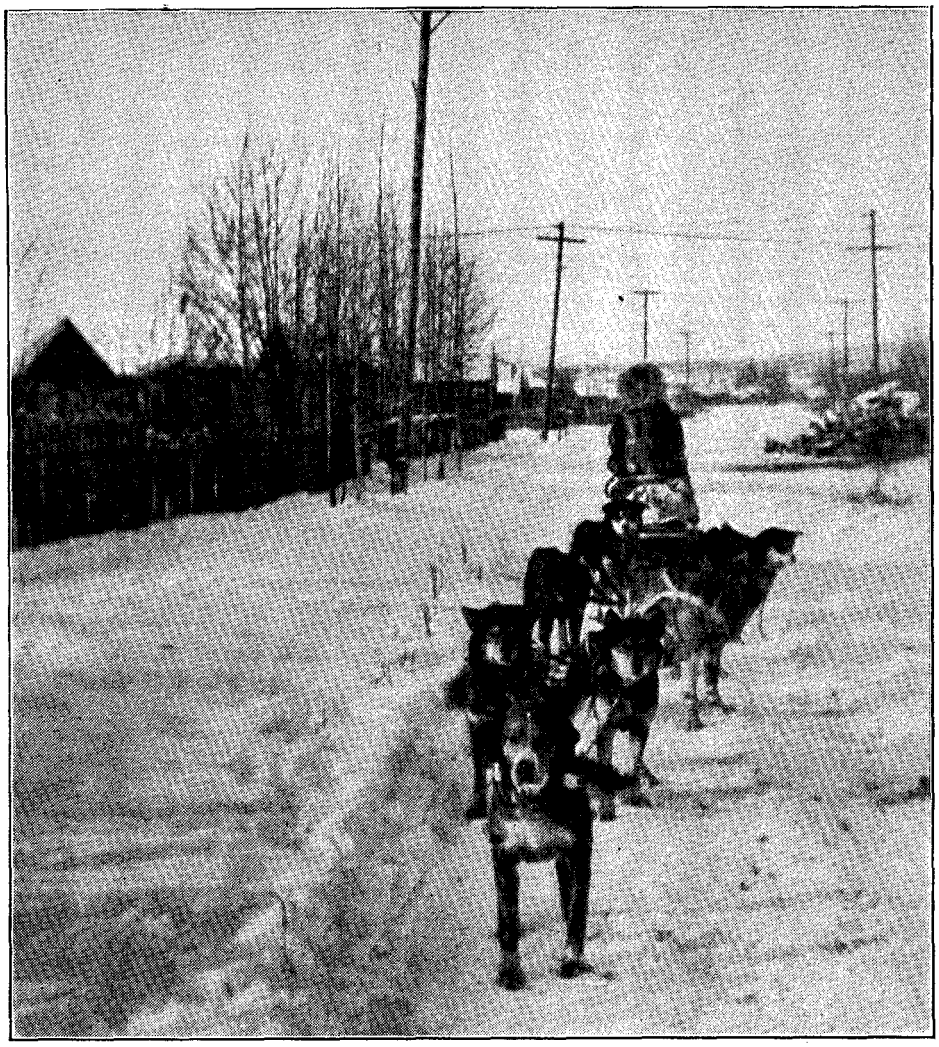

The writer with dog-team in midwinter. She is wearing an Esquimau parka, made at Herschel Island, in the Arctic.

copper the bet and stand to win good money either way! For instance, one may call the country wet, cold, mountainous, inhospitable, barren, undeveloped, icy, dark, inhabited only by savages. Every one of these statements is strictly accurate, of certain places and at certain times. One may also state with absolute certitude that Alaska is dry, warm, open, hospitable, well-watered, well-developed, sunny, light, and inhabited by the venturesome pick of the Nordic stock. These statements are equally true, of certain places and at certain times. It all depends upon which list you, temperamentally, incline to believe, or which one the limits of your Alaskan experience have tended to verify!

The Britannica, supposedly judicial, says, for instance, that Alaska consists geographically of a "compact central mass and two straggling appanages running from its southwest and southeast corners." The "compact mass" of continental Alaska includes both the Interior, or Yukon valley district, and Seward Peninsula (Nome) and the Arctic slope, which unite to form another more or less

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Fairbanks, Alaska, from top of the wireless tower.

homogeneous division. The southeastern "appanage" is known locally as The Panhandle, and the southwestern, or Aleutian Islands, appanage as The Westward. There you have all Alaska, divided into its four parts. United, it spreads over seventeen degrees north and south, or as far as from New Orleans to Duluth, so that some variation of climate might reasonably be expected within its borders. And east and west the stretch is fifty-eight degrees, or considerably more than from New York to San Francisco. Plenty of elbow-room this way, too, for diversities. The total area is nearly 600,000 square miles, or one-fifth the size of the entire United States.

President Harding came to Alaska to find out what "Seward's Ice-Box" really contained; for in this day of preservation by refrigeration it has dawned upon the national consciousness that there was, sitting upon the back stoop, so to speak, and has been for lo! these many years, a huge chest of unexplored possibilities. "Seward's Ice-Box?" Why, the very idea is suggestive of good things to eat; and a real ice-box in the family possession might prove a big blessing to the whole household of children and help keep them from going hungry, some rainy day. What is in the ice-box? No one knows, exactly, for no one before has done more than open the door and take a sniff.

I suppose that the very first resource you instinctively think of as being kept locked up in our treasure chest is that pale Arctic gold, the wild adventurous quest of which has inspired so many tales calculated to keep old men from their chimney-corners and children from their play. For that fabulous wealth of gold which the early Spanish explorers so hopefully and so hopelessly sought in the "wilderness" of Florida and Louisiana was destined to be found later by another race of Argonauts in the wilderness of Alaska.

Since earliest days it was known that the Yukon was gold-bearing. Schwatka notes the points on the river where gold in placer deposits commences, and states that "from here on to the mouth of the Yukon a panful of dirt taken from almost any bar or bank with any discretion will give several colors." By 1880 prospectors had followed the Indian trail over the Chilkoot and reached the headwaters of the Yukon upon the Lewes; for as early as 1867 the Western Union Survey had discovered gold in the interior and also on Seward Peninsula. Since '87 a few placers have been worked continuously on the Fortymile, but it was not until 1896 that

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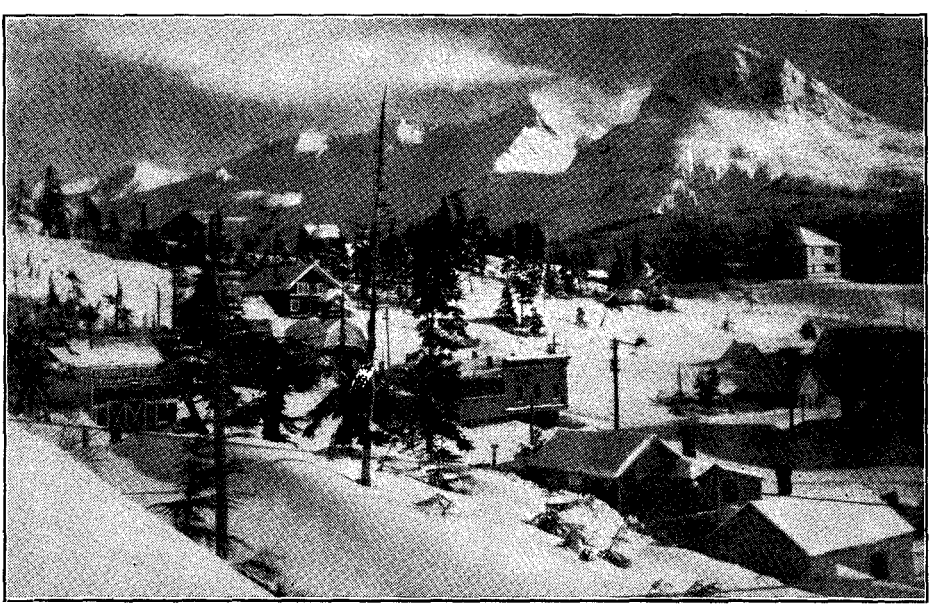
the big Klondike strike brought thousands struggling and swarming into Dawson, Yukon Territory, and spilling over the then ill-defined border and down the river into Alaskan jurisdiction.

Well, all the Dawson discontents and unlucky draws rushed in turn down the Yukon to Nome when the Anvil Creek strike occurred there in '98 and the great beach strike in 1900. The Fairbanks discovery in "nineteen and two" brought them all scrambling up-river again, to the Golden Heart. This has been the last of the big, or "easy" (shallow bed-rock), stampedes, so we have here in Fairbanks an interesting residue of all the human flotsam carried by successive tidal waves to all the great mining-camps of Yukon Territory and Alaska, many of them thirty years in the north without a single trip Outside. Gatherers of the dust are these men, hunters of the impossible, questers of an unconsecrated grail, a golden cup at a false rainbow's end. Because to many the goal has been so long denied, by now the very quest itself has become objective.

Roundly speaking, three hundred and fifty millions in gold have been taken from Alaska, to date. I say "taken from" advisedly, for those who have been the most lucky ones have taken this wealth Outside and either invested it in building up the cities of the Pacific, Seattle and San Francisco especially, or have spent it prodigally, also Outside, and have returned to Alaska broken and unpenitent, asking another golden boon of fortune. This auriferous crop is not a renewable one. It was poured molten into the veins of the earth long ages since. But as yet, it is known, only the easiest surface gold has been taken away from Alaska. The far greater treasure that still remains will have to be won with more patience, however, with more intelligence and more contriving, with a more concerted effort. One man alone may stumble upon and develop a rich placer; many people must co-operate and contribute diverse gifts of organization to win any great fortune from deep gravels or hard quartz. There is no doubt about the gold being there. As yet we have not readjusted ourselves to the new conditions, have not been driven to co-operation by Necessity, who is no less famous as an amalgamator than as a maternal parent.

"Safe as in God's pocket." That's a saying common here. It is used as the uttermost term of security, and the stress is usually laid upon the word "safe." But we are living in "God's pocket"; and



There are harbors and bays along the southern coast of Alaska to this day, still resounding with the splendor of luxurious Spanish names.

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far from being the land that God forgot, it is a place close and intimate to Him, where there are a host of His hidden ancient treasures, tucked away in unlikely corners, to be happened upon all in good time. There is comfort and there is richness in that homely saying, "God's pocket."

An Alaskan Cache.

The French voyageurs live only in the words which they have left—cache, babiche, siwash (sauvage), mush (marchons).

Fitting in better with our ice-box simile are the great Alaska fisheries of salmon, cod, flounder, halibut, herring, as well as the newer canneries of clam and shrimp. Add to these two further products of the sea that are hard to classify whales and fur-seal, and you have an industry no less picturesque or romantic than the gold, and a source of even greater revenue year by year. To indulge in a highly mixed metaphor, the corner-stone of Alaskan prosperity has been fish! Between the gold-rushes and before them, going on patiently while our still primitive farming gets upon its feet, tiding us over with food for Alaska malemutes and natives and sourdoughs while we wait for the fast-growing reindeer herds to multiply, and continuing, so we hope, into the time when we shall become truly a new New England and build our mills and factories, the silver horde of fishes yearly revisits our waters, and (until the canneries came!) he who would dip in his net was fed.

Fish are the be-all and end-all of many an Alaska town's existence. The entire southern littoral may be said to smell distinctly of fish. The coast towns are all fishing towns, wholly or in part: Ketchikan, Petersburg, Wrangall, Sitka, Kodiak, Seldovia, Kenai. Seward and Anchorage, Valdez and Cordova, are mining outlets as well. For, as the banks and shoals from Nantucket to Newfoundland are the feeding-grounds of enormous schools of cod and herring that swarm in the Labrador current, so the Gulf of Alaska and all the firths and fjords and land-locked bays and river-mouths adjacent to it swarm with countless fish. If gold is scarce and coy, if the beaver and the marten and the mink retreat farther and farther into the vasty unknown of the Arctic, if the wild soil is not easily tamed, here at least has always been God's plenty.

And do not think of gold as the one metal of Alaska, though it has been best advertised. Cordova is our Copper Gateway, and I have heard that one shipment of copper from the Kennicott alone, during the war, equalled the total price paid for Alaska back in '68. Silver, tin, lead, antimony, marble, gypsum, platinum, all go to swell the list. And don't forget oil, for that is a mineral resource too, you know, and Katalla continues to produce, as it has for nearly twenty years, and Cold Bay and Iniskin keep up their promise, and it seems now that oil is flowing almost within a stone's throw of the very Pole! Here we have not only an ice-box but a well-equipped service station, too.

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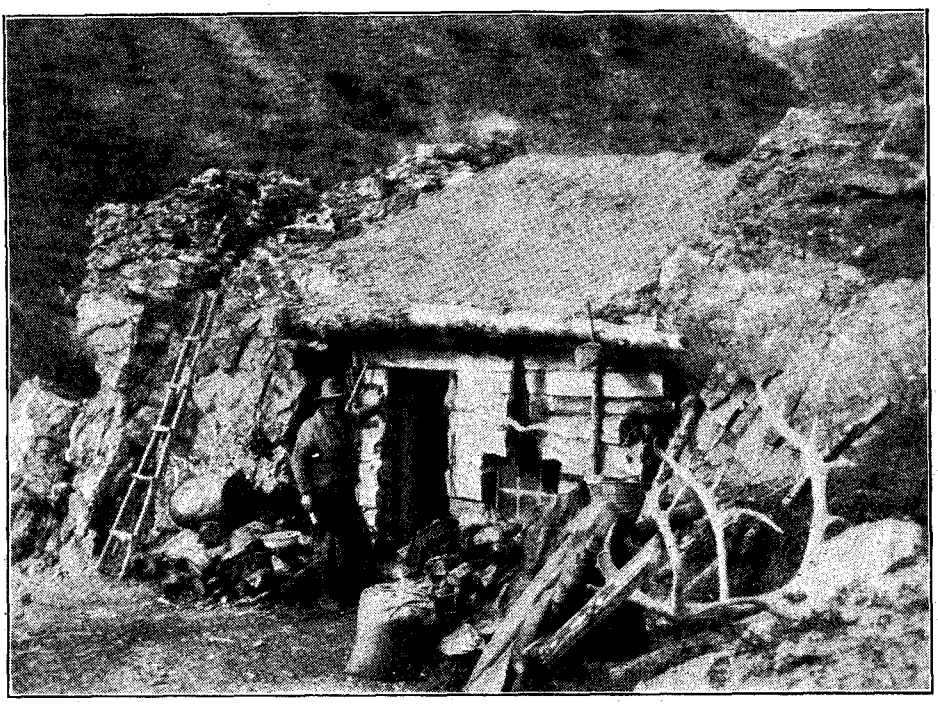

This is the cabin of Zeboff, a Russian prospector.

It is simply a little wedge driven into the mountainside. Once a grizzly entered it during his absence, by tearing out the roof.

When you remember that we have in our hills more coal than Pennsylvania and West Virginia combined, it will be seen that Cinderella of the Cold Hearth will be able to keep the national coal-scuttle filled for many a year to come, if you will treat her a little less as a stepsister. Nor will the wood-box go empty. Spruce and balsam cover the continent of Alaska, cottonwood and Western hemlock and white fir and red and yellow cedar fringe the streams and mantle the hills—hills where poplars all silvery green and the slender stems of birch-trees stripe the deeper shadows of the ever-present blue-tipped spruce. In the Interior, the roots of trees cannot penetrate deeply the shaded and frozen soil, and so they spread out horizontally, and by standing unitedly branch to branch and interlocking their matted roots prevent one another from falling and achieve a considerable growth. Everywhere underfoot are the mosses, glowingly colored and exquisite as old tapestry.

Native to these dim and masterless timber-lands of the North, to its broad valleys and thousand unimagined rivers, are the riches of fur that first turned covetous eyes to us. As the fur traffic brought first traders to New England, so here the sea-otter and the land-otter, ermine and beaver, mink and marten, have always been a lure to adventure and exploration. The first lonely settlements were the outposts of the fur trade, and the first trappers' trails are eventually becoming roads, even as many an overland bridle-path has become a national highway, and in staid Boston, legend hath it, a cow-track became a city street! Of late years fur-farming, especially upon the small and well-stocked islands of the coast, has proved most successful, and blue fox and silver, dusky mink and marten, have been bred successfully in captivity. Add to this our present quarter million domesticated reindeer, due to grow to a possible three million, plus countless wild and kindred caribou suitable also for meat (the reindeer has proved the Esquimau camel, for he eats the meat, dresses in its

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hide and fur, and harnesses it to his sleds) and you have quite a fancy three-ring Polar managerie worth keeping one's eyes upon.

Farms! Most people begin to laugh when we Alaskans start talking about our flowers and our vegetable-gardens and our wheat-fields. "Laugh, and show your ignorance," say we, to scoffers! That there are numerous wide tracts of land both in the Matanuska and Tanana-Yukon valleys of demonstrated agricultural value, the reports of the Department of Agriculture abundantly prove. That these lands are greater in extent than the Scandinavian Peninsula farm lands, which to-day support 5,000,000 by agriculture alone, is one of those facts that only people with imagination will appreciate fully. We lie in large part in the same latitude as Sweden, Norway, and Finland, and are not only greater in extent than all three, but have a better climate. So, at least, I have been told by my neighbors here who have themselves come directly from Norway, Sweden, and Finland. They tell me, too, that it is "easier to get a living here." Naturally, then, we have a large and ever-increasing Scandinavian population, for not only the Interior but the fisheries on the coast attract these good immigrants greatly.

Estimates show that Alaska is quite capable of supporting from three to five million people by farming alone, and yet our present white population is little more than thirty thousand all told. Frozen ground? Yes. But twenty-four-hour suns, weeks on end, thaw the surface, and the updrawn meltings subirrigate the roots in a most ideal fashion. And do not laugh when I tell you that I own a small interest in a flour-mill that we have recently built here in Fairbanks and which mills Tanana valley wheat and provides our whole district and parts of the coast with as fine bread-flour as the most fastidious cook could desire.

Stefansson has done a great deal to put to rout much of the skimble-skamble stuff that has been thought about our climate, and yet a good deal of foolish misinformation about Alaska remains firmly lodged even now. People have been thinking for decades that they know the confines of the land of cotton, too. But now they find of a sudden that cotton can be raised in Russia and Roumania, in Australia and the Argentine, when common sense is applied to the matter and sufficient economic pressure is brought to bear. The same is true of wheat here in the North. You may believe that you have the wheat belt delimited, that 54–40 is the dead-line, the last barbed-wire picket. Very well, then, you shall see. Watch Alaska grow wheat.

The trouble is that America has an Alaska complex, I do truly believe. You friends of ours in the East get positively irritated when we write to you of flowers and gardens. You want to hear of igloos and mukluks and Polar bears. We have these, yes, occasionally and in places. You want to hear about the cold, always. But only a few days of the whole year are exceedingly cold, even here in the Interior; and I can say that as truly of places in New York State, in Massachusetts, Colorado, and Wyoming, where I have lived. Your Alaska complex of glaciers and icebergs and darkness and all the mysteries of the paleocrystic sea has completely shunted you off the main line, and that's one reason why you can't get any place when you start out after Alaska information. You *want* to hear of dissimilars. Nothing causes such a slump of interest, in talking of Alaska matters to would-be enthusiasts, as the telling of the unvarnished truth. The climate? Bully. The soil? Immensely fertile in many places. The people? Just like yourselves, only a little more so! But that's not the tale you want to hear. You prefer a frozen ocean, black primeval night, and Jack London types of people, solely. This Our Lady of the Snows stuff has been overdone, even for fiction.

Frankly, I will admit that I myself and most of the people I have known here in Alaska, hundreds of them, prefer the winters. For one here who feels that summer's lease has all too short a date, there are many like my little friend from Finland who said to me this very day of September: "Summer has been *so* long. Doesn't it seem as if winter wouldn't ever come?"

The tourists see the country only in summer, and the professional write-up people who visit us, thinly disguised. We who live here the year round come to know and to love our land best in winter,

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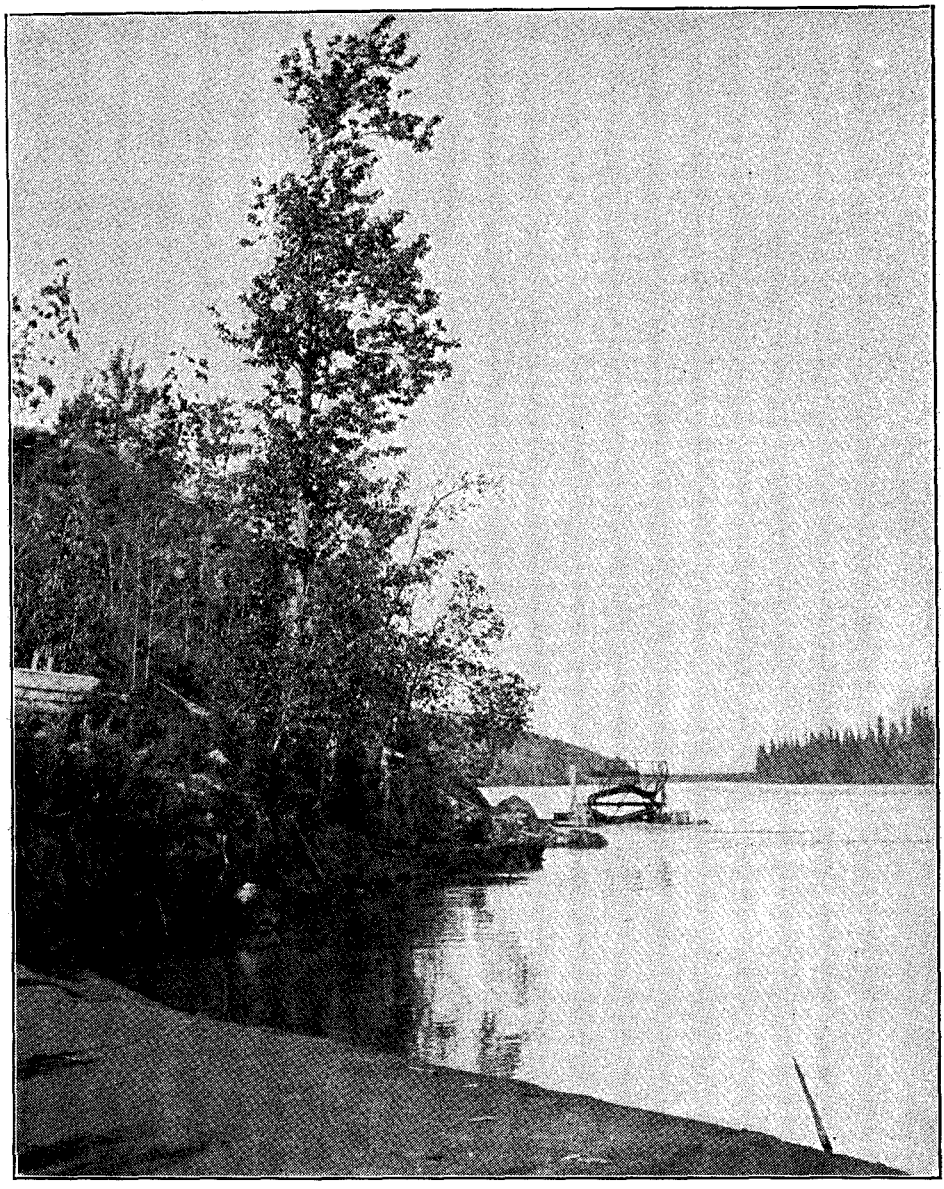

A fish-wheel for salmon, on Whiskey Island, in the Tanana River.

when the quiet fields of space brood in a white unbroken glory, made mauve and blue and rose by phantom day and incredibly lighted by flickering Aurora in the more lingering dark. Then life is unperturbed by a multiplicity of things that fret our summers—tourists, for instance! Perhaps I feel strongly on the subject because last summer I saw the possibility of Fairbanks becoming a tourist town, and I resent it. I do not care to think of my home, this quaint, log-cabined, pioneer outpost of our people, becoming a place where the inhabitants sponge upon summer boarders for a few months and hibernate bearishly the remainder of the year. A bourne for questing travellers, yes, but not that other. Let us say that we like winter best because then we pleasantly miss our friendly

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mosquitoes, for I can honestly confess no love for these guests of summer. The same sentiment holds for the "no-see-ems," that will bite through anything less than toughest buckskin.

It is quite natural that we should think often and much about our soil and our climate, for we are colonists, just making a beginning, and the early history of all people is largely read in their grapples with these twin uncompromising geographic factors. This matter of cold is a mighty relative thing, when we come to think of it. Given five people in the same room and one may be miserable with heat and another quite as miserable with cold, while the remaining three will be serenely unconscious of the temperature at all.

I could write you literally reams about the differences in the comfort of our living here, since the railroad has been finished and a path levelled across these hundreds of miles and these high ranges that separate us from the coast, that steam might tread it. It has not reduced the actual cost of living materially, for the rates are still fairly high. But it means that there are dozens of things that once we simply had to do without, or could get only in midsummer, that now we can have in plenty and the year round. Do you realize that before the railroad came every pound of freight for the Interior had to come by slow Yukon barges, during the three months of summer navigation? We could get no fresh fruit, ever, except what could stand a possible month's transit—and that is not fresh fruit! Though we have berries in great plenty growing every place, we have as yet raised no fruit-trees, and there were many people here who had not tasted melons or peaches for twenty-five years. The railroad made these possible to us, and we have bought them greedily, at any price, like half-starved gamins.

The railroad also brings us mail twice each week. In the old days we had first-class mail fairly regularly, over the long winter trail to Chitina by sled. But no parcel-post ("partial post" a local Mrs. Malaprop calls it) and no magazines or Outside papers came from October to June. One year I received my Christmas presents of the year before and a mail-sack of winter magazines on the Fourth of July. I must say that it made a memorable celebration! You may realize from this just a fraction of what the railroad means, especially to the women here, not in material things so much as in terms of interest and happiness. Of the eighteen incorporated towns of Alaska, twelve are upon tidewater open the year round. Of the remaining six, Fairbanks and Nenana are directly upon the new railroad; Eagle, Tanana, and Iditarod are served in summer by river boats and in winter by trails tapping the railroad at different points; and only Nome is icebound half the year and more by a frozen sea and has to secure a limited amount of winter mail, first-class only and once a month, by a long and tedious overland route.

We are only fifty-six years old as an American colony, and at least twenty years of that was waste time, for absolutely nothing was done here. So to-day we should be less advanced than were the old New Englanders in 1675, and would be were it not for purely mechanistic advantages which are not a personal credit to us, but a common heritage of our twentieth century.

There is one subject, and one subject only to my knowledge, upon which all Alaska is absolutely agreed, and that is the need of roads, more roads, and yet more roads. Not trails—we have had a full half-century of trails—but roads. The future of the country as a white man's land depends upon this. We cannot advance from our early colonial period, we cannot get together as disparate units, we cannot develop the truest American citizenship until we have roads, upon which not only transportation, but agriculture, education, and industry in general more and more depend.

We in Fairbanks are the hub of many radiating ancient trails, fast being worked over into very fair auto roads that light cars travel with ease in summer and in winter; though there are times in the spring and fall when local travel almost ceases, for the frost neither goes nor comes without leaving its devastation upon the highways. In summer we can reach the coast by auto in three days, with very comfortable driving, and any one accustomed to the Rocky Mountain region or the Middle West will find similar conditions here. Eastern people will be displeased with roads that we think wonder-

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ful! They are wonderful to us, who have known so many years of niggerhead and tundra; and in proof of our belief there are enough cars in Fairbanks to-day to pick up and move the entire population should the big stampede, to which some old-timers drink daily, ever be heralded. But road-building here has only begun.

If you have never been for years at the tender mercies of a river "highway" that freezes more than half the year, and a forest trail that is viscous soup the other half, you will never know the true meaning of a road. With adequate roads our mines and our farms alike will develop unaided. Roads will do away with farmers' wives and prospectors crazed by loneliness and dark. They are paths to school and market, church and court, and every other symbol of man's communal effort.

Good roads eat up distance, and every one knows how distance makes for misunderstanding. Who was it said that if the invention of the telegraph and steamship had come earlier there would have been no American Revolution? Well, what is distance? Isn't it like asking how high is up? Not only is our distance from the seat of government at Washington purely relative, but our proximity to the Pole is also purely relative. Civilization has been moving northward, more and more northward, and we are merely travelling the same old colonial route by a more northerly parallel. Yesterday San Francisco and New York were five days distant from one another. To-day they are but twenty-seven hours apart, and minutes are being nibbled even from that record. "So countries may be said to be habitable or uninhabitable, distances to lengthen or shorten, heights to rise or fall, according to the means of man's control over nature in any given time."

Some say that in the year 2100 Montreal, Christiania, and Memel will carry the world's pulse-beat. Who knows? With man's increasing control of the sources of heat and light he can now live in comfort in extremely northern latitudes. Stefansson, in his "Friendly Arctic," contends that the limit cannot be reached short of the Pole itself. Let us not be too quick to scoff at this theory, either, unless we truly believe that the uttermost limits of man's ingenuity in dealing with nature have been reached.

And the swing of civilization to the north has become increasingly speedy with every mechanistic advance. Here in Alaska we have practically unlimited coal supplies. Should transportation break down (as with you poor sufferers in the East last winter; and how we did pity you—we, warm and comfortable in our cosey Arctic homes!) we have immediate sources of fuel at our back doors and are not dependent upon outside agents for distributers, as are the helpless and overgrown communities of the East. Our climate is considered rigorous, but by those who know least of it. To go north for heat and for wheat and for meat may seem paradoxical, but that is what the world has been doing for a good many years and no one has yet dared set a limit to how far north we may find them all. Surely all three, heat and meat and wheat, are to be found in Alaska.

I do most truly believe that the commonplace necessities of trade to-day are speedily going to put the people of Alaska upon one of the greatest trade routes the world has ever known.

As for a trade route via the Pole, why not? The earth *is* a sphere, isn't it? Being a sphere, then, for all northern nations (those of nearest kin to us and closest commercial ties), the nearest way round it is over the top, even as Amundsen is planning to-day. The Arctic is considered by experts an excellent flying terrain. "The further north one proceeds the better become the possibilities of good and safe landing-places among the vast flat tracts of ice and snow fields," says Lieutenant Dietrichsen, one of the airmen sent to Spitzbergen by the Norwegian Government to study these matters.

Stefansson says: "My view is that the flying conditions in midsummer in the Arctic are, on the whole, better than anywhere else in the world. . . . We talk about the world being round, but we really think of it as if it were a cylinder. The Polar regions have been in men's minds a barrier. In a sense, that is true when you consider ocean navigation by surface ships. But the ocean of the air is no less open to navigation, and for practical purposes *the world has become round for the first time in human history.*"

It is no more ridiculous, unplausible, or illogical to sail over to get through than it was for Columbus to sail to the West to get

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to the East, unconsciously making an ally of the latitudinal curvature of the earth.

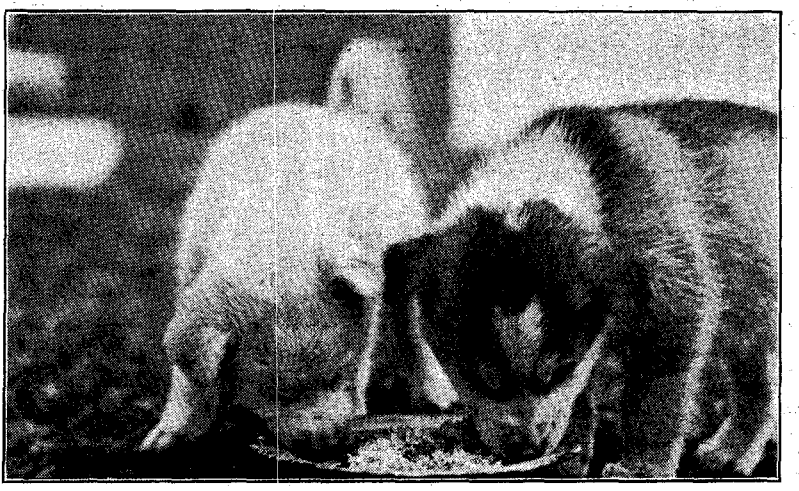
Why not in 1924 overcome by faith the longitudinal curvature and make of it a trade route and dart on clear and placid air lanes round the northward thrust, led by kindly winds to twilight corners? Here in Fairbanks we have already established the Farthest North Airplane Company, making regular business flights locally and landing within the hour at isolated mining-camps that were formerly reached only after days and sometimes weeks of tortuous, heart-breaking travel. Literally the plane solves the transportation problem in the North by overleaping all difficulties, so that ancient passing type, the prospector, need no longer tread footsore and plodding the long and agonizing trails:

"but rather turn and run
Down some close-covered byway of the air,
Some low sweet valley between wind and wind."

Three years ago, when the army aviators made their first flight to Nome and return they reached Fairbanks on the outward-bound journey one day at noon, after a late breakfast in Dawson. We were notified by wire when they took off from Dawson, and the entire population of Fairbanks, with many old-timers from adjoining camps and creeks, was gathered to welcome these new pioneers of the North. As the three planes in a beautiful arrow-head sweep lifted above the horizon and settled lightly as birds upon a near-by field I happened to notice an old prospector, a man who had been in Dawson country in '98 and who had in midwinter followed the gruelling unbroken overland trail when word had come of the Fairbanks strike, a trip which meant day upon day of the most bitter, patient, almost superhuman labor. This man was running now toward the landing-field, his face uplifted to the men in the air. Angry at his weakness and stumbling, he dashed the tears from his eyes with the back of a hard old hand and cried out as he ran: "Broken trail, O God, broken trail!"

It was not a curse, but a prayer, rather. Time and space, those hoary and primeval enemies of man, those fearsome dragons upon the Old Trail, these he was seeing routed, conquered, and utterly annihilated here before his dim old wondering eyes. And only those who had known the Old Trail in all its dangerous toil could know too the full true glory of that summer noonday's revelation.

We, your colonial kinsmen of the North, are here to-day, stretching out lame hands of faith in tasks too great for us. Send us allies and companions, men and women who will dare greatly, who hold a spirit lineal to that which in old days sent out our people wayfaring for high emprise, which brings us comrades and brothers even now from far harbors and worn peopled cities. A new trail is to be broken across the unfurrowed prairies of the northern sky. We, stumbling here upon those great world altar stairs that slope through darkness, would break a new trail for the upflung spirit of man.



Some portions of Alaska agree very well with one another.

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Mr. Manton at Sea

BY EDWARD C. VENABLE
Author of "Pierre Vinton," etc.

IT was a case which the most radical disciple of Publicity could have seen no harm in hushing up. Manton had injured no one, so there was no personal injustice to be righted. He had destroyed no property which had not immediately been restored. He had tweaked the nose of the law—that was all. And no good ever came of exposing the vulnerability of the law's nose in an age of twitching fingers. So began a skilful diminuendo lapsing at last into the perfect stillness of Doctor Hoxton's Hospital for Nervous Diseases.

"Poor Manton" he was called when he was got safely there. He had been called very dissimilar names at other times; bold and invincible by some elements of opinion, unscrupulous and predatory by others, but all now equally acquiescent to the hushing up, as if all were equally ashamed of having been afraid of what thus finally proved to be only ridiculous.

There he stayed for two years, apparently quite contented, except that he occasionally complained of getting a little fat. Before he had kept himself fit like an up-to-date business man with golf and setting-up exercises. Doctor Hoxton forbade both because, he said, the patient's nerves needed sheathes. So he grew fat and peaceful looking, like a man whose ways are all of pleasantness. In the other days there had been a touch of the belligerent about him, the mark probably of his many highly successful contests. And he was always a perfectly neat person, very well-brushed and scrubbed—the kind of a man you might call *taut*, as a sailor would a ship.

At the end of the two years he motored from the Hospital to Hoboken and sailed in three hours for Europe. The hushing up had been so successful that the newspapers merely listed among the sailings Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Manton. The people who did remember, mostly personal friends, were on the whole more interested in her than in him. Archie was crazy, absolutely crazy, they said, and there was his wife starting off for Europe with him alone, without even a servant. They thought it rather dangerous, and some of them hinted as much. She had laughed. She had been married to him for twenty-two years and she could no more have been afraid of him than she could have loved him as she did twenty years ago. So while she unpacked her trunk in the large stateroom and saw him lying on his bed reading a newspaper, she chiefly felt a slight regret that the stateroom was not all hers. A great many friends had been very kind, and the room was full of flowers. It would have been very pleasant. Then she remembered thankfully that Archie was the neatest man in the world. So she put down an empty trunk's top and went over and kissed him.

"Tired, old fellow?" she asked affectionately.

"No," he said shortly, "nor crazy either."

She pushed aside his legs and sat down on the bed's edge.

"Just cross?" she asked. "Want me to unpack you?"

"On the contrary," he replied, "I want to clean my own shoes. That was the worst at that damn place—the way they waited on you. It was enough to drive you crazy."

She nodded. "But it wasn't such a bad place, though."

He lowered his chin to look at her, and the soft white flesh got in "that place" puckered up all over his face. "Not so bad as some other, you mean?"

She shook her head. "No, I didn't mean that." She looked at him thoughtfully, reflecting that she had never seen his face look like that—that it was very

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ugly. It changed suddenly, though, at her gesture, got instead strangely youthful and kind looking.

"I never said anything about your being such a brick, Josephine," he had begun quickly.

"You needn't," she murmured.

"I don't mean sticking," he explained.

"I know," she murmured again.

"I mean not asking," he added.

"It was your affair," she suggested.

"Perhaps." He paused. "I thought so at the time. I'm not so sure now."

She patted his leg. "That's all right, old fellow. Worry your head off now, if you want to. It's all over."

He lowered his chin again in that peculiar way to look at her. "Worry, worry," he repeated. "That's what's over. I stopped worrying two years ago."

The ship, she knew, was in motion, sliding its great length through the Ambrose Channel; but no sign of the motion could be detected in the cabin. A piece of her clothing, light as cobweb, hung evenly from a hook on the door, as though the door were part of a hotel instead of part of a ship. Somewhat the same silent, mysterious, irresistible progress, she felt, was carrying her forward. She had no hope of stopping, but an irresistible impulse to dodge.

"Splendid," she answered lightly, "and now get to work at the shoe cleaning. I must see about that fruit Grace sent us." And she leaned over and touched the bell.

He was going to tell. She knew it was useless to try to prevent his telling, but she could not help delaying him. Let him wait until they were really at sea. Then she would have four days or five to think over whatever it was he had to tell, and to think about it entirely in regard to herself. Heretofore she had been compelled to think of everything outside first. The rôle of faithful wife had grasped, embraced, enveloped her. She had played it well, very faithfully and carefully. But at last at sea, alone with him, the rôle for the first time in two years could be laid aside. It must be resumed at Southampton, but for four days at sea alone with him she could be herself, think only of herself and of what he was going to tell. Of course, just what it was he was going to tell could make no difference in her now accustomed attitude. She would be a faithful wife to the end, whatever had happened. Anyway, she knew the man too well, had fought too many fights alongside him, owed him too much, even maybe loved him too much, ever to play otherwise. But she wanted those four days alone at sea. And they must be at sea, out of sight of land, beyond the last echo of land. If it was an eccentricity she was entitled to eccentricity. She alone, she thought, had for two years been faithful to normality, while every one else acted a little mad; great lawyers making the law ridiculous, great physicians making science absurd, perfectly sane men acting like half-witted children. She felt quite capable, sitting on the edge of his bed there, of gagging him if necessary, had he insisted on speaking then. Instead she rang for the stewardess and went out with her to find the fruit.

That evening after dinner she sent him to the smoking-room for cigarettes for herself, and went out on the upper deck alone. It was October, and the place was almost empty. Half-way down a line of empty chairs they would be as withdrawn as in their cabin. She chose a chair and sat down to wait. He would be some time finding her. It was indeed a full quarter of an hour before she recognized the tip of his cigar coming slowly forward. It was strange how she could recognize the tip of his cigar. He could hardly recognize her full length stretched under the rugs, and stood looking down a little uncertainly even when he reached her chair.

She reached up and patted his cheek. "Thank you, old fellow."

She could see him almost without looking, making himself neatly comfortable in his chair. How amazingly well she knew the man.

"You haven't, you know, changed the least little bit," she said lightly.

"Only twenty pounds," he answered.

"It doesn't show," she reassured him.

"No, but it feels. I get out of breath putting on my shoes."

"You'll get rid of it. We'll do five circles a day on the deck here and you will be off ten when we land."

The cigar gleamed suddenly in the

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dark. What made him start like that, she wondered.

"All right," he agreed. "There doesn't seem to be a soul aboard that knows us."

"What if there were?" she demanded.

"Oh, nothing," he explained, "only I am not used to seeing people; and promenading before a whole boatload—well, it would be rather a header, wouldn't it?"

"Maybe you need a header," she suggested.

He didn't answer, and for a while they could hear the creaking of a ventilator twenty feet away. Then suddenly he laughed. "I can hardly pose as bashful, can I, after that night there on the Avenue? There must have been a thousand people around me in ten minutes." He paused and leaned forward. "Did you say 'poor fellow'?" he demanded.

"I did not," she answered coolly.

"No, you wouldn't," he agreed. "It was the other kind that said that. The damn fools. You knew, didn't you, Josephine, that that was the happiest moment in twenty years for me?"

"I don't know anything about it," she answered.

"Oh, you knew that much," he insisted. "You must have. They were all around me, yelling for the police and yelling for me, and trampling and pushing and smelling. There was one fellow just in front of me, yelling with his mouth open, a gray-haired old fellow, with a top hat and a stick, looked like a tremendous swell. 'Shut up, you thief,' I told him, and he tried to hit me with that stick. I believe he did. I didn't care, I was too happy then. 'Shut up, you old thief,' I told him. I bet he had a pearl in his pocket then. If not, why did he hit me?"

He broke off suddenly to ask: "You don't mind my talking about it, do you?"

"Not now," she answered.

He laughed. "I couldn't very well talk about it before, could I?"

"No," she said, "I suppose not."

He leaned over and took her hand and kissed it. "Well, we won't talk about it just now, anyway. We have plenty of time ahead, a lifetime, our lifetimes. Think of it—all we have ahead of us—health, wealth, and—! Ah, Josephine!"

She felt his arm suddenly close about her shoulders.

"Yes, old fellow," she murmured, and then her face was crushed tight against his coat.

She admitted it to herself—she was beginning to be afraid. All her courage was based upon knowledge of him and now she had found something of him that she did not know. Of all that he had told her one moment stood out vividly. That one when he had faced the old man—the tremendous swell, he had called him—and yelled "You old thief." Yelled! She could see the open mouth, the flaming face. The countenance she pictured was then a frightful one and totally strange. Archie like that—Archie, who was, she had thought, a little too careful to be always a good deal of a swell himself. She had never asked any details, and of course no one had ever told her—until he told her. There had been police, of course, she knew, and a crowd, a mob she called it, and all the rest of it; but the "hush-up" had been so skilful, so quick and neat, they had not seemed to matter. But that shrieked insult into the face of the swell, that she could not hush even to herself.

It frightened her. All night she had watched him sleep, unable herself to hold a moment of unconsciousness. Their talk had been, of course, for him something like a confession, and his sleep was the sleep of absolution. At dawn she had dressed and slipped out of the cabin and found on deck the ocean blotted out in fog. But there was the horn shrieking, shrieking insultingly into the face of the fog. She walked hard until it was time to go below and waken him. All the time she had walked he had slept. She found him composed as the dead, with just the hem of the pillow's cover stirred by his breath. She leaned over and touched his shoulder. His eyes opened as quietly as if he had been lightly dozing.

"Hello!" he greeted her. "Fog?"

She said yes, and, leaving him, went back into it.

She reflected as she watched him—for she did deliberately watch him that second day at sea, all the old confidence that her subconsciousness could take care of him having fled—that his new weight became him. He had been too thin to be forty-five and so successful; he had needed

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weight. Now he had more distinction; people must mark him, and certainly not everybody had forgotten the Manton affair. No "hush-up" could be that successful. Perhaps people did know, and their indifference was assumed in kindness. People had been very kind. But would they be so kind if they thought he had yelled that way at that man? The memory entwined itself with the unvarying blare of the fog-horn forward. Each blast sounded like the shriek, "You old thief, you old thief!" in the face of something immense, unknown, and full of peril.

At last the roar drove her below, and she spent the rest of the day abed in her cabin. He stayed closely with her, very kind, and filled, it seemed to her, with a sort of serenity, like a happy child. It was the one of his moods which most soothed her, like certain hours spent with children. As she watched him, very busy over the arrangement of his clothes, the little details of comfort for the voyage, she was impressed again with his joy in all such little things—the quality of his handkerchiefs, of his cigars, the fold of a tie, the arrangement of a dinner. She had often laughed at the obstinacy of her belief that it was the fulfilment of such desires that had been the motive of the long lifetime of hard work she had lived through with him. She knew he was not ambitious, he was not even vain, and he was never, at least, more than a dutiful father. He had expressly wished not to see the children at the dock. All she could be certain of was his neatness. All niceties charmed him. Part of his money-making power was his unremitting care for detail, she knew. But at the end of each tiny by-path of revery, even there in the cabin, roared the great horn with its discomforting refrain.

"Tell me something, Archie." She leaned over to touch his coat-sleeve.

He lowered the glasses with which he had been examining a perfectly blank horizon and looked at her.

The fog had been left astern during the night and the ship had run into the rare fortune of a golden day in the North Atlantic in October.

"Well?" he asked.

"That night," she began. "You know. Do you remember that old gentleman, the one you say was just in front of you—did he actually strike you?"

He lifted the glasses again and answered casually in an aside. "I think so. I called him an old thief."

"Yes," she said hastily, "I know. But did he? Can you remember?"

"Somebody did. I was cut."

"But I thought that was from the glass," she insisted.

"Only my hand," he explained, "was cut by the glass, and that not very much. You see, I broke it with my stick. The other cut was on my forehead. I always thought the old fellow did that one."

"Well," she said, "you had insulted him."

He dropped the glasses on his rug-wrapped knees and burst out laughing. "Him, him," he repeated; "why, I was hardly thinking of him."

"I knew it!" she cried quickly. "Oh, Archie, why did you do it?"

"Well, wasn't he one?" he asked. "I know he was. I saw him. He looked exactly like me."

"I see," she said quietly.

He seemed quite unconcerned, playing with the glasses, scrutinizing the empty seascape, like a child with a toy.

"What does it matter?" he asked presently. "Why do you ask about it? It's all over now. It's done, finished, thank God."

"You sound as though you had been compelled to do it!" she exclaimed angrily. It was the first step of her self-control, and she was instantly aware of the danger it involved. Another notch and all control might be impossible. She forced a laugh. "It does sound funny, doesn't it?"

"I suppose so," he answered, "to some people. It sounded so damn funny to most people that I had to be locked up for two years." He put down the glasses and frowned at the deck. "The fact is any man looks funny when he starts monkeying with his"—he paused a moment and then added quickly—"his soul."

"Poor boy," she murmured, and put out her hand. Always she had been able to soothe him by touch. It had been her chief—she wondered suddenly if it had

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not been her only—solace for him. A touch, an embrace, a caress! But now her fingers dropped unheeded from his arm.

"It's a queer business," he muttered.

Yes, for him, she thought. He had never been a man to monkey with anything. If she had ever really admired anything about him, it had been his directness, his habit of going straight for what he aimed at. That was his power as she understood him. And her knowledge of him was fairly complete, including even the professional capacities; for there was that business of the children's legacy which could not have been kept entirely from her. Even in that business, when she had been inclined to "monkey," to argue that the money was the children's, not his, he had never swerved; and that business had been the cornerstone of their fortunes. Without the start of that money they would still be living in that awful little house in Morristown. She had believed then she understood him finally and forever. He loved her, he trusted her completely, and he would always serve her successfully. She was equally confident of all three.

"Let it alone then," she said to him. "If it's queer to you, let it alone."

He shrugged his shoulders as he picked up the glasses again. "That's what I have done," he answered. "I tell you it's over, finished."

A tiny smudge of smoke showed on the southern horizon, hardly discernible by her eyes. She could see his glasses focus on it, his fingers fiddling with their screw. "A tramp," he announced, "headed southward. It's the first thing we have seen."

He remained perfectly still, absorbed in the imperceptible progress of the wisp of smoke to complete invisibility. When this was quite gone he put up the glasses and suggested lunch.

She rose obediently. It seemed to her exactly time for lunch, or dinner, or bed, or any one of the unavoidable details of existence. They were necessary not to support life, but to preserve sanity—otherwise people following idle fancies might stray anywhere. Lunch, dinner, bed, and such things fenced them, kept them on the track. And if the track were round and round—well, that was better than the perils of wandering. That was all that had happened to Archie. He had jumped the track somewhere, got loose, and met with this accident. It was unmistakable; the way he clung to the track, now he had got back, proved it to her. Routine enwrapped him. He slept, ate, walked, set his watch, wrote his letters, by an unvarying schedule. He would never jump the track again. He was safe and she was safe. Let him keep his secret. Whatever it might be, it was an old impotent force now.

She awoke slowly, called by some imperative need that struggled violently to make itself felt.

The lights were on, and the glare of the white enamelled cabin struck her suddenly opened eyes almost blind. At the heart of the almost unbearable radiance she dimly saw Manton. He was fully dressed and standing with his back to her, facing the long mirror set in the door.

Though she was sure she had made no sound, he turned immediately. "Don't be scared, Joe."

She sat up. "What are you doing?"

"Rehearsing," he said.

He came and leaned over the foot of her bed. "I thought you were asleep," he explained.

"I was. You woke me."

"I'm sorry."

She rubbed her eyes. "Rehearsing what?" she asked.

"The scene of Pelletier's window," he answered with a laugh. "I happened to catch sight of myself in that glass there just as I did in the window that afternoon. You know how they have mirrors set to catch the reflection of the stones. It brought it back."

She had sat up and was feeling about on the carpet with her bare feet for slippers.

"Don't get up." He put out his hands in the gesture of pushing her back to the pillows. "I am just going to bed myself."

She rose, disregarding his arm, and came around to him. "You mustn't do this," she said. "You mustn't do this."

"I won't any more," he agreed.

"You must forget it." She put her hands on his shoulders and fastened her gaze on his eyes. "You must forget it."

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He laughed suddenly and kissed her. "That would be silly. Then I should be just as if it had never happened. It would all have been for nothing. Think of losing two years of your life, of my life, now for nothing. Two years in that place!"

"But it is over, old fellow," she insisted. "And it is forgotten by every one, except you."

"I don't believe it."

She was shivering in her thin night-gown, and she went over to close the open port. As she fumbled with the fastening she remembered the sleeping tablets that Hoxton had given her. He was terribly excited. His voice when he said that frightened her, it was so strained and harsh.

"I don't believe it," he repeated, and struck the brass rail of the bed with his clenched fist. "I may be mad but I am not a fool."

For the first time that alternative daunted her. Was he mad? The thought checked her. She stood still by the closed port watching him.

He turned. "Go back to bed," he said shortly and, walking over to the dressing-table, began to undress.

For the first time in her life she obeyed him timidly. With her eyes half closed she lay back on the pillows again. She could follow every movement by sound. There might be madness, but method still persisted. She smiled a little at the thought. And for a madman that was an extremely sensible idea, sending her back to bed. She was thoroughly chilled.

Suddenly she realized that the lights were out and that he had not got into bed. She peered out into the darkness.

"Archie," she called softly.

"Just a moment," he answered.

She heard a tiny rustle of silk, and understood that he had been pulling aside the curtain over the closed porthole. A glimmer of moonlight shot into the room.

"Lord, it's a beautiful night out there." She heard the voice continue, "Perhaps we had better have stayed on deck."

It seemed to her that an invisible hand pressed her down among the pillows. Something was happening out there that was more important than her life, and that she could not possibly help but by the sound of a single syllable might fatally hinder.

"When the heat of the world dies out there may be centuries and centuries when it will all look like this—just water and rocks and a pale light. No heat—and heat means hunger. No hunger."

The voice stopped with a laugh. "That's my trouble," it began again. "A sort of third hunger. There's the kind that makes men work for the body, and the kind that got my poor brother Tom blown up in that laboratory in Ottawa. Then there's mine where I broke in Pelletier's window with all those jewels. I believe that if a single human being had come up to me then when I raked all that mass of stuff out of the window, and said he understood, I would have gone stark mad, started out to save the world or something. Just one human being. I needed only that little touch. But, of course, no one did. They just called me names—thief, crazy—quite right. It saved me. I called them thief back. Quite right, too. They were just as much as I was—Pelletier never got back half his stuff, or said he didn't, which is the same thing. But it was a narrow thing with me for a minute."

The voice trailed off and stopped. She lay quite motionless.

"One"—she heard again—"out of—what is it?—seven millions!"

She could hear anew in the stillness, all the accustomed noises of the great ship's whispering, creaking progress through the sea.

"Josephine!"

She closed her eyes tight and forced a steady respiration.

"Josephine!" she heard again. "Josephine!" Then a sigh. "She's asleep. Good thing, too."

Later, very much later, when he had been long asleep, she cautiously rose and wrapped furs about herself. She was afraid of more light than the pale circle he had left there in the ship's side. By its dim reflection she wrote out on the corner of the dressing-table in inexplicable haste the cable she was to send back next day from Southampton to Hoxton. Simply "All well. Will continue trip." The words barely filled a line on the note-

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paper, but they would tell Hoxton all he wished to know. For that matter they would tell the world all the world wished to know, yet their mean inadequacy to what she had to tell suddenly made her cry. It was like a careless epitaph on an unloved grave. He had showed her a suffering that seemed to her unendurably pitiable; she could not turn instantly to the world outside and say "He sounds sane." There had to be more. She felt choked by the need of the one word more, the phrase that would utter at once the failure, the triumph, and the pity of it. There must be some such word somewhere to describe what men are like when, tired of deaf heavens and bootless cries, they take Life in their hands to tear an answer out. She stared down at the dim page as if the word might form itself there on the paper under her hot gaze.

It was long before she despaired and, like him, leaving an unfinished phrase, crept back to sleep.

Sanctuary

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

WHERE is the quietness that used to be
The very air of Oxford? Every street
Is now a vein where clamorously beat
The vehement pulses of modernity,
And through the tumult motorcycles rage,
Bacilli of a fever-stricken age.

The noise and dust affront with flouts obscene
The immemorial walls—but many a gate
Stands open to a sanctuary green,
Of peace and beauty still inviolate.
Enter, and leave all sordid care behind;
Tranquillity shall bathe your reverent mind.

There is in Florence an old pharmacy
Where centuries of essences distilled
By patient pious hands have gradually
The very stones with subtle fragrance filled.
So sweet with ancient good is everything,
We breathe the soul of healing, entering.

So centuries of concentrated thought
And consecrated labor, gathered here,
Have passed into the very earth and wrought
A richly meditative atmosphere.
The shadow of these trees at once is balm
And stimulant. Here reigns a fruitful calm.

Therefore let each whose dazed and dusty heart
This sanctuary's cleansing cool enjoys
Be of its quiet harmony a part;
The mind has other playgrounds for its toys.
So shall the student's blessing here abound,
And all who enter feel it holy ground.

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AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

I WAS pleased to see the March number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE leading off with an excellent short story, called "Bachelors of Arts," by Edward Venable; because I am firm in the faith that his novel "Pierre Vinton" is a work of distinction. For some unknown reason it has never attracted general attention; yet whoever, at my instigation, has read it has done so with enthusiasm. Mr. Beach, the director of Beach's Bookshop in Indianapolis, is convinced that it is still possible to bring "Pierre Vinton" and the public together. Therefore, once more I advertise the book, confident that any intelligent person who reads that brilliant and time-cheating novel will enjoy it. I also believe that the day will come when Mr. Venable will be almost as well known as he deserves to be.

Doctor Eugene Watson Burlingame is performing a valuable service for English readers in his translations from the Pāli (a dialect of Sanscrit that originated in northern India about 700 B. C.). In 1921 he published, in three tall and beautifully printed volumes, the Buddhist legends, consisting of short stories which are decidedly more interesting than the average man would imagine. The introduction, giving an account of the life of the Buddha, and preparing the reader for the stories by indicating the proper way to approach them, is particularly well done. Many of the narratives are dramatic, not a few are humorous, and it makes for a liberal education to become familiar with these tales. In 1922 Doctor Burlingame published another translation, called "Buddhist Parables," and in 1923 he added to our debt by selecting twenty-six tales from this larger work and issuing them in one attractive volume called "The Grateful Elephant and Other Stories." This is intended to be a book for children, and the intention is realized. To quote from his prefatory note: "The translation is a close, idiomatic rendering of the original Pāli text. . . . The author has not, however, 'written down' any of the stories in order to remove such difficulties as the original translation may present to the child." There are ten full-page illustrations, which will stimulate the imagination of boys and girls. Here is a fine opportunity to combine instruction with entertainment, and to widen the horizon of the mind.

Another new and exceedingly important book by Carlyle! This is a volume containing his letters—never before printed—to John Stuart Mill, to John Sterling, to Robert Browning. Whether one can or cannot read straight through "The French Revolution," one cannot possibly fail to be interested in everything that concerns the personality of its author. These letters reveal his innate nobility, his humor, his infinite charm; for charming he certainly was. The letters to Mill show his capacity for friendship, and although the two young men drifted far apart, they never forgot their early intimacy. The letters exchanged on the tragic occasion of the loss of Carlyle's manuscript are not only dramatic, they reveal the rectitude of the minds of both. An exchange of thoughts between two such men is inspiring. Inasmuch as Carlyle is thought by some to have lost entirely the religious faith in which he was nurtured, it may be well to quote the letter he wrote to Mill on January 20, 1834:

> Best of all do I sympathize with you in regard to the New Testament. Every word I say is spoken out of my heart. Great, soul-inspiring, unfathomable in significance, is that poor artless Biography by Saint Matthew! Of all *Antigigmen* too, in any time, in any place, the greatest is that divine Hero of Saint Matthew. A thousand times have his words, even through all *these* impediments, brought life and hope back into my heart: I have wept warm tears, as I thought of *him;* and how the voice of his Glad Tidings (the *gladdest* of all; for it was of man's indefeasible divineness) had gone forth to all lands, had reached even the

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English land and me. "*Be of good cheer! I have overcome the world*": I!—if you consider that, and who the *I* was, a whole Gospel lies in it.—Saint John I regard with you as a kind of *didactic* Biographer, less taken up with his hero than with what he fancies to be his hero's philosophy; of far inferior value therefore; less artless, perhaps one might say less sincere. On the whole, it is the thorough *heartiness*, the intense and entire *sincerity* of the Bible that makes it still the Book of Books. In no other Book is there the same quality in such a degree; some touches of it (under circumstances strangely new) I meet with in Goethe, almost alone of the moderns. I advise you to persevere in reading the Bible (in *seeing* it, through all distances and disguises): that here too you have discarded *Dilettantism*, and can earnestly look at the Earnest, this is a new pleasure to me.

Here is another tribute to the Bible, June 13, 1833:

Will you understand me if I say there is still no Book in the whole world where I find the Spiritual Warfare of Men tenth-part so faithfully delineated, so cheeringly too, and instructively when once you have got to *read* it, as in the Jewish *Book*, well named the Book of Books? I protest, it is even so. In fine then I bid you go on unflinchingly, not resting till your "Doubting-Castle" Prison is burst asunder; *love* the Truth, and the Truth now as heretofore *will* make you free.

Writing to Browning, April 25, 1856, on "Men and Women," he saw and said that Browning was the leading poet of the age.

Such a faculty of talent, "genius" if you like the name better, seems to me *worth* cultivating, worth sacrificing oneself to tame and subdue into perfection;—none more so, that I know, of men now alive. Nay, in a private way, I admit to myself that here apparently is the *finest* poetic genius, finest possibility of such, we have got vouchsafed us in this generation, and that it will be a terrible pity if we spill it in the process of elaboration. Said genius, too, I perceive, has really *grown*, in all ways, since I saw it last; I hope it will continue growing, though the difficulties are neither few nor small!

In Carl Chapin's column, "The Saturday Contributor," appearing in the Waterbury *American*, Mrs. Case and I are justly rebuked for not being able to finish "The French Revolution." After trying not five, but five-and-twenty times, Mr. Chapin himself went through it like a needle through cheese. He writes, "At the start it is as repellent as a chapter of Sanscrit. But the time comes, say after a hundred pages or so—at least it did come with The Contributor—when the reader catches stride with the style and, thereafter, it is a thing of delight in itself. The other discouraging factor is the obscure method of treatment. It is not direct historical narrative. Rather it is a critical discussion of matters which the writer appears to assume are as familiar, in their main outlines, to the reader as they are to himself. Characters leap abruptly into the story and carry it along for page after page without revealing to the uninitiated who they may be or what relation their actions may bear to the main thread of the plot. It all seems diffuse, episodic, superficial, and extremely puzzling. Yet at the end, casting back, it will usually be found that Carlyle has, in his outlandish way, painted his picture of personality and action with a comprehensiveness and minuteness such as few writers attain.

"The Contributor believes that his own success in this final attack on the 'French Revolution' was mainly due to the fact that, just previously, 'Scaramouche' had set him to browsing among the biographies and histories of the period, so that he went into action with the main characters and the thread of the plot vividly fresh in his mind and thus was able to foil Carlyle's best efforts to throw him off the track. He recommends the method to Billy Phelps and Elizabeth Case and all other unfortunates who have thus far been deprived of the delight that lies in complete victory over this wonderful exposition of the workings of human nature upon the history of mankind."

Well, Waterbury has a true bill against both Hartford and New Haven. I not only feel under conviction of sin, but I hereby promise Carl Chapin that I will finish "The French Revolution" unless it finishes me.

Georg Brandes and Benedetto Croce are perhaps the most influential and the most universally respected of living literary critics. They are philosophers and citizens of the world. An excellent brief biography and appraisal of the former may be found in English, in a book of 150 pages, written by Julius Moritzen, "Georg Brandes in Life and Letters," while Croce's book on Goethe will add to the author's steadily growing reputation.

Yet I am not of those who hold that

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foreign authors are *ipso facto* better than those who use our mother tongue. I have never bowed the knee to Ibañez, who seems to me not a creative artist, but a caterer; and Papini's "The Failure" (*Un Uomo Finito*) is an autobiographical novel wherein the writer has filled his belly with the East Wind. That sounds like Mah-Jong, but it is really a quotation from the Bible. The book is a volcanic eruption of egotism, giving the inner life of a poor but ambitious youth who, while despising the world and all its inhabitants except one, could not be happy unless he became famous—that is, he was burningly eager for the worship of those for whose critical judgment he had only contempt; in which attitude he is not unique. He bellows out his turgid dreams, hopes, doubts, fears, in a manner that is meant to be impressive and is extremely tiresome. When one reads such a gallimaufry, one feels that after all there may be something to be said for our Anglo-Saxon reserve. Every imaginative and bookish boy, every ambitious and cloudy adolescent, has wild dreams—he is continually the protagonist of sombre tragedies and of romantic comedies played on the stage of his own brain. But a respect for his own personality and for the time and rights of others inhibits him from dumping these crudities and vagaries on the printed page. Papini has a fiery heart, a glowing, passionate temperament which, if controlled, might produce valuable works of literature; but the words restraint, reserve, and tolerance are to him unknown. When he was an atheist he was sure that every one was an ass who was anything else; now that he is a Christian, all who differ from him are intellectually contemptible and morally perverted. The book is a good one to omit. I hope that the translator, who has done her work very well indeed, will select next time something more worthy of her talents.

The critic cannot treat gushy effusions as a policeman suppresses an unpleasant noise; but it may be that the old master of Balliol, Doctor Jowett, knew what he was about when he received two confessional students with apparent brutality. One told him that he had suddenly found God. The master replied, "This is very nice, but don't run and tell everybody about it." Another remarked in great excitement that he had lost his faith in God; he was advised to find it again before five o'clock that afternoon, or he could pack his bag and go home. He found it.

I can never sufficiently praise that series of books known as The Loeb Classical Library; one of the latest additions is assuredly of the best, and will have a particularly wide appeal. This small volume contains Cicero's beautiful and intimate essays on Old Age, on Friendship, and on Divination, translated into elegant and suave English by William Armistead Falconer, emeritus judge of the tenth chancery circuit of Arkansas. The British have not a complete monopoly of men who combine scholarship and public life; this translation was made, purely for the love of it, by Judge Falconer, in moments snatched from work, on trains, in hotels, and other unlikely places. Then it was thoroughly revised, but still with no thought of publication until the poet Brookes More, also of Arkansas, saw the manuscript, gave it to his brother Paul, who in turn showed it to Edward Capps, the American editor of the Loeb Series. Such a work is a credit to America.

A short time ago a business man read the translation of Cicero on Old Age to his wife, disguising the authorship and the Latin names; she believed it to be a contemporary work. It is indeed singularly modern in sentiment—and how infinitely more interesting than those blowy orations of Cicero we were all forced to read at school!

Didn't my friend Mencken say somewhere that there were no intelligent persons in the State of Arkansas? When I was in Little Rock a few years ago, I did homage to the governor of the State, because his enemies said he cared more for literature than for politics.

To those who are still unfamiliar with the most humorous book produced by the war, let me recommend "Les Silences du Colonel Bramble," by André Maurois, which is an unmitigated joy. For as Samson drew honey from the carcass of a lion, sweetness from strength, so M. Maurois has extracted the essence of humor from the darkest tragedy of modern times.

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And I have just finished reading a book of unclouded mirth. It has nothing to do with the war; it has nothing to do with anything except spontaneous fun. This is "Leave it to Psmith," by the English novelist, P. G. Wodehouse. It is a full-length novel, continuously and irresistibly humorous, without once becoming dull or flat. Any one who could read it and not surrender ought to see a specialist. I will personally guarantee this book; and if any reader does not like it, he should be exhibited among the curiosities in a museum. I lent a copy to a professor of physiological chemistry—a study that ought to add seriousness to life—and reading it late at night, he emitted such a series of chirps, yelps, barks, and guffaws that his daughter sprang from bed and came running down-stairs to see what was the matter.

General Charles H. Sherrill is an all-around man. When he was an undergraduate he was famous as an athlete. He established many new records and won seven intercollegiate championships. Since that time he has been a lawyer and a diplomat, in which latter capacity he served as United States minister to Argentina. As brigadier-general and adjutant-general, in the State of New York, he was in charge of the United States draft, 1917–1918. A great sprinter in college, he has since become an accomplished globe-trotter, having written many books about world-problems, the Monroe Doctrine, America's policy in the Far East. He has interviewed nearly all the prime ministers in Europe, and his latest book, "The Purple or the Red," shows that he has interviewed many kings. His photographs reveal their majesties in informal attitudes, and are signed with the royal chirograph. On the same day that this work on international politics was published in New York, another book of a quite different nature by the same author was published in London. This is "Stained Glass Tours in Spain and Flanders," with seventeen illustrations and two maps. He had previously issued three volumes, dealing with stained-glass tours respectively in England, in France, in Italy. They make admirable guide-books to the glorious cathedrals in Europe. I do not know which side of General Sherrill's activities—the political or the artistic—he himself enjoys the most. But, although all his writings are lively—for he is a born interviewer—I personally prefer the ones on stained glass because I find cathedrals more interesting than politics.

Another book of travel that I heartily recommend is "Old Morocco and the Forbidden Atlas," by Professor Clarence E. Andrews. It is a true tale of adventure, copiously illustrated. The author's style is so vivid that one plainly sees the scenery through the prose.

A very good book on religion, good because it is simple and not at all controversial, is "Why I Believe in Religion," by Charles R. Brown, Dean of the Yale Divinity School. The six chapters were originally lectures; and so great was the interest when they were spoken in New Haven in the autumn of 1923, that the first four had to be delivered in different halls, each bigger than its predecessor. Had Doctor Brown given a seventh lecture, he would have had to move to the Yale Bowl, as the largest auditorium in the city was too small. There is no subject more interesting than religion; I saw in the newspapers that when Harry Fosdick lectured in Chicago, a number of persons were injured in the mad scramble of the crowd to get inside the building. Why on earth, then, should so many sermons be dry? Surely it is not the fault of the theme.

Perhaps the cause of the siccous nature of so many sermons is also the cause of so many failures in business, of so many ineffective lawyers, of so many fifth-rate professors, dramatists, musicians, painters—but why go on? "Heaven's gift takes earth's abatement," said Browning. As the majority of human beings have neither black nor yellow hair, but brownish; as the majority of singers can neither go very low nor very high, but are either mezzos or barytones; as the majority of writers are neither brilliant nor stupid; as the majority of citizens are neither heroes nor criminals, but just folks—why expect genius in the pulpit? An impartial history of humanity would be a record of the commonplace. Yet

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nearly all persons are both interesting and lovable if studied with intelligence, understanding, and sympathy.

Rose Macaulay's novel, "Told by an Idiot," is the best book she has written since "Potterism." It is the story of the last three generations, in which she shows that folly is always in fashion. The title, however, is misleading. Shakespeare did not say that human life was a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. His own career is a sufficient refutation. He placed that appraisal of life in the mouth of a murderer, who tried to gain the whole world and became bankrupt. From his own point of view, his final assets were just nothing. But Macbeth himself very well knew the kind of old age he might have had.

> And that which should accompany old age,
> As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
> I must not look to have.

To regard human beings satirically is in itself no more a sign of intelligence than to regard them sympathetically. Dickens was as great a genius as any of the masters of irony. The novelist often is, however, as in the case of Rose Macaulay, a historian of manners; and to any cool observer the game of life seems more absurd than to those who are actively engaged in it. A looker-on at the Stock Exchange, at a football game, at a religious revival-meeting, at a political convention, might easily regard the spectacle as equivalent to a madhouse; but it has significance to those who are participants. To those who do not care for golf, the excitement of the players seems merely absurd; to those who do not care for religion, the exhortations of the preacher or the life in a convent would appear to be the last word in futility; to those who care nothing for art, the eager discussions about tone and color would seem silly. Fortunately the largest proportion of people are not spectators; they are too busy with their own particular jobs; the work of the world is being carried on by men and women in the dust and heat, and they know that life is neither a tragedy nor a comedy, but an opportunity. To have a home, with wife and children in it, to earn honestly enough to meet the day's needs, is not to be either ridiculous or disgusting. Ask any such "forgotten man" what he thinks of the value of life, and his look of inquiry will make you ashamed.

It is curious how differently people regard human beings. Some, upon entering a trolley-car, hate every one else in the vehicle; some look upon the crowd at a street corner with disgust; it must be wonderful to have such a sense of superiority, to have such childlike unquestioning faith in one's own splendid intellect. The most amusing thing is to enter a fashionable hotel, and as you advance to the office desk, followed by your travelling bags, to glance for a moment at those individuals who, having already been there some days, now gaze at you from their settled and comfortable chairs. They look at you as though you were garbage. In the same way, many people, travelling in foreign lands, hate all their fellow countrymen whom they meet. This scorn used to distress me, just as I used to be disturbed by the contempt of a waiter in a hotel or a butler in a fashionable mansion; now I am only amused; and instead of being sorry for myself, I am sorry for those who sit in the seat of the scornful. One may have a certain satisfaction in a feeling of complacency or superiority, but such an emotion is not so desirable as the cheerfulness produced by a general sympathy for mankind.

When one thinks of the vast folly displayed in human history, it is easy to despise human nature; but when one thinks of the vast number of individuals who, with little money, little education, little ability, nevertheless put up a brave front and meet the day's work with uncomplaining serenity, then it is impossible not to see that human nature is sublime.

Still, there is an intellectual pleasure in reading a brilliant review of the human scene which Bunyan called Vanity Fair. Rose Macaulay's novel, showing that the younger generation is always just that, and the older generation just that, is well worth an attentive perusal. Satire is valuable provided we apply it first of all to ourselves; then we shall not only enjoy it, but make it profitable. This is why I found Miss Macaulay's "Potterism" so enormously delectable; I immediately perceived that there was not only a streak of potterism in every human being, but a

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large percentage of the same in my own mind; I determined to lessen it, and although you may find it impossible to believe me, I really have got rid of some of it; not all, of course.

If one takes satire as applicable only to others, if one listens to a sermon only with the fervent wish that one's neighbor could have heard it, then one may be in that supremely ridiculous position where one is laughing heartily at a joke supposedly on some one else, and be the last of the company to perceive where the joke most accurately fits. The mote and the beam.

The Travelers Insurance Company of Hartford has two claims to recognition apart from its *raison d'être;* first, it is the only insurance organization that has published a literary classic; second, in doing so, it published the only American edition of the works of Walter Bagehot. This edition in five handsome volumes, edited by the accomplished Forrest Morgan, appeared some thirty years ago, and is eagerly sought by book collectors. Perhaps there never was a time when Bagehot's wisdom and humor were more needed than in 1924.

My remarks on golf in the March issue drew an interesting letter from the Actuary of the Travelers, Edward B. Morris, who wrote me: "I was particularly interested in your story about the golfer who had trouble at the water hazard, especially as it suggested another actual happening, I believe on the Springfield course, under somewhat similar conditions but with more of a climax; the story of the Springfield golfer being that after he had driven his golf-balls into the pond, he threw in his clubs, then his bag, as you have related, but then—he jumped in himself. However, there are proofs that such a thing is not entirely unusual. For example; some years ago they drained off the pond that created the water hazard at the ninth hole at The Farmington Country Club and found some 1,400 golf-balls, 23 golf-clubs, and one golf bag."

The mixed information so commonly given in answers to examinations is well illustrated in the following conversation between two American ladies in Venice. I assure my readers it is absolutely authentic.

"In 1912 I met in Venice a pretty American widow who was travelling with more trunks and jewelry than brains. One day she asked where I had been. I answered: 'Up on the Rialto.' 'Oh!' she said, 'that is just an old bridge with little nasty shops and no American would think of going there if Shylock Holmes had not written about it.'"

Why worry? I called on President Eliot in his office at Harvard one winter day in 1900; in leaving, I said I hoped to come and see him again on my next visit to Cambridge; he replied that he might not be there. In amazement I inquired if he were going to resign. "Certainly *not;* but, Mr. Phelps, I am sixty-six." This struck me as so funny that I burst out laughing. Had he then known that twenty-four years later he would be both alive and active, he would have been spared much superfluous apprehension. I mention this for the benefit of that large class of persons who, upon reaching the age of sixty, spend the next thirty years predicting their speedy death.

An eminent scholar sends me the following information, with pungent comment:

"You may be interested to know that a colleague of mine in Zurich, quite a young man and therefore not a mere *laudator temporis acti* writes me with a sigh audible in spite of the distance that the conferring of doctorates in the German and French Universities is now largely influenced by political considerations. This is too bad, but what does all this matter when we consider that even after a development of hundreds of thousands of years since the stage of the pithecanthropos the majority of people still refuse or at least dislike to see things as they are? However, *sat prata biberunt.*"

Why should any one regard it as an insult to be mistaken for one who does honest work? Coming down to breakfast at seven in a Philadelphia hotel, I saw a man bending over the unlighted newspaper stand. I asked: "Are these to-day's New York papers?" He turned around re-

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sentfully and said: "I don't know any more about it than you do." I saw he thought that I thought he was the paper man, and perhaps I did. Then the more the idea penetrated his mind, the angrier he became, and he added stuffily: "How would I know any more about it than you?" Of course he ought to have said, "How *should* I know?" But the time for giving him a lesson in English grammar seemed inopportune; so I merely said: "Sir, your face seemed so intelligent that I thought you could answer any question I should be able to ask." He snorted. But why should he be angry? Is democracy only cant? Once, when I entered a theatre and stood at the top of the aisle, a man and his girl approached; he shoved his tickets into my hands and demanded that I show him his seats. I answered: "I'd do it in a minute, old man, if I had the least idea where they were." Then he profusely apologized, and his companion most becomingly blushed. But why apologize? I was not in the least angry—why on earth should I be? At a social function in New Haven, a freshman handed the plate containing the remnants of his food to a New York multimillionaire, thinking him to be the butler. The great capitalist, leader of Newport society, instead of throwing the plate in the boy's face, took it without comment and carried it away; thus saving the boy's feelings and demonstrating that he was in truth a gentleman.

On March 6, I had the pleasure of hearing a centenary performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, in Philadelphia, conducted by Leopold Stokowski, with the choral part sung by the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto. The orchestra played magnificently; and the huge choir did that particular community singing better than I had ever heard it; but the solo parts were, as usual, unimpressive. I do not believe that it is possible to sing those solos in a way to thrill or to transport the audience; yet Mr. Willem Mengelberg told me, in an interesting conversation I had with him the other day, that his soloists in Amsterdam can and do accomplish this feat. I have heard the Ninth Symphony in Paris, Munich, Philadelphia, and New York; the first three movements seem to me the very height of the inspiration of genius; I get all kinds of spinal chills. But the vocal solos have given me invariably only one emotion, intense sympathy for the singers. They try so hard, and achieve so little. Now I am going to Amsterdam this autumn to see Mr. Mengelberg on his native heath; perhaps he can convince me.

On Saturday afternoon, March 22, I heard and saw a beautiful performance of "Der Freischütz," given in the Metropolitan Opera House, for the first time in many years. Exactly two decades ago I heard this charming opera in Munich; but the New York presentation was so much better vocally, dramatically, scenically, that there is simply no comparison. The spirit of old Germany—before the imperial abscess developed—is seen and felt better in "Die Meistersinger" and in "Der Freischütz" than in tons of histories, guide-books, and psychology tests. By the way—I wonder why the lovely French horn melody, played early in the overture and familiar to all churchgoers, has no echo in the opera. . . . Michel Bohnen as Caspar carried off the honors of the occasion; he is a most valuable acquisition. I hope to live long enough to see him as Don Giovanni; but I shall have to wait until he has learned the Italian words. For Mr. Otto Kahn is absolutely right in insisting that all operas be sung in the original language of the libretto. The Metropolitan Opera House is the only place in the world where this is done; because it is the only place able to afford such luxuries.

Lawrence Gilman contrives to leaven his expositions on concert programmes with refreshing humor; but I do not suppose he intended the following concise statement of fact to suggest anything it does not explicitly say, yet:

ALEXANDER GLAZOUNOW
BORN AT PETROGRAD. . . STILL LIVING

It has been an unusually fine season in New York at the theatres; and as truly international as the Metropolitan Opera House. We have had French, German, Russian, Hungarian, British, Irish, Italian plays. Omitting Shakespeare and

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Rostand, the best play of the year is the English drama "Outward Bound." The entire action is compressed within the limits of the smoking-room of a steamer; but life, death, the last judgment, heaven, hell, in fact the universe—all come into the scene.

One is reminded of old John Donne's verse:

"And makes one little room an everywhere."

I suppose the title, "Outward Bound," was taken from Browning's poem "Bishop Blongram's Apology," as the title of one of the best American comedies of the year, "The Potters," is taken from Rose Macaulay's "Potterism." In course of time "Potter" may become as damaging a label as "Babbitt."

The plan of "Beggar on Horseback," exquisitely produced by Winthrop Ames, is taken from a German play by Paul Apel, called "Hans Sonnenstösser's Höllenfahrt" (Hans Sonnenstösser's Journey to Hell), which I saw in Munich in 1911. The American adaptation is better than the German original and much better presented; but, after all, the German author did create the idea. If it were not for this, I would vote for "Beggar on Horseback" as the best American play of the year. It is a delight to the eyes, and the satire on American life irresistibly funny.

On October 28, 1911, I heard the first Munich performance of the German original. The fall of the final curtain was greeted by terrific applause, terrific hissing and catcalls, and one man in the audience endeavored to make a speech.

Edna Ferber, in her novel "So Big," has written something so big as to be altogether the best American novel of the season. It is in truth a splendid achievement, full of inspiration for the men and women strong enough to stand it, and a tragic warning to all who follow the line of least resistance. For when we last see the hero we appreciate the bitter irony of the title of the book. Was there ever a more striking instance of diminuendo?

Elinor Wylie, in "Jennifer Lorn," has written a romance of the eighteenth century in a style so beautiful as to leave one all a stare. Where did she get the secret of this exquisite prose, with its subtle rhythm and cadence, its all but infallible choice of words? When Sinclair Lewis, "alone in London," read this new book, he became so excited that he cabled his joy to the New York *Herald*. And I don't blame him.

A novel by a new author is "You Too," by Roger Burlingame. It is an extremely good book, full of shrewd observation, and healthy to the core. I salute an original novelist.

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THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

DEGAS was born in Paris ninety years ago, in 1834. He died in the same city in 1917, not only full of years, but quite literally full of honors, universally acclaimed as one of the great masters of French art. He left a prodigious body of work behind him in his studio. Glancing over the eight catalogues of the sales through which it was dispersed in 1918 and 1919 I find that they run, all told, to nearly three thousand numbers. For the paintings and drawings in this mass of treasure there was the keenest competition among collectors and dealers, competition productive of a fortune—over which, by the way, the heirs have had a pretty quarrel. Several examples of Degas have passed into the Louvre. In a word, nothing has been lacking to stamp him as an artist of the type the French like to call "illustrious." If one thing was needed to "consecrate" his memory it has been provided this summer. For the benefit of La Ligue Franco-Anglo-Américaine Contre le Cancer, under the auspices of a distinguished committee, there was opened in April at the Galerie Petit, in the Rue de Sèze, a remarkable exhibition of the works of Degas. It came as in some sort a final affirmation of his genius, bringing his art and his ideas once more under discussion and this time as the art and ideas of a classic.

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IT is customary to group Degas with the Impressionists, and this is natural enough. He was friendly with them and especially with Manet, for whom he had, indeed, a deep and lasting affection. He was allied for long years, as they were, too, with that great figure among dealers, Paul Durand-Ruel; and where his potent influence went it carried Degas and Monet, say, together, thus fortuitously emphasizing an association which might not otherwise have appeared to be particularly close. Yet all the time Degas remained really an isolated character. The reserve which he showed in his ordinary walk and demeanor indicates also the aloofness of his art. In a superficial view you would say that Degas was a man of the world. He had the right traits for social intercourse, if he chose to exploit them. He had, to begin with, a vitriolic wit, and they say that he used to shine in the famous salon of the Princess Mathilde. As his pictures show, he frequented the races and the *coulisses*. Once, when he was in his prime, an officer of the government asked him if there was anything he could do for him, expecting that Degas would want a ribbon or something of that sort. The artist replied that what he really desired was a free pass for life into the precincts of the Opera, so that he could study the ballet to his heart's content. Yes, decidedly, Degas had plenty of mundane contacts and enjoyed them. But they left his art in essence untouched. There never was, spiritually speaking, a more redoubtable recluse. There are many piquant stories about him, but the most characteristic one I know is the story disclosing the hermit in him. Talking with a friend he said: "You know Forain? Well, he has a telephone." "Yes," replied the friend, "I suppose he has." "Do you know what they do?" continued Degas. "They ring him up and they ring him up." "Naturally," said the other. "What of it?" "Sacré Nom de Dieu!" exclaimed the master. "But he answers them!" A telephone is unthinkable in the apartment in which Degas barricaded himself for years, sealing his door to all save a few friends like Rouart, Durand-Ruel, Forain, or Manet. It would be a mistake to infer from all this that he was just a curmudgeon. He could be not only friendly, but helpful. To Mary Cassatt, for example, he was a stimulating comrade, and only the other day, when I met in New York the Parisianized Spaniard, José María Sert, I was interested to learn that he owed his good drawing in a measure to his having profited by the kindly counsel of Degas. When he came out of his shell he could be

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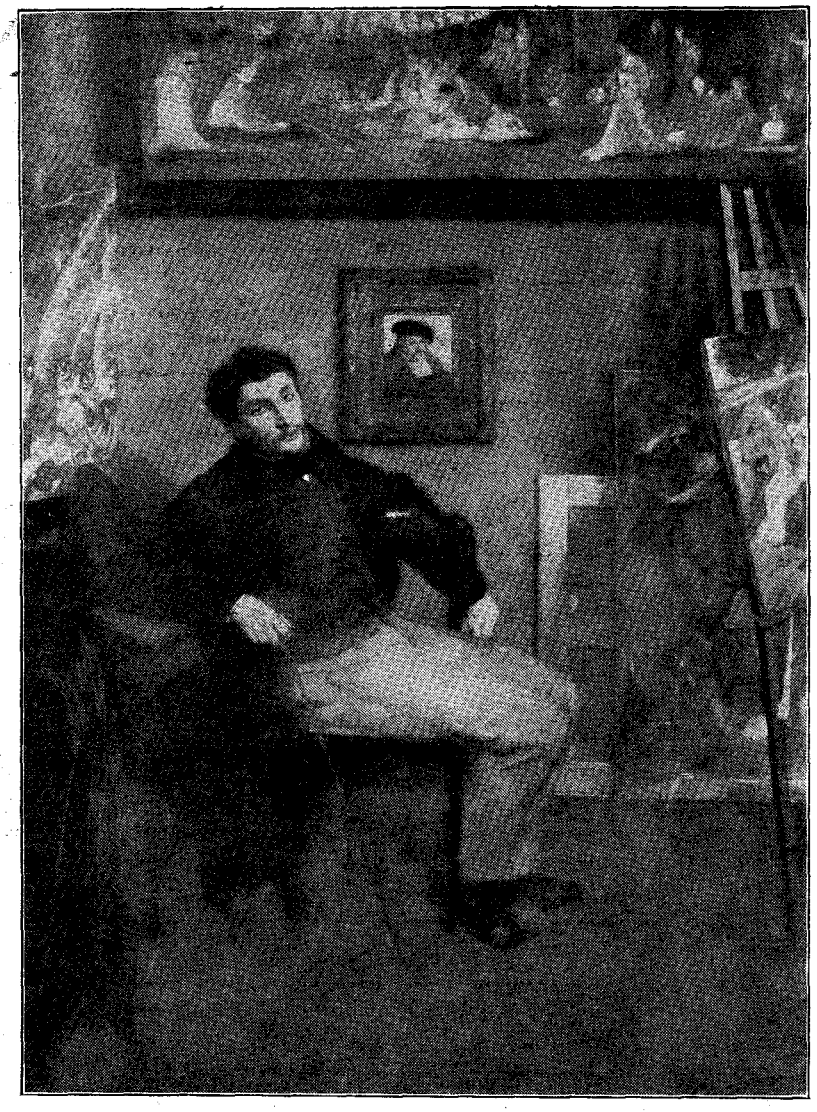

Portrait of a young man in the studio of an artist.
From the painting by Degas.

delightful. Only he preferred mostly to stay in it, to stay detached from the ordinary currents of contemporary art.

LOOK to his origins and you look to influences which persisted in him all his life long. This intensely modern artist, a progressive of the progressives, the very antithesis of all things academic, was one of the loyalest disciples of the old masters that ever lived. In his formative period as a young man he haunted the Louvre and the great Italian galleries. There is a story that his copy of Poussin's "Rape of the Sabines" cost him a year's labor. He copied Clouet and Holbein and sat reverently at the feet of Ghirlandajo. He adored the Primitives. His master at the École des Beaux Arts had been Lamothe, who had been the pupil of Ingres and Flandrin. A framer of artistic pedigrees might say that Ingres begat Lamothe and Lamothe begat Degas. He

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went to Rome in the fifties and foregathered with men like Elie Delaunay, Bonnat, and the sculptors Chapu and Paul Dubois. He knew also in Rome the romanticist Gustave Moreau and the composer Bizet, but theirs was not the spirit that communicated itself to him. He was altogether on the side of those conservative ideas which prevailed at the Villa Medicis. I remember coming upon a striking portrait in the museum at Bayonne that he painted of Bonnat, the young Bonnat in a monumental top hat. It is the souvenir of a friendship rooted in a mutual respect for certain ideals of art. Nevertheless they did not tread a common path. Bonnat returned from Italy a predestined Salonnier. Degas was ever to disdain the official standard under which his comrade enlisted. But they were united irrevocably in a passion for research into form. The direction Degas took is interestingly suggested by one of the earliest incidents in his career. In 1861 he tackled a subject which, as a subject, was well calculated to qualify him for the Salon, "Semiramis Building the Walls of Babylon." The picture is no masterpiece. But that is the only epithet to be applied to one of the studies he made for it, the famous study for a virtually headless draped figure seen in profile. That proclaims—as early as 1861—the true Degas, the consummate disciple of Ingres.

Figure from "The Duo."
From the drawing by Degas.

GEORGE MOORE has a charming story of a visit of his to the dusty apartment in the Rue Pigalle. His eye went straight to a drawing placed upon the sideboard, a faint drawing in red chalk, and his quick movement toward it brought an exclamation from Degas. "Ah! look at it," he said. "I bought it only a few days ago; it is a drawing of a female hand by Ingres; look at those finger-nails, see how they are indicated. That's my idea of genius, a man who finds a hand so lovely, so difficult to render, that he will shut himself up all his life, content to do nothing else but indicate finger-nails." As Moore says, the

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Le Bureau de Coton.
From the painting by Degas in the museum at Pau.

whole of the artist's life is summed up in this passage. And, apropos, there is an important distinction to observe. I have gone down to Montauban to study the vast collection of the drawings by Ingres there preserved. I have seen almost as many of the drawings of Degas. Both masters are equally free from the implication that might, in error, be drawn from the foregoing anecdote. Neither of them, shutting himself up all his life to indicate finger-nails, worked in the spirit of the Oriental, spending years in the carving of a cherry-stone. Both, on the contrary, drew with extraordinary gusto for the vital elements in life. They were miraculous craftsmen absorbed in the study of nature.

Degas didn't take over from Ingres a style, a mode of draftsmanship. What the older man stimulated in him, rather, was an inborn instinct for truth and for the rectitude of drawing. It is this that links him with the old masters, explains his youthful devotion to them. He was a true Frenchman, which is to say a true child of tradition. Nothing is more foolish than to think of tradition as an academic formula. It is simply the tribute which the genuine artist pays to the wisdom of the finer spirits in the art of all ages. Degas, with tradition in his blood, proceeded in perfect freedom to express himself. The mood in which he designed his Semiramis picture went down the wind. The mood in which he drew his incomparable studies for it governed the development of his entire career and he was never more essentially classical, more essentially the disciple of Ingres, than when he used his great draftsmanship to define the most modern of forms.

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WHAT did Degas make of life in his art? What did he see, by preference, in the great human spectacle, and what were his thoughts about it? Dip into the first of those catalogues to which I have referred, the one given to paintings

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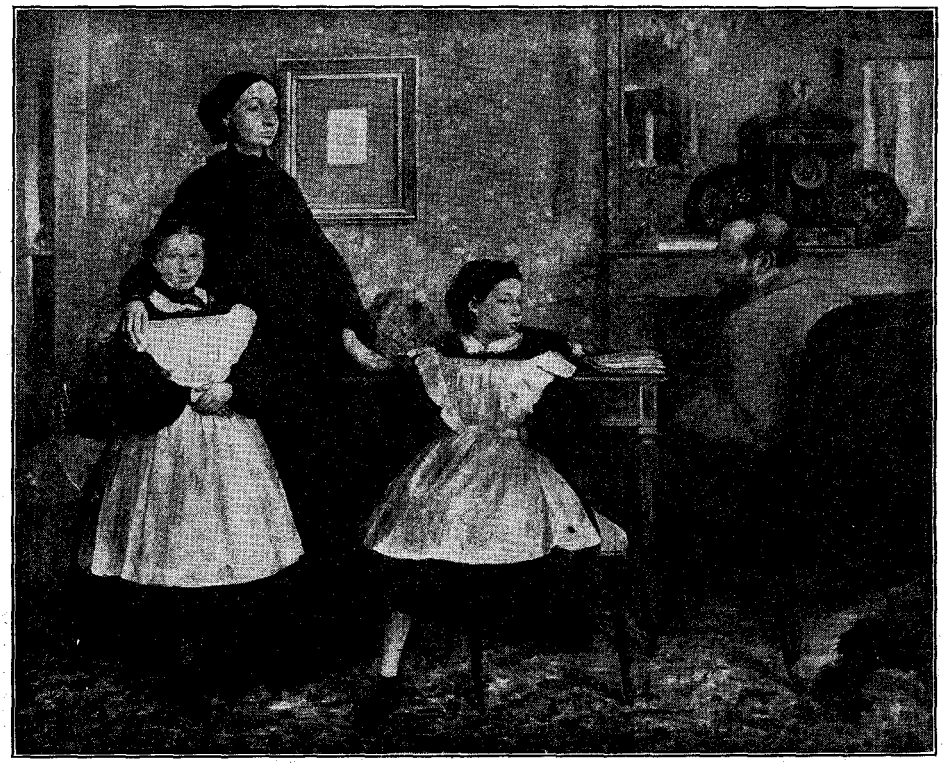
he possessed from other hands, and you will find Delacroix as well as Ingres, Puvis de Chavannes as well as Manet. But appreciation of the chief of the Romantics had no more effect upon the determination of his own gait than had the tranquil inspiration of the great mural painter. The actuality of the moment



Portrait de Famille.
From the painting by Degas in the Louvre.

was the object upon which Degas kept his eye. A cool spirit, as of scientific inquiry, presides over practically everything that he ever did, the exceptions to the rule being so few as to be almost negligible. The outstanding exception is, of course, the celebrated "Intérieur" in the Pope collection. The story, if it has one to tell, remains singularly obscure, a characteristic negation of that anecdotic vein so common in the Salon that the master hated. He may have started to paint the picture in the key of Balzac, but he wound up in the key of Degas—undramatic, passionless, prosaic. I have thought sometimes of the naturalistic school of French fiction when I have stood before the painting that passed with the Camondo collection into the Louvre, "L'Absinthe," it is so Zolaesque a transcript from life, but nothing is done by Degas to underline such tragic ingredients as may belong to the composition. He paints what he sees and leaves the moral to take care of itself, obviously having no emotion whatever to spend on the subject. I recall a third painting lying off his beaten track, an unfinished canvas which appeared in the Paris sale and was then sold over again in New York, going into the possession of an American artist. It was a racing scene in which a thrown jockey lay with a deadly pallor upon his face while the field thundered over him. It was an accident, pure and simple, that the artist portrayed; not drama thought out. It is one of the delightfulest paradoxes that this denizen of the theatre, who was forever looking at the stage, depicting the movement of the

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ballet, studying singers across the footlights, painting "Miss Lola" as she hung from the ceiling of the circus, clinging to the cord's end by her teeth, never brought into his art the faintest trace of theatricality. In the theatre and out of it he looked at life from a point of view sublimely disinterested.

they see it in the Victoria and Albert Museum. All three of these paintings show Degas at his best, a young but puissant master. Yet for my own part, if I had to choose one of the earlier paintings as constituting a kind of canon of Degas, I would choose "Le Bureau de Coton." He painted it at New Orleans

La Femme aux Chrysanthèmes.
From the painting by Degas.

IT is hard to name the first and most lastingly significant landmark in the career of Degas, for the position is disputed by several works of outstanding beauty. He painted, for example, as far back as 1865, that fascinating medley of portraiture and flower-painting which is known as "La Femme aux Chrysanthèmes." Two years later came "La Femme aux Mains Jointes," now in the Gardner collection, which is as brilliant as a Velasquez in its handling of blacks. From 1872 dates the wonderful "Ballet de Robert le Diable," with which the English are doubtless well content as an illustration of Degas at his best when in 1873, when he spent some long months on an uncle's plantation in the vicinity. He seems to have had something of the depression of an exile at that time. When he had speech of a French workman on the docks and caught the *argot* of his beloved Paris it brought tears to his eyes. But as an artist he was never more triumphantly on the crest of the wave than in this picture. It is nearly twenty-five years since I saw it, in the Paris Exposition of 1900, but some time every day, through the weeks that I spent in the galleries, I would go and, with unchanging joy, fairly memorize the perfectly balanced design, the limpid tones, and the

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La Répétition de la Danse.
From the painting by Degas.

matchless drawing—the everlasting truth and beauty of the thing. In it you have, as it seems to me, Degas in excelsis, the master who observes life with absolute fidelity and lifts it to a higher power through the distinction of his technique. M. Henri Rivière, the latest editor of his drawings, calls him *un grand stylist*. The phrase exactly fits the painter of "Le Bureau de Coton," which makes him the peer of the old masters he so humbly and so steadfastly followed. Yet with this very thought there come intimations of certain differences betwixt him and them.

THEY turn upon the matter of imagination which, for the present purpose, I conceive not as implying invention, not as promoting adventures in design, but as a transforming element, one enriching the thing seen even beyond the enrichment of technique. To make the point immediately concrete I would compare "Le Pédicure" by Degas, painted in the same year as "Le Bureau de Coton," with Rembrandt's "Old Woman Cutting Her Nails." Both subjects are disgusting, but when you look at Rembrandt's picture disgust is swallowed up in the emotion which only majestic beauty can

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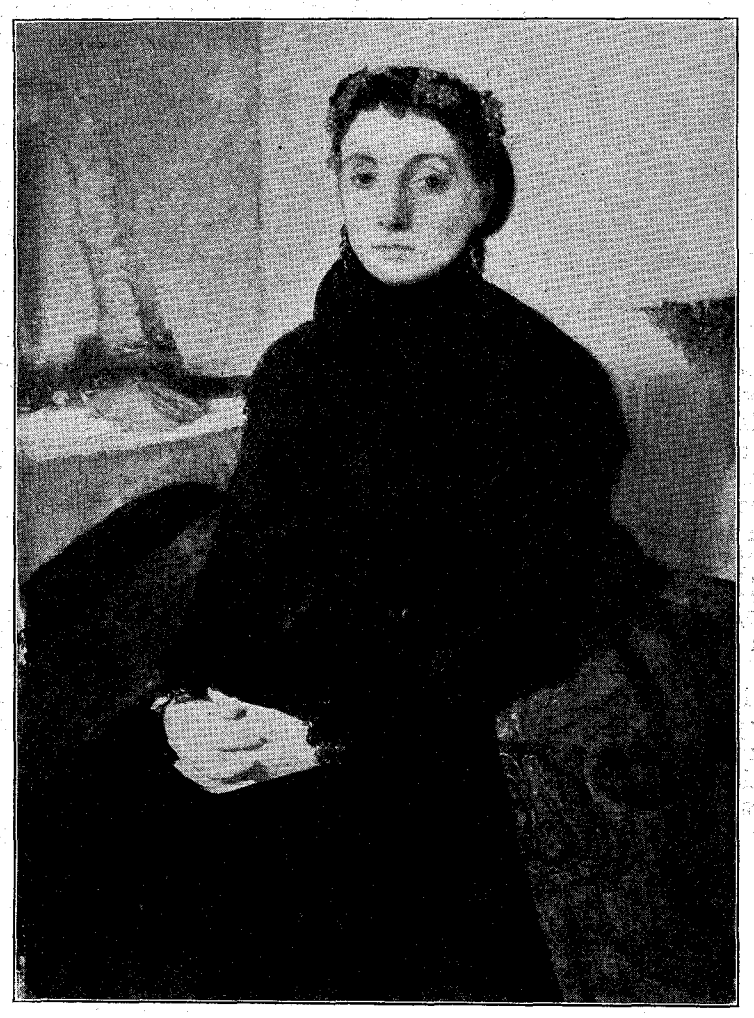
evoke. With massy form and imposing drapery, with heroic contours and with grand light and shade, with rich color, but, above all, with the indescribable



La Femme aux Mains Jointes.
From the painting by Degas in the Gardner Collection.

play of imaginative power, the artist lends to his commonplace figure the interest and the elevation of a Greek marble. When Degas painted "Le Pédicure" he took what was commonplace and left it utterly as he found it. The distinction indicated here is felt wherever you approach his work. He had, I suppose, a certain amount of human sympathy. You feel it especially in those studies he made of laundresses and other obscure toilers whose unlovely bodies are shaped into even greater unloveliness by grinding hardship. Yet it might easily be possible to deduce from these grimy documents a greater degree of sensibility than Degas actually had. There are some lines in "The Strayed Reveller" which irresistibly come back to me:

"The Gods are happy.
They turn on all sides
Their shining eyes,
And see below them
The earth and men.

. . . . . .

These things, Ulysses,
The wise bards also
Behold and sing,

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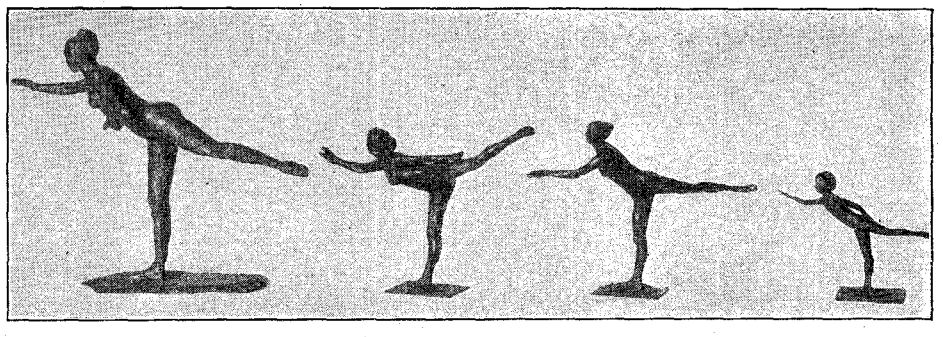
But oh, what labour!
O prince, what pain!

They too can see
Tiresias;—but the Gods,
Who give them vision,
Added this law:

That they should bear too
His groping blindness,
His dark foreboding,
His scorn'd white hairs;
Bear Hera's anger
Through a life lengthen'd
To seven ages."

Degas emphatically was not one of "the wise bards." What of it? Does this make him any the less the master? Hardly, and the reader may be sure that I have not cited the foregoing fragment with any idea of its sanctioning a disparaging classification of his art. I cite it simply as an aid to characterization. Arnold so beautifully puts his finger upon what was left out of the painter's cosmos. For him rather the happy spectatorship of Olympus. He did not suffer as he watched his jockeys, dancers, café singers, milliners, and all the other passers-by in Parisian life. He did not share their hopes and sorrows—or even wonder if they had any. They were to him merely so many problems in form and movement, and where his happiness came in was in his development of the solution of those problems through the language of line.

There lies the key to the beauty that is in him. His line is one of the most beautiful and one of the most magical in the whole history of European draftsmanship. It is in his line that he stands beside Leonardo or Dürer, Michael Angelo or Rembrandt, it is in his line that he is worthy of the Ingres whose example he cherished. It is, finally, their linear felicity which gives his sculptures their status. What he did in plastic art was unknown to the public at large until after his death. As a matter of fact he modelled during the greater part of his career. Joseph Durand-Ruel once told me that he hardly ever called on Degas over a period of about forty years without finding him dabbling in clay or wax. Some seventy-odd pieces were put into bronze from the models left in his studio when he died. A number of overwrought things have been said about them. When the figurines came into view one French critic, M. Paul Gsell, was moved by them to pronounce Degas *un statuaire de gênie.* One may be permitted to balk at that resounding phrase. But one goes on to rejoice in the master's line. He modelled it in wax as he drew it on paper and as he painted it on canvas—firmly, flowingly, with the truthfulness of a surgeon exercising his scalpel, with tremendous personal force and with that last creative impulse which endues line with beauty and with style. One can imagine the replies of divers great artists, asked at the gates of the Elysian Fields for their passports to immortality. One can hear Raphael: "I designed." Or Tintoretto: "I dramatized." Or Leonardo: "I evoked beauty." Or Velasquez, using the words that Whistler wrote for him: "I dipped my brush in light and air and caused my people to stand upon their legs." And when it came the turn of Degas, he would say, simply and proudly: "I drew."



Dancers.

From the bronzes by Degas.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 19.

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